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The Golden Book

Magazine

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Strindberg
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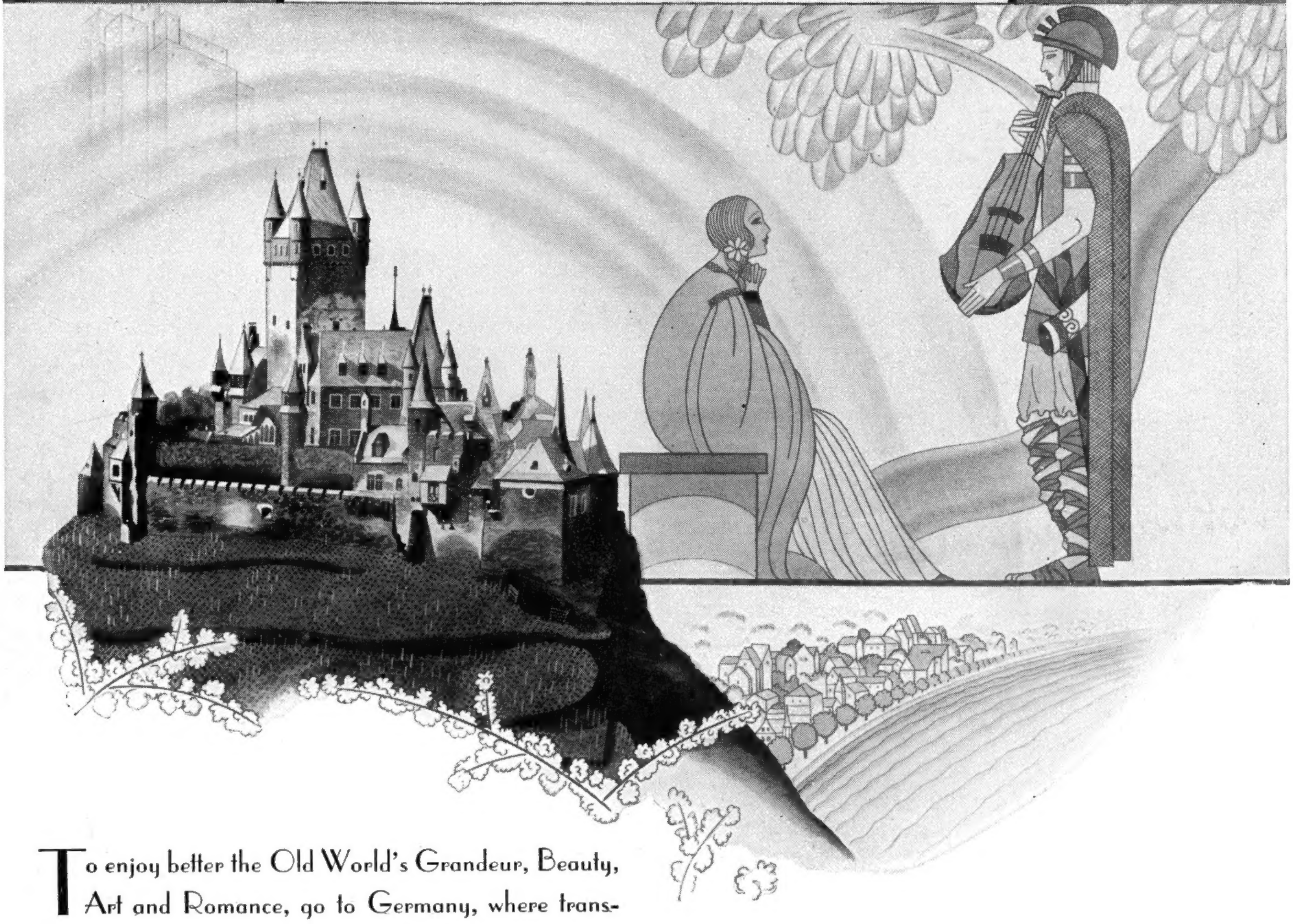

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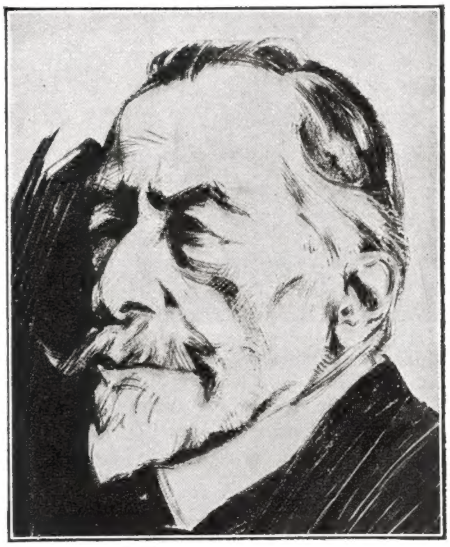

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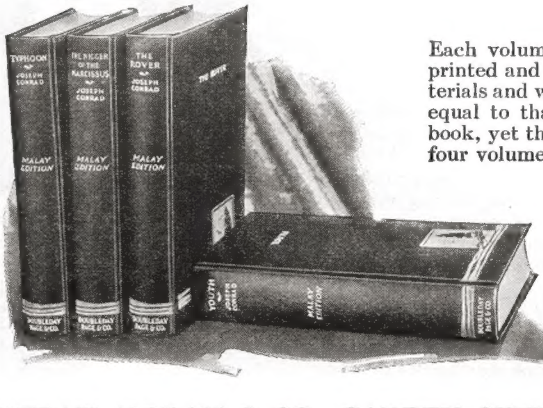

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

> The foundation of Mr. Galsworthy's talent, it seems to me, lies in a remarkable power of ironic insight combined with an extremely keen and faithful eye for all the phenomena on the surface of the life he observes. These are the purveyors of his imagination, whose servant is a style clear, direct, sane, illumined by a perfectly unaffected sincerity. It is the style of a man whose sympathy with mankind is too genuine to allow him the smallest gratification of his vanity at the cost of his fellow creatures . . . sufficiently pointed to carry deep his remorseless irony and grave enough to be the dignified vehicle of his profound compassion.

John Galsworthy's good friend Joseph Conrad, who wrote the above, has said, it seems to us, nearly all that needs to be or can be said of Galsworthy the writer at his best—as he is in the *Forsyte Saga,* in *Loyalties* or in the *Inn of Tranquillity.*

In many ways the foremost English novelist and playwright alive today, John Galsworthy the man is almost completely obscured by John Galsworthy the writer. Famous for his reticence and his remoteness when you meet him—through his books you can come to know him well, to appreciate his absolute sincerity, the seriousness of his purpose, the intensity of his desire to interpret society, and man in relation to it.

The Galsworthys have been in Devonshire since Saxon times at least, although John was born—in 1867—in Surrey. At Harrow and Oxford he shone with a slow and steady brilliance both in studies and sports, and after some further preparation, was called to the Bar in 1890. He hated it, however, and soon gave up practicing to travel in Russia, Canada, British Columbia, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. It was during this time that he met Conrad, still a seaman, and the two became fast friends. Galsworthy's first novel, *Jocelyn,* was published in 1899, after he had returned to England. Like many another first novel of distinguished writers, it has since been dropped from the list of his works. *The Man of Property,* first volume of the then unplanned *Forsyte Saga,* appeared in 1906.

The number of Galsworthy's novels, plays, and volumes of stories and sketches is a long one, and it represents much work that is unworthy of his best, as well as much that is superlatively good.

"When I close my eyes and recall John Galsworthy I see his—smile," writes C. Lewis Hind. "It is not an impulsive smile, not the smile that ripples over the face unbidden: it is the smile of one who seems to have set himself to smile, and would perhaps rather cry. For the world weighs heavily upon him—its problems, its injustices, the veil it puts before the face, thus hiding the beauty that is lurking, waiting, eager to be seen and enjoyed. This sad knowledge must be kept private, except in books, plays, and essays."

* * *

Alexander Black tells us that "Looking Literary" really took fourteen years to write—thirteen and nine-tenth years of putting material into an envelope marked "Looking Literary," and one-tenth year discarding most of this careful accumulation and making the rest of it into an essay. In this essay, as in most of his writing, Mr. Black expresses his thoughts, so one admirer puts it, with a twist like a billiard player's which brings these thoughts rolling back to the reader's brain. Here, too, he is vastly entertaining as well as thought-provoking.

Mr. Black is now known primarily as the author of *The Great Desire, The Seventh Angel, Stacey,* and several books of essays. But back in the '90's he was called "The Picture Play Man," and was famous as the creator of one of the first motion picture dramas. *Miss Jerry,* which Mr. Black wrote, directed and photographed, included in its caste President Grover Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, and other notable men and women. Mr. Black's method was to take a series of photographs of an action, and then, putting the negatives together, run them off by means of an elaborated stereopticon. Although his "movies" had but four pictures to the minute, as compared to fifteen or sixteen to the second in the modern moving pictures, they seemed speedy indeed at the time.

Of *The Great Desire,* a best-seller in its day, William Dean Howells said: "A book which, take it all in all, I do not know the like of for literary novelty and for constancy to a high ideal of life and the poetry and truth and beauty of it."

* * *

Ethan Frome is, without much doubt, one of the American classics of all time. If it were a little longer, or if we really wanted to admit the arrival of The Great American Novel—and we suspect that on the whole we would rather keep it a shining goal before us—this quiet, profoundly moving story of New England might well be it. In 1911, in Paris, Mrs. Wharton turned abruptly from the composition of society novels and smoothly polished short stories, and wrote *Ethan Frome.* Then she went back to her studies of sophisticated folk again, and in 1920 appeared *The Age of Innocence,* the peak of her achievement in this field so much more akin to her

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experience. For Mrs. Wharton was herself of the Age of Innocence in New York. Born Edith Newbold Jones, one of New York's "Four Hundred," in a day when that was significant, she studied privately at home and abroad, dividing her time in America between New York and Newport. She married Edward Wharton of Boston in 1885. She had already begun to write, although her first book, *The Greater Inclination,* was not published until 1899, when she was thirty-seven. Six years later came *The House of Mirth,* which introduced Mrs. Wharton to the delights and tribulations of being a best-selling author. Shortly before the War she moved her residence permanently to France. For her services to the French Government during the War in caring for six hundred Belgian refugee children, she received the cross of the Legion of Honour. Since the War, she has continued to live in France, to write novels and to indulge her passion for gardening.

◆

AUGUST STRINDBERG was for many years a dominating and an unhappy figure in modern European literature. Born in 1849, the son of a shopkeeper and a servant, he fought bitterly throughout his youth against poverty and social contempt. Yet long before his death in 1912 he had been recognized as the innovator of a new era in Swedish literature and a leading force in all European letters.

Strindberg's first play, *Master Olof,* was produced when he was only 22 years old. It was romantic in subject matter—all his writing of this early period was—but its easy naturalism saw the birth of a new dramatic technique to be adopted by all the world. During the next few years appeared more plays, three autobiographical volumes—*The Bondswoman's Son, Confessions of a Fool,* and *Inferno*—in which he set forth his unhappiness and his grievance against society; and an aggressively realistic novel of Stockholm life, *The Red Room.*

The short stories collected under the title *Married,* and numerous plays, represent his second period when his powers of psychological insight and his famous realism had fullest play. But gradually his bitterness and cynicism, particularly his contempt for women, became an obsession which in some ways warped his genius. A third mystic-religious phase developed during the latter years of his life. Of the fifty-five volumes of his collected works, the plays of the realistic period—roughly dated between *The Father* (1887) and *The Link* (1897)—and the stories in *Married*—display his peculiar talents most brilliantly.

◆

ÉMILE EDOUARD CHARLES ANTOINE ZOLA (1840-1902) played, like Strindberg, an important part in the development of our present-day literature. In his novels and short stories are to be found the seeds of the modern psychological, problem novel and story —although Zola combined his gloomy soul-searchings (as many modern writers do not) with a fierce intensity of action. Zola was the son of a Greek-Italian engineer and a French mother. He was born in Paris, and lived there most of his life until he fled to England as a result of his notable defense of Captain Dreyfus in the famous Dreyfus trial.

Zola devoted his tremendous energies to the creation in his writing of a world of his own—such as Balzac's *Comédie Humaine.* In volume after volume he traced the history of the Rougon-Macquart family throughout the Second Empire—the period, too, of "The Attack on the Mill." Zola conceived of this gigantic structure primarily as a scientific study of heredity, although it is not now thought of as such. *L'Assommoir,* for example, the first of the series to make a popular success, is famous as an epic of drink; others are detailed, portentous studies of lust, greed, and similar unlovable human traits.

◆

> I have seen Bercovici, I don't know how often, wrapped in a great Oriental coat of many colours, like Joseph's coat, sitting by a long table with a glass of tea at his elbow, writing his tales with a stub pencil while his younger daughter, born after he came to this country, played and prattled on the floor at his feet. . . . He wrote furiously, night and day, and I have heard him in the mystic hours before dawn prancing up and down his room mumbling his tales to himself or else reciting from the Koran, which gave him considerable inspiration when he wanted to impart to the chief of a gypsy tribe a mouthful of tall talk. DAVID KARSNER.

THE DAYS OF WHICH Mr. Karsner tells are not so far distant. As recently as 1915 Konrad Bercovici, just arrived from his native Rumania and speaking not a word of English, was struggling to earn a living—first as a musician, for which he had been trained abroad, then as an iron-worker on New York's East Side. With the aid of a dictionary and a copy of Butler's *Way of All Flesh* he taught himself the English language, and by 1920 he had published two books: *Crimes of Charity* and *Dust of New York,* tales of the Ghetto which are among the best of his writing. But it was not until 1921, when he began to write about the gypsies of the Old World—people whose life he had shared and whose tongue he spoke—that he achieved wide recognition, and an electric washing-machine for the Bercovici flat.

Since then strong, colourful tales, highly flavoured with the peculiar romance of the gypsy race, have seemingly flowed from his pen. The first book of stories, *Ghitza,* appeared in 1921. *Murdo, Ileana, The Marriage Guest,* and *Singing Winds* followed. He has also written a play, *Costa's Daughter,* three travel books—*Around the World in New York, On New Shores,* and *Nights Abroad*—a fiction-biography of Alexander the Great, and a history of the mysterious gypsy people, about whom he knows more perhaps than does any other writer.

◆

UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO there was no Albanian literature. There were folk tales aplenty, but they had none of them been written down, for in all the obscure little kingdom of Albania, with its 831,877

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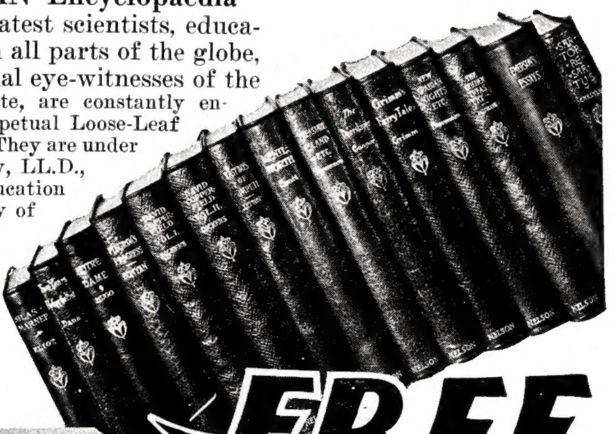

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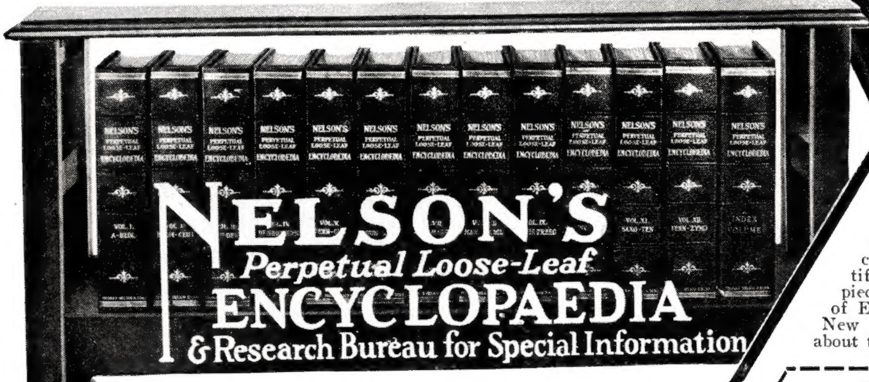

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souls (less than the population of the Bronx), there was no such thing as a person who could write: there was no written Albanian language. Then, too, the dialects of the North and South differed so greatly that the would-be recorder of these stories had to learn virtually two languages by ear.

Two foreign scholars, Auguste Dozon and Heger Pedersen, finally accomplished the task for the South, writing down a story as it sounded, working out a grammar and vocabulary to go with it. Upon their work Mr. Paul Fenimore Cooper, grandson of the American romancer, has based his translations, which appear under the title *Tricks of Women,* and of which "The Candlestick" is one. In his introduction to this volume, Burton Rascoe says:

"These stories are out of the heart of the world. Being true folk-tales, they appear in every age and with every race, sometimes in rags and tatters, sometimes sleek and silken. Here they are crude and indecisive, their climaxes are unexpected and charming. But there always appear the universal elements of romance, love, humour, irony, poignancy, tragedy. . . . They are the stuff of literature. Nay, they *are* literature.

* * *

HAMLIN GARLAND is a distinctively American author. Born in West Salem, La Crosse County, Wisconsin—to which his father had come in a covered wagon only a few years before—he grew up with the expanding Middle Border. In the series of four volumes for which perhaps he will be longest remembered, he has told the story of pioneer days in the Middle West from 1840 until the advancing fringe of civilization swallowed up the frontier. The first of the series, *A Son of the Middle Border,* was autobiographical; it was followed by *A Daughter of the Middle Border* and *Trail Makers of the Middle Border,* which sketched in the background of the generation before his own. The last of the series, *Back Trailers from the Middle Border,* brings the same location down to the present day. In this the author follows the fortunes of the thousands of Middle Westerners who are taking the "back trail" to the East.

In stories such as "William Bacon's Man" Mr. Garland is on familiar territory. It is typical of his power to picture the American scene with colour and charm. Some others of Mr. Garland's books are *Main-Traveled Roads, Prairie Folk, Rose of Dutcher's County,* and a number of plays.

Not a small part of the pleasure of reading her father's books are the illustrations by his daughter Constance. Miss Garland, who has illustrated "William Bacon's Man" for us, portrays vividly the flavour and simple reality of the scenes she is interpreting.

* * *

MOST OF ARTHUR TRAIN'S novels and stories have been written as recreation from the practice of law. But as the years go on, more of Mr. Train's time has been devoted to this recreation, and less to the law—a state of affairs which readers of "Monsieur Donaque" will be the last to regret.

Arthur Cheney Train was born in Boston in 1875, the son of the then Attorney-General of Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard and Harvard Law School, and went immediately into the District Attorney's office in New York City. There followed years of hard work, made interesting by stirring skirmishes in court. In 1910, for example, he was made special deputy Attorney-General of New York State, and brought about the indictment of one hundred political offenders in Queen's County.

A number of Mr. Train's books have dealt with the legal world whose drama—and humour—he understands so well. Some of the best known of these are the four books about Mr. Tutt, lawyer, also *By Advice of Counsel, The Blind Goddess,* and *Ambition.* Several of his most important books, however—such as *The Goldfish* and *His Children's Children*—have nothing at all legal about them, as we remember.

* * *

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS was in the habit of writing twenty-five jokes a day, just for relaxation. Then he would settle down to the serious work at hand, turn-

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This being the case—if you have ever thought of joining the club—it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates *as quickly as possible*, and then (if you want to) join before this special "first-book-free" offer expires. This will happen soon; for our membership increased by almost fifty thousand in 1928. So, if you are interested, *mail the coupon now,* before you forget to do so.

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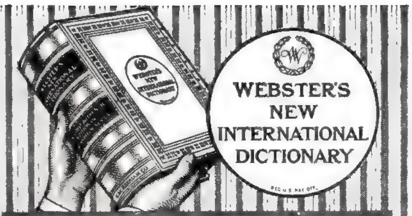

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ing out humorous stories and essays (at one time he was writing under ten assumed names), editing magazines, and preparing the humorous lectures for which he was particularly famous. He started life in Yonkers, N. Y., and after graduating from Columbia—where he succeeded Nicholas Murray Butler as editor of the *Acta Columbiana*—he joined the editorial staff of *Life.* In 1888, four years later, he moved to *Harper's Magazine,* and for eleven years was in charge of its humorous department and that of the *Bazar.* He also contributed to many other periodicals. In 1899 he became editor-in-chief of *Harper's Weekly.* His defeat as candidate for Mayor of Yonkers resulted in one of his most amusing skits, *Three Weeks in Politics.*

In 1907 he gave up all editorial work and became a free-lance writer and lecturer. During the next fifteen years his popularity steadily increased. His magnetic personality, radiating health and cheeriness, his gentlemanly charm and fund of anecdotes soon won him acclaim as a foremost lecturer of the country, while his many books, and particularly his "Word o' Cheer for Each Day o' the Year," which ran in the newspapers, brought him thousands of friends.

* * *

A plague on this vagary,
I'm in a nice quandary!
  Of hasty tone
  With dames unknown
I ought to be more chary;
It seems that she's a fairy
From Anderson's library,
  And I took her for
    The proprietor
  Of a Ladies' Seminary!

SO WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT has his Lord Chancellor complain in *Iolanthe* when the worthy Chancellor meets the queen of the fairies and her band. It is the essence of Gilbertian verse, as is nearly everything else he wrote in either the *Bab Ballads* or the collection of plays known as *The Savoy Operas.* This high level of achievement is one reason for his tremendous and continued success. Dull moments—the curse of all humourists—are few in Gilbert's verse. And yet Gilbert would not have been quite Gilbert had it not been for Sullivan—but we are getting ahead of our story.

Gilbert was born in London in 1836, of an excellent family, and entered upon an artistic career, first as the illustrator of books written by his father. He began what were later issued as the *Bab Ballads* when he was twenty-five, contributing them to a humorous weekly called *Fun.* The name "Bab" was derived from the signature of the drawings with which he illustrated his own poems. He began to write plays at about the same time, although hardly any of those which antedate his association with Sullivan are remembered today.

In 1871 began the collaboration with Arthur Sullivan which was to last twenty years, and which we were about to point to, a few lines back, as one of the few perfectly matched collaborators to be found in history. *Trial by Jury* was this famous team's second try; then came *The Sorcerer, Pinafore, Patience, Iolanthe, Princess Ida, The Mikado, Ruddigore, The Yeoman of the Guard* and *The Gondoliers.* Before this last, however, a coolness had developed between the two, and the partnership was then broken up. Gilbert was knighted in 1907, and died by drowning at Harrow Weald, Middlesex, in 1911.

* * *

A SUBSCRIBER writes:

> The GOLDEN BOOK is not read by persons of infantile corruptibility; then why should a master like Guy de Maupassant be almost barred from its pages? As I remember, he has been represented by only two rather feeble efforts. . . . Has Albert Hickman's hilarity exhausted itself, or has he been claimed again by his juggernaut of the waters, the sea-sled? . . . Some time ago you printed some good tales from the Scandinavian: "More." . . . Are Sam Clemens and Kipling too well known, or merely too *à la fin de siècle?* I doubt that you could print much Kipling prose that would be new to me, but I think few of my friends have read all of the good stories in *Many Inventions* and some of his later books.

And we hasten to reply: First about de Maupassant. As a matter of fact, we have printed fifteen of his stories—not two—in the short four years of our life. And remembering that we have all the authors in the world to choose from, any one writer who appears as often as that is not being neglected. Another de Maupassant story is scheduled for the near future.

Albert Hickman has not written any stories for a long while—or we probably should have published him again. And he remains deaf to all our pleas. His position as a captain of the sea-sled industry keeps him too busy.

About including the Scandinavian. We solemnly promise to continue doing so. There is a Scandinavian story in this issue—Strindberg's "Married"—and we have others in the offing.

Sam Clemens and Kipling certainly rate frequent inclusion in our pages. We have printed Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," "The Real Life of a Man," "Blue Jays," and other things, and his very amusing first attempt at story-writing is to appear next month. Kipling is a future hope. There are legal obstacles in the way of reprinting his stories which have so far proved insuperable.

Lastly: We were greatly interested in this reader's letter, and in many similar ones which have come to us. We thank him, and other correspondents like him. When we asked for constructive criticism and suggestions in our January issue, we meant it.

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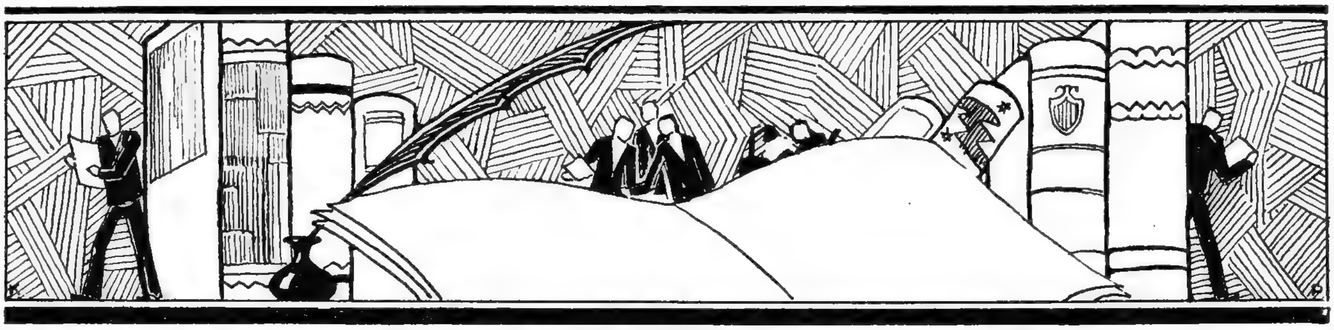

Authors and Books

These book publishers' spring catalogues go to our head. . . . We pore over them, finding an incredible number of books we want to read. . . . And then when we tear ourselves away, there are some of the most important ones already arrived, piling higher and higher on our desk. . . .

One which sneaked up on us was *Mamba's Daughters,* a Doubleday, Doran headliner. . . . In fact, a whole epidemic of books about negroes has just broken out, the like of which there has not been since Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* first sent everyone scrambling to Harlem. . . .

Readers of *Porgy,* or those who saw it as a play, will be happily at home in Catfish Row, Charleston, which is also the scene of Du Bose Heyward's most recent novel, *Mamba's Daughters,* the Literary Guild choice for February. . . . But *Mamba's Daughters* (Doubleday, Doran) is a bigger book than *Porgy.* Without losing dramatic unity, it deals not only with one episode in the life of Catfish Row, but with three generations of negroes and white people. . . . For heroine, take your pick of Mamba, old and crafty, who has gained a certain social position by the aid of a set of teeth stolen from the Judge . . . or Haggar, mighty, ponderous, tender . . . or Lissa, the beautiful, talented child. . . . *Mamba's Daughters,* says Carl Van Doren, is one of a collection of regional books which, taken together, might be said to make up the Great American Novel—until the Great American Novel is written, if ever. . . .

Drawings by Erick Berry from *This Side of Jordan.*

Then there's a book about negroes to be published in May by the Viking Press: Paul Morand's *Black Magic.* It is a series of stories ranging in setting from Haiti to Africa, from Paris to Harlem . . . and the reason that we know that much about it is that it has been for some time an outstanding success in France, under the title *Magic Noire,* and someone who read it in the French told us about it. . . . It is to be illustrated by Aaron Douglas, a negro artist who knows what's what. . . .

Another authentic volume is Roark Bradford's *This Side of Jordan,* a Harper book, in which negro humour and music and sadness are all mixed together with Mississippi mud . . . It's a casual account, and not quite a novel, particularly at the end, when the Mississippi flood completely gets the better of Mr. Bradford, the novelist, and he turns plain (but good) newspaper reporter. . . . Mr. Bradford recently won the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story of 1928. . . .

One of the novels to make a commotion during the past month is Pitts Sanborn's *Prima Donna,* the story of the rise of an opera star. . . . It has been enthusiastically endorsed by opera stars and many reviewers. . . . Helma, its heroine, is a very real person, and Mr. Sanborn's clear and quiet style is delightful. . . . But we think that the author hammers away too hard on the truth that a great artist's success is won only through pain and struggle. . . . To the extent that it is a Novel with a Message, we think that it is not quite such a good novel. . . .

Along with beds that Washington has slept in, and girls that have danced with the Prince of Wales, we may now put bathtubs in which Marat was sitting when Charlotte Corday made her informal call. . . . One of these is said to be in M. Grévin's waxworks in Paris; yet one was sold from the Rodman Wanamaker collection only the other day, and another was destroyed a few years ago when fire swept Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London. . . . A very clean man, Marat. . . . Anyway, the story of the murder by Charlotte Corday, while he was in a hammered brass tub, makes the exciting climax of a new biography by Marie Cher: *Charlotte Corday, and Certain Men of the Revolutionary Torment,* is one of the spring books of which Appleton is most proud. . . .

We opened a letter this morning from Dutton's, to find it adressed "To the Editor of Your Woman's Page" . . . and as this is all the woman's page we've got, they probably meant us to tell you here about four books they don't want you ladies to miss: They are Edna Bryner's *While the Bridegroom Tarried,* about the excellence of which we agree with them. . . . *Home,* by Kathleen Norris, a discussion of present-day attitudes toward homes, which we have yet to read. . . . *Gypsy Rickwood's Fortune-Telling Book,* the authenticity of which we will report on some years from now if the peaceful old age it promises us comes true . . . and, fourthly, *Your Teeth,* by Dr. Charles Stoloff, an authentic and, no doubt, invaluable volume. . . .

Mr. George Seldes has a neat trick of arriving at the right time and then doing the wrong thing. . . . He has achieved official expulsion from Italy, Russia, Roumania, and Syria, and made himself distinctly distasteful in Mexico, Fiume, and France. . . . And all in quietly pursuing his trade as newspaper correspondent. . . . There was an air-raid the night he arrived in London; he crossed into Germany before the ink was dry on the Armistice agreement; he pried into the killing of Matteoti in Italy, and became involved in the desertion of Bernard Doty from the Foreign Legion; he played hide-and-seek with Soviet censors.

It is now 2 A. M. *and*
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Christopher Morley
Author and Critic

"I hope no indolent reader will be led to imagine that *The Art of Thinking* is difficult, for it is written with the greatest charm and simplicity and leads one into quite deep water unawares. In this cordial and fascinating little study Abbé Dimnet puts every intelligent reader in his debt. He hands us a tiny brief-case which contains the Magna Charta of our freedom as citizens of the world of spirit."

FOR five hours I have enjoyed a delight which Plato declared was reserved for the Gods alone—*a thinking on thinking.*

When I picked up *The Art of Thinking* at nine o'clock last night, attracted again by the challenge of the title, and persuaded by the plaudits of John Dewey and a score of university presidents, I expected instruction, but at the cost of arduous effort or faint ennui. . . Instead I have had a memorable evening of priceless table talk with a gentleman and a scholar—a mind so witty and so lucid, a spirit so gentle and so sympathetic, that only now do I realize that I have tasted the true flavor of wisdom.

I expected an exercise in pedagogy—and found adventure in a best-seller!

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Abbé Ernest Dimnet *is a Frenchman, but he wrote* THE ART OF THINKING *in English. The twelve books which have established his international renown were written in French, in English and in Latin.* Abbe Dimnet *is noted as a lecturer at leading American universities, and a contributor to learned and lay publications. In* THE ART OF THINKING *he gives the distilled essence of a rich and stimulating life.*

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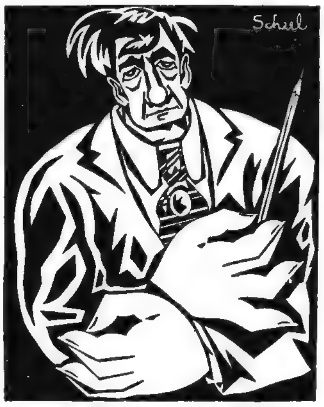
. . . And always the story which he wrote for the folks at home conflicted with the official account of the same events. . . . He has now put down a record of his trials and tribulations in *You Can't Print That*, published by Payson and Clarke. . . .



Sherwood Anderson, from a drawing by Scheel for Harvey Wickham's *The Impuritans.*

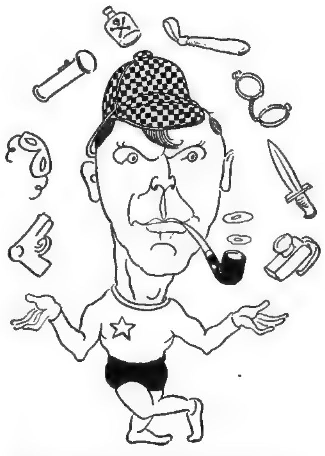
Even more radically than the radicals once attacked the conservatives, the conservatives are now attacking the radicals. . . . For example, Harvey Wickham takes a great deal of exception to Mencken, Cabell, Joyce, Lawrence, Anderson, Proust, and others in *The Impuritans* (Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press), and does so with a cleverness once reserved almost exclusively for the Mencken coterie, using Mencken's own tools of ridicule and patter about childishness. Some of Mr. Wickham's chapter headings are: "Havelock Ellis—Let joy be unconfined," "James Joyce—Rotten eggs by fancy laid," "James Branch Cabell—This is the deviltry of our school days." . . . It is an amusing book, with clever caricatures of the offending Impuritans by Theodore Scheel. . . . It's high time that somebody took these rebels down, just so that some new rebels can come along and take Mr. Wickham down. . . .

Being a poet is no longer a sure way to starve to death, according to recent Doubleday, Doran statistics. . . . Of the eleven books of poetry this firm published in 1928, eight paid their way, and one of them, *John Brown's Body*, has been on the best-seller list for months, and is now in its second hundred thousand. . . . But the only thing this seems to prove is, if you must be a poet, be a Doubleday, Doran poet. . . .

How would you like to have the front taken off your house and the houses of your neighbours? . . . That's what Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Lynd have done in *Middletown*, published by Harcourt, Brace. . . . This might be one of those dull sociology books, but it isn't. . . . It is a perfectly scientific study of contemporary American life, which is as absorbing as a novel. . . . In it is pictured the state of mind, manners, and morals of not one family, or one class, but *everybody* in a typical middlewestern town which shall, obviously, remain anonymous. . . . It's as absorbing as any novel we've read in months. . . . Stuart Chase has said it best: "This book should be engraved upon tablets of stone and buried under a pyramid, so that posterity may know what type of culture prevailed in the Mississippi valley in the year 1925 A. D." . . .

When your child next asks embarrassing questions about life, whip out a copy of Mrs. Amabel William-Ellis's book, *How You Began*, and say: "There my dear, just turn to page 38"—or 72, or 94, as the case may be . . . and then go back to your evening paper with an easy mind. . . . We cannot understand why somebody did not write this book long ago . . . which is the way J. B. S. Haldane, the English scientist, feels about it, too. In the preface he says: "This book has made me very angry, not with its authoress, but with the remainder of the human race, and particularly the biologists, including myself, who did not write it." . . . It is a simple biology book for children which is understandable and which, narrow our minds as we will, we cannot believe will offend anybody who does not insist on storks or cabbages.

Oyez! Oyez! . . . In *Murder at the Keyhole*, by R. A. S. Walling, an Englishman, there is an American who is both cultured and charming . . . and he wasn't even educated in England. . . . William Morrow and Company publish this phenomenon, which is a good story as well. . . . In the immemorial way, we couldn't put it down until we finished it at 2 A. M., and we are getting pretty sophisticated about mystery stories, at that. . . .



Harry Stephen Keeler, author of detective "thrillers," drawn by someone who had just read Mr. Keeler's latest, *The Spectacles of Mr. Cagliostro.*

And how can we help developing a nice taste in murders, although we read only one in every fifty published. . . . Crime-mad, that's what we all are. . . . Detective stories pop out on book store shelves like secret service agents from behind false whiskers . . . only not all the whiskers in the world could conceal the number of these books which must have appeared during the past three months. . . . It's a salutory taste so far as public morals are concerned, though. . . . But with all of us up to the minute on the latest detective wrinkles, why is it, we wonder, that the criminal still makes his getaway? . . .

A prime offender is Harry Stephen Keeler, who has probably turned more innocent bystanders into criminologists than any writer of mystery stories since A. Conan Doyle. . . . His *Spectacles of Mr. Cagliostro*, published by Dutton, is, they say, selling at the rate of twenty thousand copies a month or a week or a minute. . . .

A few titles to raise your hair are *Footprints, The Prisoner in the Opal, The Clever One, The Double, Paradise Court, Tiger Claws, The Linden Walk Tragedy.*

> "The front door?" she faltered.
>
> "Not until after breakfast," she declared stoutly.
>
> "That scream in the night," she breathed.
>
> "Oh, Lumberman," she said softly.
>
> "Yes," said Lane profoundly.
>
> "Would you mind telling me when you got there?" quavered the storekeeper.
>
> "But," remarked Lane grimly.
>
> "Thought themselves terribly clever, didn't they?" he grunted.
>
> "Lane," he quivered.
>
> "I don't know what you mean," she quavered uneasily.
>
> "Trying to learn something about housekeeping," he explained mendaciously.
>
> "Here, Watson," he whistled, faintly.
>
> "You're just tired with your day's work," said his wife practically.
>
> "My foot's gone to sleep," he grunted.
>
> "Oh, Lane," cried Cynthia tremulously.

The above, we murmur respectfully, are to be found with a couple of hundred other examples of extraordinary talents of expression in a perfectly good mystery story (name furnished upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope). . . .

‘There is so very little I can tell about the genesis of *Peder Victorius*," writes its author, O. E. Rolvaag. "I set myself the task of building up a soul, by using for building material the innumerable impressions of the environment in which it fought its way to life. Hence, the many details.

"I hate intrigue, because it is so vulgarly untrue. How much intrigue is there in the life of decent, ordinary country folks? It seems to me that we should aim higher in literary art. It must be possible—some day you will see it happen—to tell about the average decent man and woman so interestingly that even busy people will stop and listen to the story. Up here in Minnesota we have no fairies. And very few devils; our supply of both is just about run out; nor do we care to import any. But the average man is quite plentiful, and that being the case, there is no lack of material to write about; for life is

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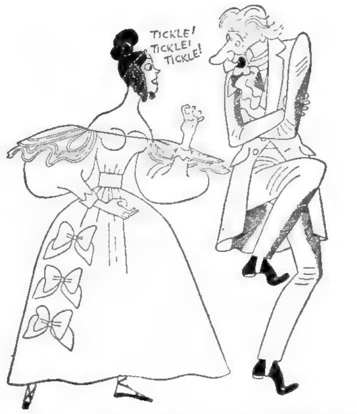
City______________________________ State______________ dramatic. Can you name me a greater drama than life itself?"

And considerable of the drama of life has crept into Professor Rölvaag's novel, of which we've spoken before. . . . In case you've forgotten, Harper's publishes it, and it carries on the story of Scandinavian pioneers to the western plains, begun in *Giants in the Earth,* into the second generation, and deals with the new and moving problem of the Scandinavian mother's relations with her American children. . . .

Ralph Barton, whose literary efforts have formerly been confined to captions for his drawings, and one preface, now appears as author of *God's Country,* a short history of the United States published by Knopf. . . . The familiar Barton illustrations are here, but the Barton captions have grown into a three-hundred-page book with index. . . . And although the caricaturing of Uncle Sam in the text is almost as adroit as in the pictures, we found it a bit wearing to look steadily at an enlargement of his prominent teeth for all of three hundred pages. . . . But in small doses it is entertaining, and makes particularly good reading aloud when conversation lags of an evening. . . . the log-cabin, covered-wagon scene you see reproduced on this page appears four times in the book . . . once as George Washington's headquarters, once as Chicago in 1830, once as Uncle Tom's cabin, and lastly as Lincoln's birthplace. . . .


TICKLE!
TICKLE!
TICKLE!

Pretty Peggy O'Neal and Andrew Jackson, called Old Hickory. Drawn by Ralph Barton for his book, *God's Country.*

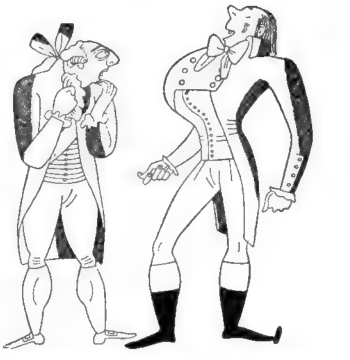
"We may say definitely and considerately that love cannot exist between married people," the Countess of Narbonne has rather discouragingly remarked. . . . But since people *will* try this marriage business, such a book as *Marriage in the Modern Manner,* by Dr. Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn, should come in handy. . . . The authors start out by stating that practically all the great romances of history have been between persons who were not married—at least, not to each other. . . . The idea that romantic love and marriage are compatible is, they say, a development of this mechanical age, and naturally we need help with anything so difficult and new. . . . In a sane and readable volume, issued by the Century Company, they offer a good deal of sound advice. . . .

Low bridge, everybody down!
Low bridge, for we're going through
a town,
And you'll always know your neighbour,
You'll always know your pal,
If you ever navigated on the Erie
Canal.

The Erie Canal in the 50's, in the heyday of its prosperity, is the real heroine of Walter D. Edmonds's Rome Haul, published by Little, Brown. . . . The book bristles a bit with the fact that Mr. Edmonds graduated from college in 1926, but still it has more than enough atmosphere of reality to make up for its youthfulness. . . .

We advanced upon *The Evolution of Art,* by Ruth de Rochemont, somewhat warily. . . . For we have found that these books on art have a mean trick of assuming that we already know just what we hope to learn by reading the book; that they begin to discuss things just about where our technical knowledge leaves off. . . . But Miss de Rochemont has restored our faith. . . . She presents simply and with apparent soundness a summary of the aims and accomplishments of the major schools of painting, sculpture and print-making from Ancient Greek times to the twentieth century. . . . She admits that her book is directed at "the reader for whom art is but one of many interests." . . . Oh, wonderful Miss de Rochemont! . . . We have only one criticism, but that is a severe one. . . . Our tabloid-trained mind needs more pictures. . . . There are sixteen full-page plates, but that is not half enough, to our way of thinking. . . .

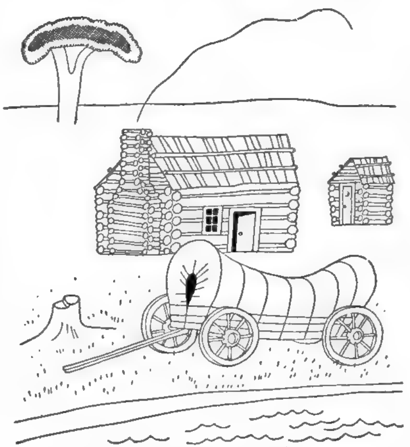
You never know when you ask Cecil Roberts, the young English novelist, to dine, who is going to arrive . . . at least, so says Beverly Nichols, who explains: "It may be Cecil Roberts the poet, who wants melon and an omelette, or Cecil Roberts the pessimist, who wants poison but accepts lobster, or Cecil Roberts the novelist, who wants a mixed grill, or Cecil Roberts the business man, who eats nothing but beefsteak." . . . And the only reason he gets asked to dinner at all, we presume, is that he gives as good as he demands. . . . His novel, *Goose Fair,* just published by Stokes, is melon and omelette, poison and lobster, and good red beefsteak—all pleasantly mixed together. . . .



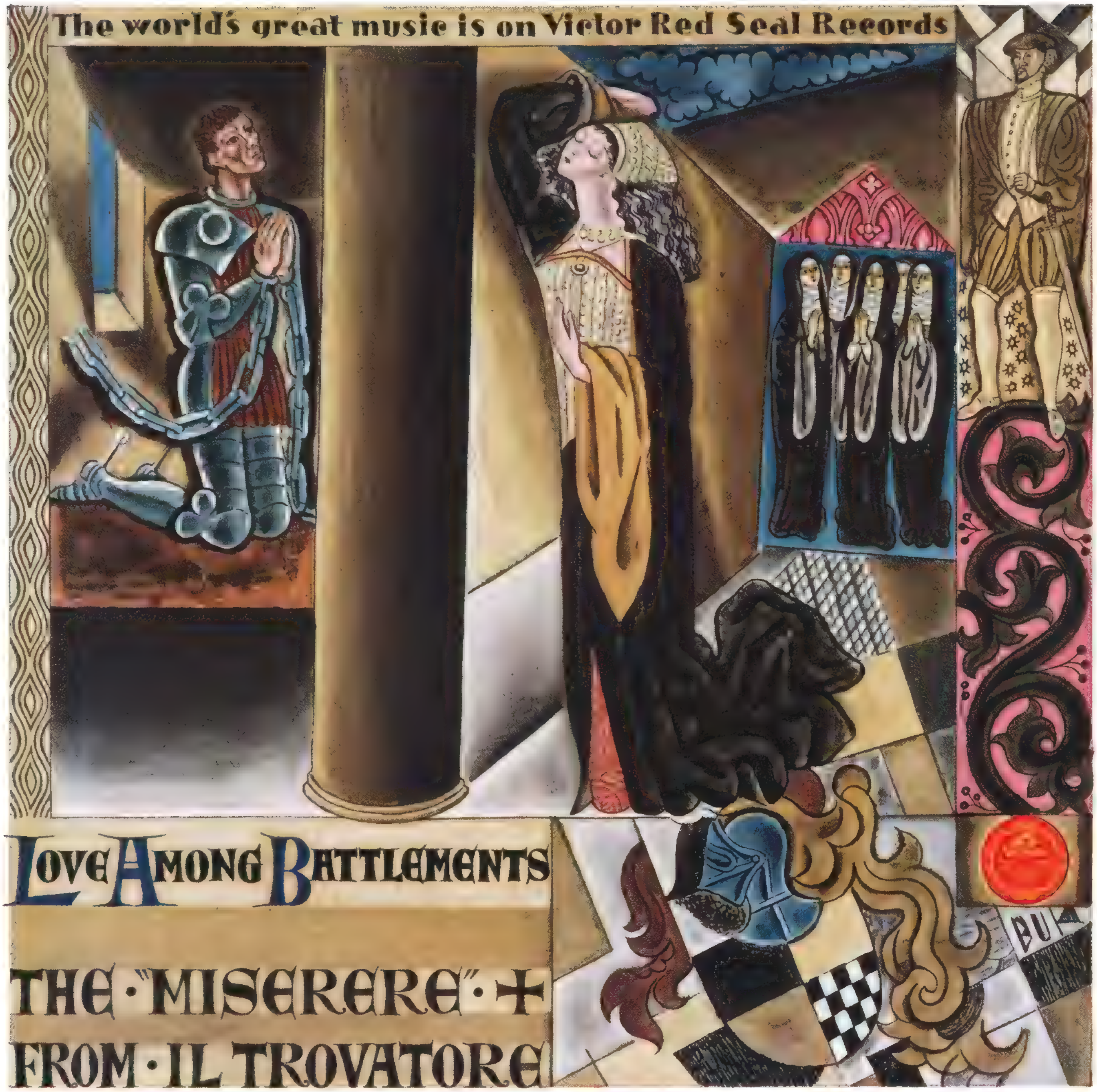
An American boasting to King George III. that he is no better than anybody else and that he is proud of it. From *God's Country,* written and illustrated by Ralph Barton.

Waldo Frank has attained the pinnacle of simultaneous publication for his new book: in English, French, Spanish, and Russian. . . . The English version is called *The Re-discovery of America,* and is published by Scribner's. . . .

One of the most appealing love affairs in literary history has been again sympathetically studied and recorded in *The Brownings,* by Osbert Burdett (Houghton Mifflin). . . . The story of the marriage of this hale and hearty man of 34, with his first and only love, the invalid Elizabeth Barrett—who was far better known as a poet at the time than he—has captured the imagination of Browning enthusiasts, and a dozen books, we suppose, have recorded it. . . . Mr. Burdett's is an accurate account of the ninety meetings before their elopement in September, 1846, of the life of the devoted pair in Italy, of Mrs. Browning's death, and a brief picture of Browning the widower. . . . It is not a particularly well-written book, but its material makes it nevertheless extraordinarily interesting. . . .



Washington's Headquarters, Chicago in 1830, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Lincoln's birthplace—four illustrations for Ralph Barton's *God's Country.*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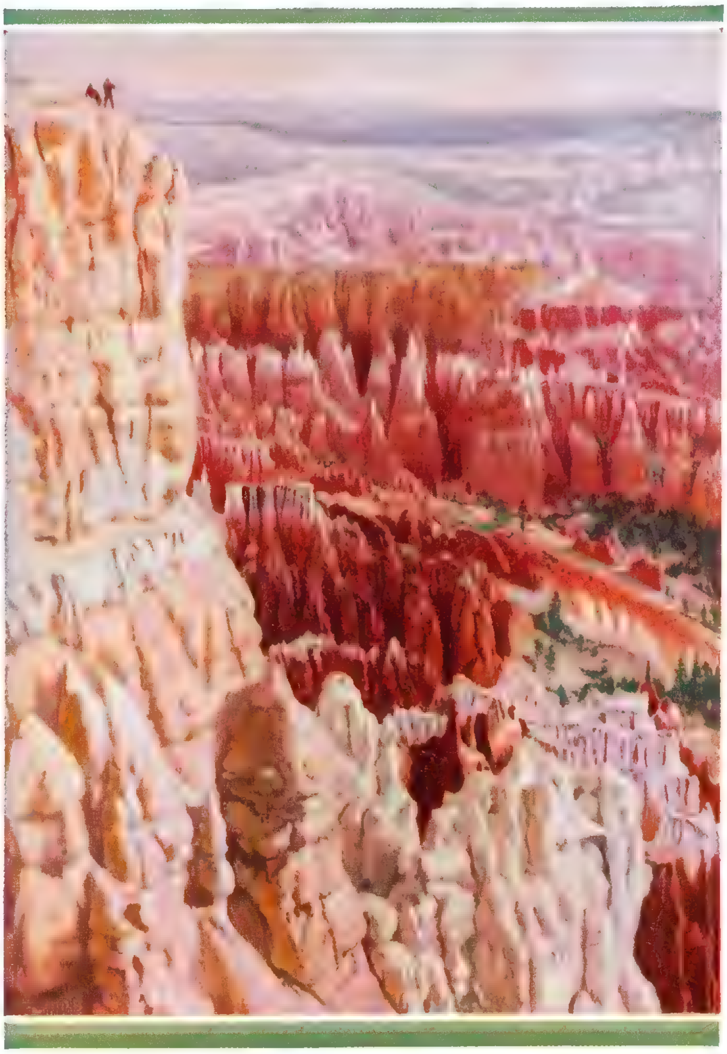

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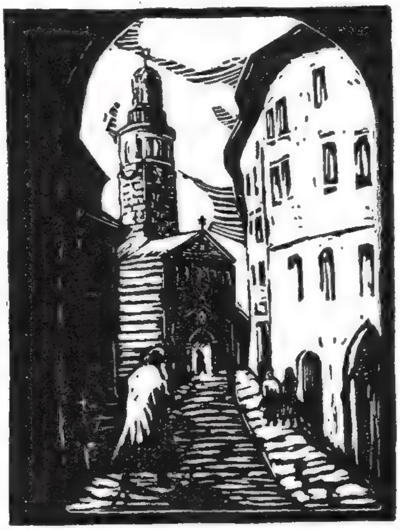
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Mr. Frank Sullivan, columnist on the New York *World*, reports an imaginary expedition of Putnam authors—among them Richard Byrd, William Beebe, Amelia Earhart, Martin Johnson, and David Binney Putnam. Under the command of Byrd, the expedition sets out, in a taxicab, from 59th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, for the theatrical district. Here are excerpts from the log:

> 7:45 P. M.—Commander Byrd says we should have gone to that movie theatre at Madison and 59th. I think the strain is "getting" Byrd. He bit Kennedy, our driver, on the ear this morning.
>
> 8:02 P. M.—Commander Byrd and Amelia Earhart ate their copies of the *Tribune* for dinner. Not bad if you sprinkle a little pepper and salt on it, and serve with parsley.

A recent notable Putnam book is entitled *Around the World on One Leg*. . . .

Charlie Chaplin, it seems, epitomizes the Jewish race. . . . At least, so say Jerome and Jean Tharaud in *The Chosen People:* "Charlie approaches, with his long flat feet and famous little round hat which never leaves his head (no Jew ever uncovers)," begin the Tharauds. "He thrusts that hat on his pate with Israel's familiar gesture, centuries old. . . . So feeble in appearance, so slim and fragile and supple, he is the very symbol of Israel's force. . . . Recall (in *The Gold Rush*) the tempest-wracked hut where he is about to die of hunger. Die? Never! He has been hungry before. . . . He has been hungry for centuries. He knows all the ghetto's wiles for deceiving his famished stomach. . . . Recollect his melancholy moments, his inability to mingle in the joy of those robust brutes at the bar. . . . Remember his way of shoveling snow—work which disgusted him, as all manual labour naturally disgusts the Jew. . . . And in the end, success. He did not discover the gold mine in which he profits. The pains of others serve him. To crown everything, and to finish this ghetto portrait, is the marvelous ease with which he accustoms himself to his great good fortune, just as he accepted his good luck." . . . Which is, Jerome and Jean Tharaud, interesting if true. . . . We found much fascinating historical material in this book, along with some flights of interpretation which left us unconvinced. . . . It is published by Longmans, Green, and has nice woodcut decorations by Charles O. Naef. . . .



Jerusalem, from a woodcut by Charles O. Naef for *The Chosen People.*

If any of you are thinking of writing to Margaret Mead to tell her how much you liked or didn't like her *Coming of Age in Samoa* (Morrow), don't expect an answer under three months. . . . Not that Miss Mead isn't a good correspondent. . . . But mail comes only once in six weeks to the particular Admiralty Island off Australia where she is now finding out even more about elemental younger generations. . . .

"A beef-eating gnome, a Falstaffian pixy" is the way Benjamin de Casseres describes Bob Davis, whose latest book, *Bob Davis Again: In Many Moods*, has been issued by Appleton. . . . Bob Davis has been meeting people, becoming instantly best friends with them, and writing pleasant, gossipy books about them, and about life, for twenty-five years past. . . . There isn't anybody in town, we suppose, who has a more overwhelming passion for human nature, or enjoys life—eating, talking, swearing life—with more gusto than this famous editor of the New York *Sun*.

We see by the catalogues (back to the catalogues again, but just for a moment) that Macmillan is issuing the collected poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson—including *Tristram*—in five volumes. . . . You can have them in leather at $17.50, but perhaps you prefer cloth ($10.50). . . . Another poetry book to come is Edgar Lee Masters' *Epilogues to Domesday Book*, which Appleton promises along with a new novel by Edith Wharton and several other items we fancy. . . . *Lion*, Martin Johnson's new book, sounds exciting (in the Putnam catalogue). . . . So does Wendell Westover's *Suicide Battalions*. . . . Alice Dudeney's *Peep Show* we have read and found strange, but interesting withal. . . . Also a new *Skippy* volume by Percy Crosby. If you don't already know "Skippy," you ought to. . . . On the Century list are several good novels for your summer vacation. . . . *The Buffer*, by Alice Hegan Rice; *The Woman Hunters*, by Arthur Somers Roche, and *A Dead Man Dies*, by Percy Marks. . . . Of course, you don't have to wait until summer to read them . . . we just got thinking. . . .

We had always thought of Siegfried Sassoon as a poet, and now he has gone

THE URGE
irresistible—
the URGE to write

HAVE you ever asked yourself why you feel that persistent urge to write—why you can't escape it? Is it desire for glory? Or money? Or is it fundamentally something else? . . .

Have you ever thought that it might be an instinctive yearning to find a sympathetic audience—an understanding brother with whom you may share your inmost thoughts? Too often the men and women with whom you are thrown into closest contact fail to give you this sympathetic comprehension—they are busy with their own concerns and ambitions. And you find yourself longing to turn from their indifference to a warmer, friendlier world. Whatever you do, don't try to stifle this urge. Don't let a discouraging sense of inferiority hold you back. You don't know—and no one else knows—what your possibilities are until you have given them a fair chance to express themselves. *You owe it to yourself to make a real effort to complete that story or article.* If you do not, you will go through life feeling frustrated—disappointed—embittered.

Mr. Arthur S. Pettit, 368¾ So. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes:

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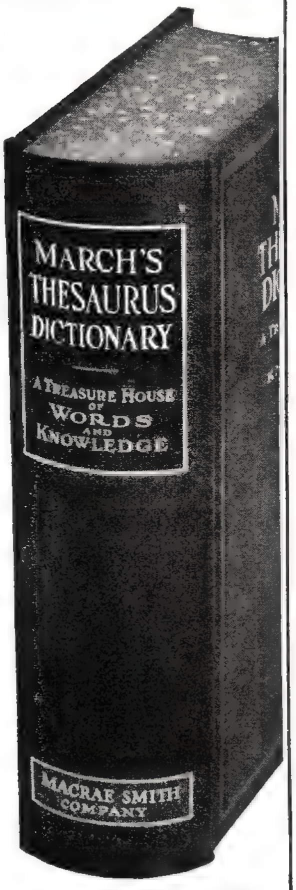
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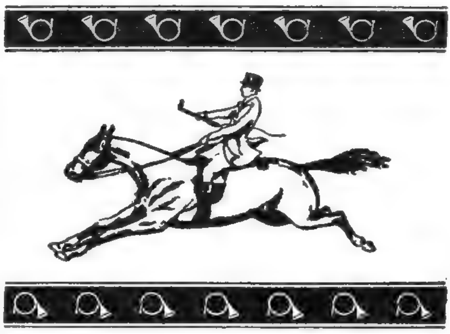
and written a novel . . . a pleasant novel of fox-hunting days in pre-War England, that, after delighting London for a season, has just arrived in this country via Coward-McCann, publishers. . . . Mr. Sassoon is the author of some of the finest and most bitter poetry we have ever read about the War. His last book of poems is ironic, almost savage . . . but his novel is leisurely, cheerful. . . . It has the repose and charm of an English landscape at its best. . . .

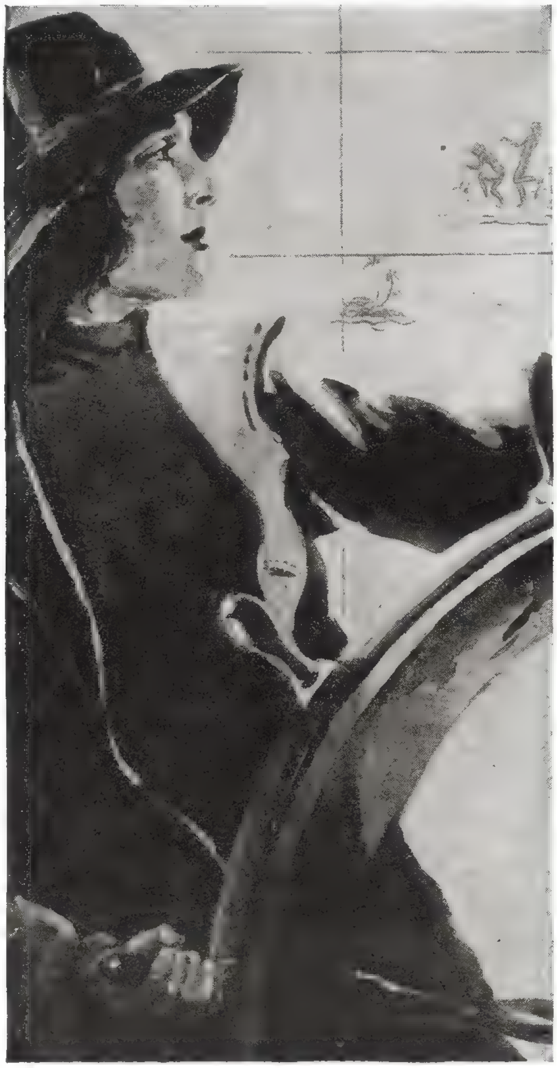


From the *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, by Siegfried Sassoon.

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' Association has just initiated a very useful service. . . . This is a National Book Council, which will give advice about books and prepare book lists on specialized subjects. . . . They issue a monthly magazine called *The Guide Post*. . . . The members of the Council—all specialists in their own field—are Edward Bok, Ernest Boyd, Gamaliel Bradford, Claude G. Bowers, Harry Hansen, Inez Haynes Irwin, George A. Dorsey, Clara E. Laughlin, John Macy, Alice Beal Parsons, Arthur Train, Isabel Paterson, Charles G. Norris, Irita Van Doren, S. S. Van Dine and Mary Roberts Rinehart. . . .

THREE PAIRS OF PAJAMAS—and one of them silk at that—is all that four gentlemen wrecked on a desert island have to start with, in Hawthorne Daniel's book for boys, *Bare Hands*—and yet they sail back to civilization in a steam yacht of their own making. . . . None of your sissy Robinson Crusoe or Swiss Family Robinson stuff, with a wrecked boat in the offing to provide jack-knives and the like. . . . That's what Mechano sets have done for American youth. . . . Coward-McCann publishes it, and you could buy it a few days before the boy's birthday, and read it yourself after he goes to bed. . . .

WHEN CLARE LEIGHTON, one of the outstanding woodcut artists of Europe, was ten years old, she read Hardy's *The Return of the Native* and told herself that some day she would illustrate this book. . . . Now Harper's has brought out a new edition with her illustrations. . . . Miss Leighton is now in this country lecturing on Thomas Hardy's country. . . .



Joan Lowell, *whose story "The Cradle of the Deep," has just been chosen as the March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club by its Editorial Board.*

A Seafarin' Girl Tells All

AT THE AGE of eleven months **Joan Lowell** went down to the sea in ships. . . Sprung from the **Lowells** of Boston on one side of her family, and on the other from a line of Levantine sailing masters, she weighed exactly eleven pounds when carried aboard the four-masted windjammer *Minnie A. Caine,* a copra-trading schooner plying the South Seas.

The only girl aboard, Joan stayed there seventeen years . . . weather-beaten years, roaming years, years spent in strange ports beneath the Southern Cross, seventeen years without shoes and stockings.

When Joan was two years old she could hold on to the poopdeck and say "goddamned wind." She learned to hand, reef and steer, to spit a curve in the wind, and to outswear the most blasphemous able-bodied seaman on board.

A bucko captain and his Bible charted for her the mysteries of sex. The first fish she caught was responsible for the first kiss she got—from square-head Swenson. She learned about women from sharks and whales. She learned about love from blue-eyed Swedes, gloriously tattooed. She learned about death from storms and mutiny.

Joan saw the Dance of the Virgins on Atafu and learned that the ukulele was introduced to the South Seas by a Harvard boy. But the Dance put strange ideas into Joan's mind. . . And into the mind of Nelson, able-bodied seaman, even stranger ones . . . with all of it ending when the *Minnie A. Caine* sailed into her last anchorage.

One night in New York, after adventures equally exciting ashore, **Joan Lowell** related some of her experiences to a few friends. Completely entranced, they asked her why she had never written them down. She replied that she didn't know enough words. They told her to write as she spoke—*to tell all.*

THUS came into being Joan Lowell's own story. The publishers sent the manuscript to noted men of the sea and equally noted men of letters. "One has the impression," wrote back **William McFee**, "of a breathless girl blurting it out in order to explain a pardonable but very astounding past. There is a warm, rumbustious sincerity in her story which engages our affections. The thing is all of a piece and all too short . . . I had to keep on with it till I finished it during the small hours of this morning."

"There is nothing to do," said **Heywood Broun** in the advance report about Joan's book to the 100,000 members of the Book-of-the-Month Club, "but to fall back on the old helpless cry of the truly fascinated—*'Read it yourself, read it yourself!'*"

Resulting in this unparalleled, unghost-written yarn, the March "Book-of-the-Month," a best-seller of the first water, published by **Simon and Schuster**, *discussed in 100,000 American homes, illustrated by* **Kurt Wiese** *and sold at all bookstores for $3.00—*

The CRADLE of the DEEP

by JOAN LOWELL

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A recent camera portrait of
Joan Lowell

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THE PUBLISHER'S LIFE is a hard one. . . . The Century Company had set the publication date of *Cochrane the Unconquerable,* a biography of roaring Tom, sea-fighter, for Friday, February 15. . . . Only to receive an agonized telegram from the authors, both men of the sea: NEVER START A CRUISE ON FRIDAY. BAD SEAMANSHIP. COCHRANE WILL TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE. MUST CHANGE DATE. So the launching took place February 14—a Thursday. . . . The authors are Ex-Commander Archibald D. Turnbull and Lieut.-Commander Norman R. Van der Veer, who confess that they first developed a taste for old Tom Cochrane while they were at Annapolis, and the colourful tales of his exploits cheered otherwise sunless stretches. . . . Our highest praise for the book is that we have heard Mr. Turnbull tell submarine-chasing stories in front of an open fire, and even after that, the book is not a come-down. . . .

THE DAY THAT HE FINISHED correcting proofs on *Dodsworth,* published March 14, Sinclair Lewis signed a contract for his next novel and promised his publishers—Harcourt, Brace—to go right home and start work that very hour . . . which is fast work, even for Mr. Sinclair. . . .

ERNEST RHYS, editor of *Everyman's Library,* is at present in this country lecturing. . . . *Everyman's Library* is published by Dutton, and a splendid idea it is, too. . . . Another Dutton book is Sheila Kaye-Smith's *The Village Doctor.* . . . It is about Sussex, of course—about the Blaziers who have lived for generations at Coarsehorne, and the Peascods who have lived equally long at Churchsettle, and a new young doctor. . . . We advise all who read everything Sheila Kaye-Smith writes—as we do—to read it; but we warn you that you will be disappointed. . . . You will enjoy it, only not quite as in the days of *Joanna Godden.* . . . A certain vitality is missing. . . .

ELINOR WYLIE left a small sheaf of poetry yet unpublished at the time of her death. . . . We hear that some of these poems are among the loveliest she has written. . . . Alfred Knopf is publishing them under the title *Angels and Earthly Creatures.* . . .

WE WILL NEVER FORGET our surprise and pain when we first began to read Charles Doughty's *Arabia Deserta.* . . . A more impossibly difficult style would be hard to imagine . . . we couldn't make head or tail of it. . . . But, then, when we did get used to it, we developed a taste for it which has made that book one of the important ones in our life. . . . The thing about Mr. Doughty's style is that it is truly his own—he could not sincerely write any other way . . . and what he doesn't know and can't make you see of Arabia simply isn't worth thinking about.

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Who was the girl in the tomb? What had led this gentle, beautiful girl into the slimy corridors of mystery? Why did the last vault have a door with seven locks? What treasure did it guard? What terror did it confine?

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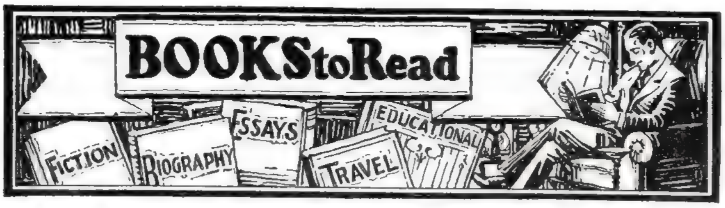

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. . . Anyway, all this is introduction to the fact that a life of Doughty has been written by D. G. Hogarth, which makes exciting reading whether you know *Arabia Deserta* or not. . . . Doughty preceded Colonel Lawrence (whose tutor he was in the ways of the East) into all sorts of places in the interior where his adventures with unreasonable natives were startling. . . .

IT'S HEARTWARMING—and certainly rare enough—not to be disappointed in a book one has been looking forward to for months. . . . We started talking about Sylvia Townsend Warner's *The True Heart* at least two months ago, didn't we? . . . Anyway, now we have read it, and we like it just as much as *Lolly Willowes*, or *Mr. Fortune's Maggot,* only differently. . . . For one thing it's more real, without losing its magic quality. . . . It's as English as Gilbert and Sullivan's "Chorus of the Peers" in *Iolanthe,* and it is also as universal as . . . well, Sukey might be you or I. . . . And here again is Miss Warner's enchanting humour, and pathos, and prose. . . .

WE SEE BY THE *Authors' Annual,* edited by Henry Wysham Lanier, that the six best-sellers of 1928 were, in order, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* by Thornton Wilder; *Wintersmoon* by Hugh Walpole; *Swan Song,* the concluding volume of Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga; The Green Murder Case* by the mysterious S. S. Van Dine; *Bad Girl* by Viña Delmar, and Tarkington's *Claire Ambler.* . . . Non-fiction included Maurois' *Disraeli,* Mrs. Mayo's *Mother India,* Trader Horn's *Trader Horn,* Ludwig's *Napoleon,* O'Neill's play, *Strange Interlude,* and our own Charlie Lindbergh's *"We"* . . . Not a bad showing for the American reading public. . . .

AT THIS MOMENT, according to our friends Baker and Taylor, the best-selling books of fiction are: *Treasure House of Martin Hews* by E. Phillips Oppenheim; *Mamba's Daughters* by Du Bose Heyward; *Expiation* by "Elizabeth"; *Darkened Rooms* by Philip Gibbs; *Joseph and His Brethren* by H. W. Freeman; *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* by Arnold Zweig; *The Village Doctor* by Sheila Kaye-Smith; *Peder Victorious* by O. E. Rolvaag; *Wings of Healing* by Helen R. Martin; and *First Love* by E. M. Delafield. . . .

The ten best-selling non-fiction are: *The Art of Thinking* by Ernest Dimnet; *Elizabeth and Essex* by Lytton Strachey; *The Magic Island* by W. B. Seabrook; *John Brown's Body* by Stephen V. Benet; *Believe it or Not* by Robert L. Ripley; *Rasputin, the Holy Devil,* by René Fülöp Miller; *Whither Mankind?* edited by Charles Beard; *Anthology of World Poetry,* edited by Mark Van Doren; *Hows and Whys of Human Behavior* by George A. Dorsey; and *20,000*

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A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

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Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any $40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the *will* to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

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The man who reserved Lower Ten never slept there and the man who went to bed in Lower Nine woke up in Seven. It was this one, a young lawyer guarding important papers, who was caught in an eddy of terrifying circumstance. Clothing stolen—the wrong bag in his possession—the thing under his pillow—the stains—nothing that he could say would clear him—SOMEONE HAD TO EXPLAIN THAT HORROR BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAINS.

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Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield, by Robert Benchley. . . .

John Dos Passos has been working on a novel for several years and still does not know where it will end. . . . He has too much material, he complained to Harper's, his publishers: "It's like a great deal of spaghetti on a small plate." . . .

"A band of Indians in the spring saddled their ponies and rode away as of old, but in silence and sadness.

" 'Where are you bound?' some white man asks; and they answer, 'For the Buffalo.'

" 'But there are no more.'

" 'No—we know it.'

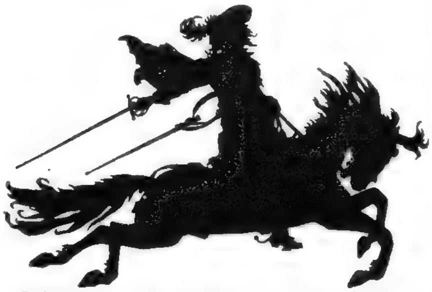
" 'Then why are you going on such a foolish chase?'

" 'Oh, we always go at this time; maybe we shall find some.' "

With these words Mr. Branch ends his story of the tragic last days of the American Buffalo. . . . *The Hunting of the Buffalo* is a hitherto neglected chapter in the history of the vanished West, and here it is told well. . . . From Indian legends, old letters and the diaries of frontier folk, Mr. Branch has built up the story of the ruthless annihilation of thirty millions of buffalo. . . .

Dorothy Cottrell, author of *The Singing Gold,* which Houghton Mifflin publishes, lives on a sheep-ranch in Australia, where the scene of her novel is laid. . . . It is another of those contests-between-man-and-nature novels, but is a pleasanter, if smaller, book than either *Joseph and His Brethren* or *Peder Victorious.* . . . the first two names which pop into our head just now at the mention of the word "soil." . . .

In *The Years Between* Messieurs Feval and Lassez have seized upon the tempting gap left by Alexander Dumas between *The Three Musketeers* and *Twenty Years After.* . . . Here are D'Artagnan and Aramis, Cyrano de Bergerac, Anne of Austria, the indomitable Richelieu, machinating and counter-machinating, escaping and being followed, disguising themselves and being discovered. . . . Above all, crossing swords. . . . MM. Feval and Lassez have written four volumes to cover this twenty years; the last, *The Heir of Buckingham* (Longmans, Green), having just appeared. . . . In it the rash chevalier, son of Buckingham and Anne of Austria is disclosed languishing in the Bastille, where Richelieu and Mazarin have placed him, hoping to learn the secret of his name and mission. . . . By the aid of the intrepid Cyrano he escapes, although at every point Cyrano's plans are crossed by the equally intrepid D'Artagnan. He reaches England, where he falls in and out of several plots. . . . There are thrilling scenes all through the book, and the final duel between Cyrano and D'Artagnan is almost worthy of the great Dumas himself. . . . The book is not Dumas; it is not as good as Dumas, but it should bring pleasure to Dumas lovers, for it is faithful to the tradition of the master . . . And to those who do not know Dumas it will come as a revelation of how thrilling a historical romance can be. . . .



Silhouette by John Bennett for *The Heir of Buckingham.*

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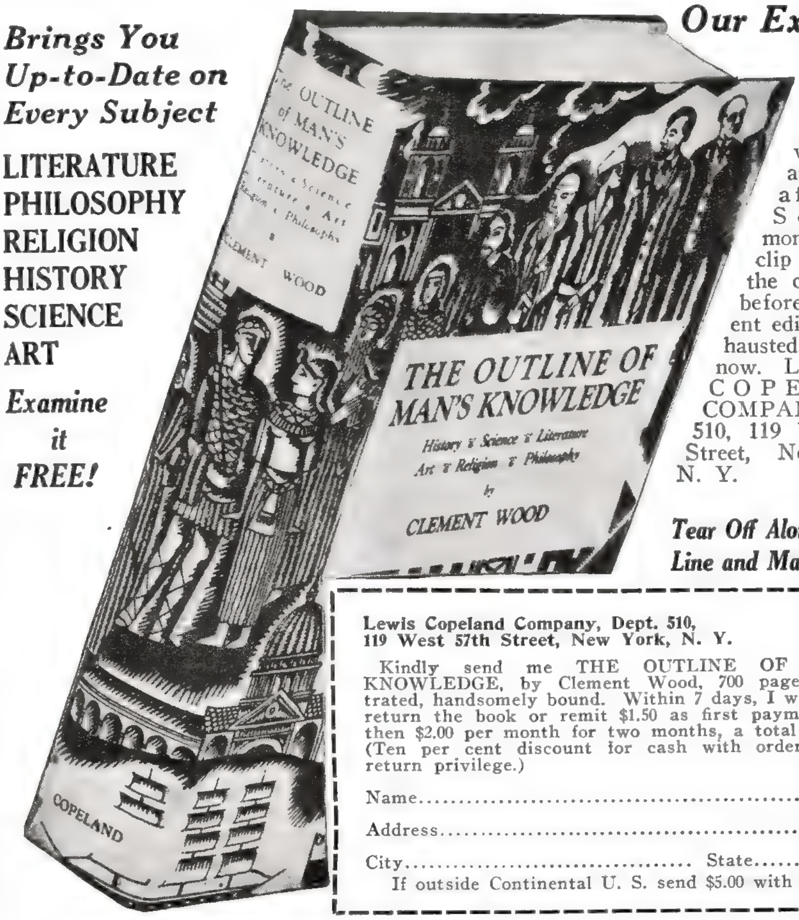
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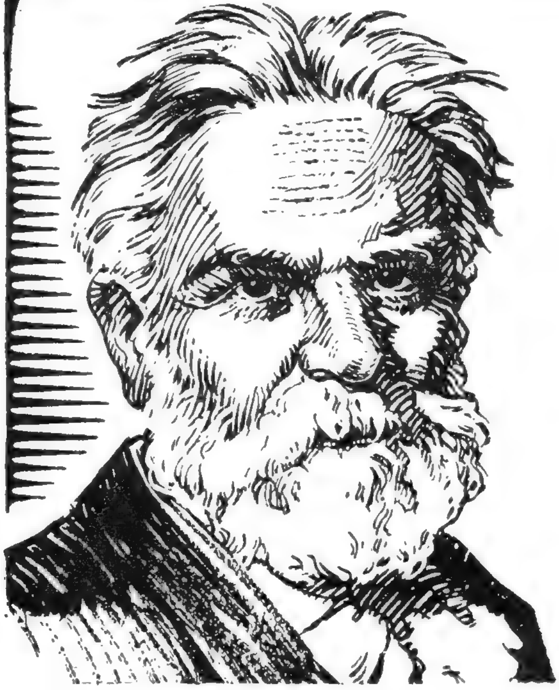

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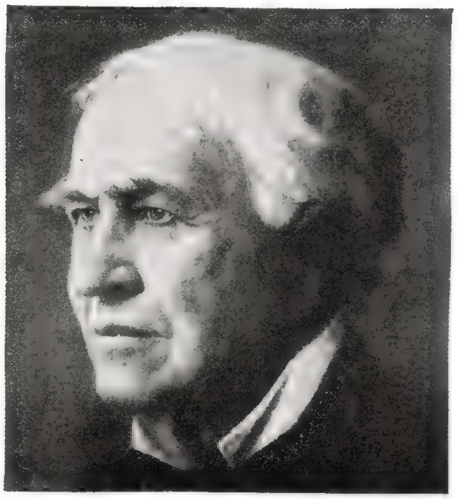

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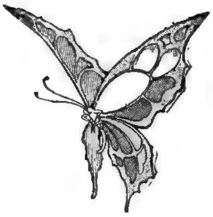

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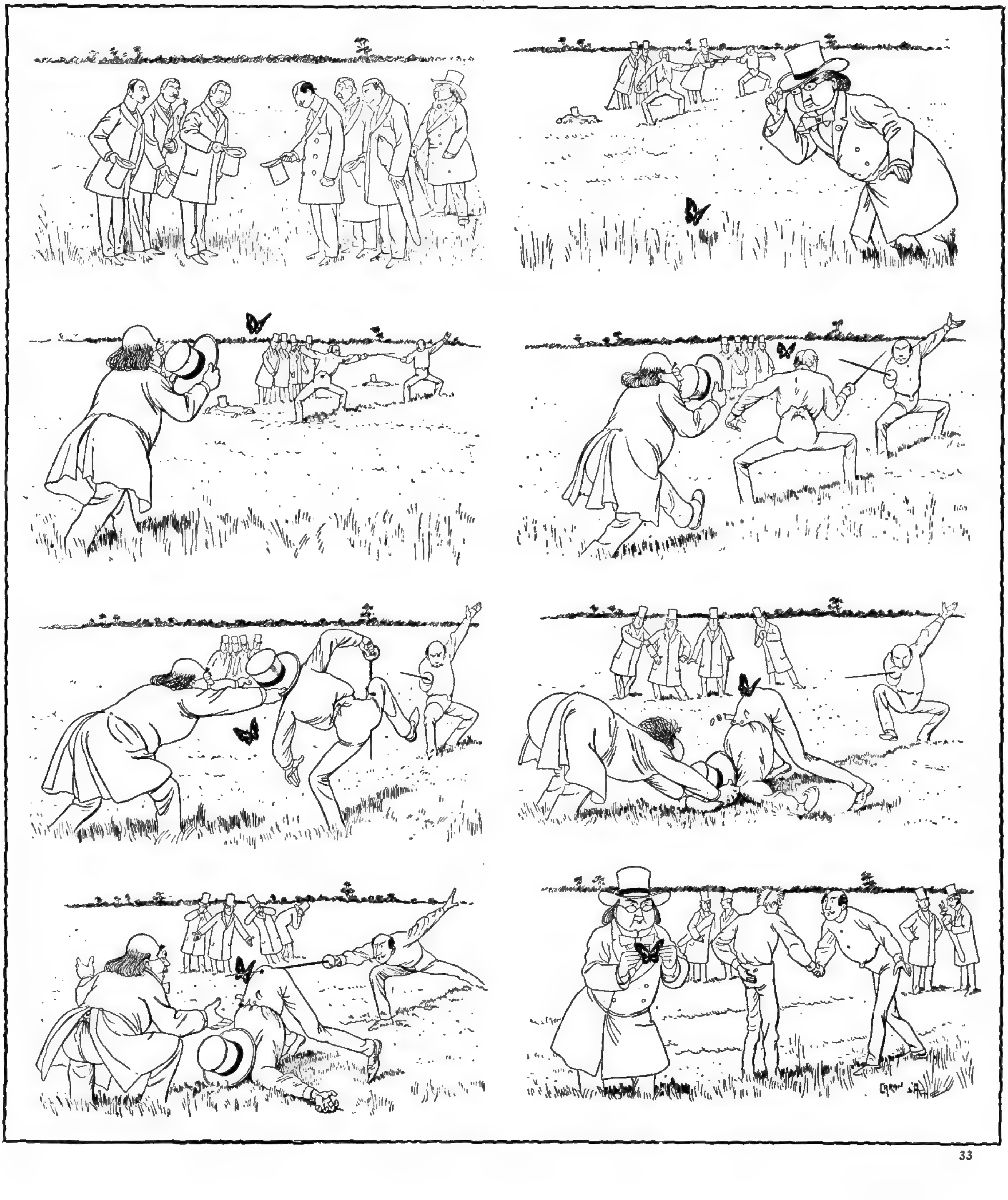
By CARAN D'ACHE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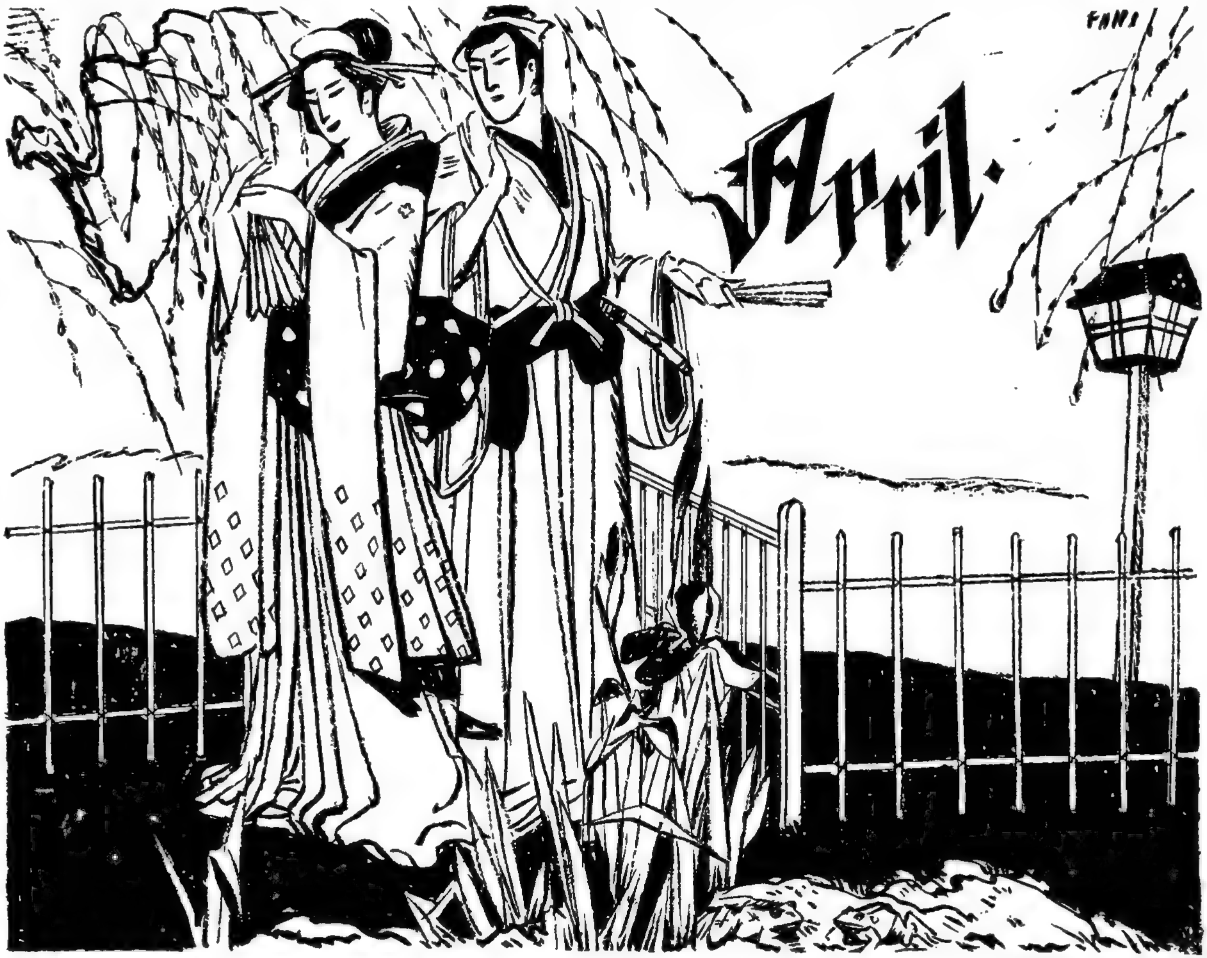


Drawing by C. B. Falls

I

I FOUND PLUM-BLOSSOMS laden with the snow
Ere Spring had graced the land;
But when I sought to pluck them for you, lo!
They melted in my hand.

II

Wistaria pours at last its waves of bloom
Along the lintel of my door . . .
Planted long since for joy when one should come
Who comes no more.

III

O cherry-flowers, in perfect beauty dight,
I fain would bid you fall and die today . .
So should your lovers' worship of you stay
Forever at the height.

IV

If cherry-blossoms in their pride
Covered the far-flung mountain-side
Day after day, the Summer through,
Should we praise them as we do?

V

This life—a vision of the Seeing Mind:
White sails, far out, catching the light at dawn,
Glimpsed for a moment, then forever gone
Leaving no trace behind.

From the Manyoshū. Translated by CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME IX APRIL, 1929 NUMBER 52

The Silence

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy

I

In a car of the Naples express a mining expert was diving into a bag for papers. The strong sunlight showed the fine wrinkles on his brown face and the shabbiness of his short, rough beard. A newspaper cutting slipped from his fingers; he picked it up, thinking: "How the dickens did that get in here?" It was from a colonial print of three years back; and he sat staring as if in that forlorn slip of yellow paper he had encountered some ghost from his past.

These were the words he read: "We hope that the set-back to civilization, the check to commerce and development, in this promising centre of our colony may be but temporary; and that capital may again come to the rescue. Where one man was successful, others should surely not fail? We are convinced that it only needs——" . . . And the last words: "For what can be sadder than to see the forest spreading its lengthening shadows, like symbols of defeat, over the untenanted dwellings of men; and where was once the merry chatter of human voices, to pass by in the silence——" . . .

On an afternoon, thirteen years before, he had been in the city of London, at one of those emporia where mining experts perch, before fresh flights, like seagulls on some favourite rock. A clerk said to him: "Mr. Scorrier, they are asking for you downstairs—Mr. Hemmings of the New Colliery Company."

Scorrier took up the speaking tube. "Is that Mr. Scorrier? I hope you are very well, sir. I am—Hemmings—I am—coming up."

In two minutes he appeared, Christopher Hemmings, secretary of the New Colliery Company, known in the City—behind his back—as "Down-by-the-starn" Hemmings. He grasped Scorrier's hand—the gesture was deferential, yet distinguished. Too handsome, too capable, too important, his figure, the cut of his iron-gray beard, and his intrusively fine eyes conveyed a continuous courteous invitation to inspect their infallibilities. He stood, like a City "Atlas," with his legs apart, his coat-tails gathered in his hands, a whole globe of financial matters deftly balanced on his nose. "Look at me!" he seemed to say. "It's heavy, but how easily I carry it. Not the man to let it down, sir!"

"I hope I see you well, Mr. Scorrier," he began. "I have come round about our mine. There is a question of a fresh field being opened up—between ourselves, not before it's wanted. I find it difficult to get my Board to take a comprehensive view. In short, the question is: Are you prepared to go out for us, and report on it? The fees will be all right." His left eye closed. "Things have been very—er—dicky; we are going to change our superintendent. I have got little Pippin—you know little Pippin?"

Scorrier murmured, with a feeling of vague resentment: "Oh yes. He's not a mining man!"

Hemmings replied: "We think that he will do." "Do you?" thought Scorrier; "that's good of you!"

He had not altogether shaken off a worship he had felt for Pippin—"King" Pippin he was always called when they had been boys at the Camborne Grammar High school. "King" Pippin! the boy with the bright colour, very bright hair, bright, subtle, elusive eyes, broad shoulders, little stoop in the neck, and a way of moving it quickly like a bird; the boy who was always at the top of everything, and held his head as if looking for something further to be the top of. He remembered how one day "King" Pippin had said to him in his soft way, "Young Scorrier, I'll do your sums for you"; and in answer to his dubious, "Is that all right?" had replied, "Of course—I don't want you to get behind that beast Blake; he's not a Cornishman" (the beast Blake was an Irishman not yet twelve). He remembered, too, an occasion when "King" Pippin with two other boys fought six louts and got a licking, and how Pippin sat for half an hour afterwards, all bloody, his head in his hands, rocking to and fro, and weeping tears of mortification; and how the next day he had sneaked off by himself, and, attacking the same gang, got frightfully mauled a second time.

THINKING OF THESE THINGS he answered curtly: "When shall I start?"

"Down-by-the-starn" Hemmings replied with a sort of fearful sprightliness: "There's a good fellow! I will send instructions; so glad to see you well." Conferring on Scorrier a look—fine to the verge of vulgarity—he withdrew. Scorrier remained seated; heavy with insignificance and vague oppression, as if he had drunk a tumbler of sweet port.

A week later, in company with Pippin, he was on board a liner.

The "King" Pippin of his school-days was now a man of forty-four. He awakened in Scorrier the uncertain wonder with which men look backward at their uncomplicated teens; and staggering up and down the decks in the long Atlantic roll, he would steal glances at his companion, as if he expected to find out from them something about himself. Pippin had still "King" Pippin's bright, fine hair, and dazzling streaks in his short beard; he had still a bright colour and suave voice, and what there were of wrinkles suggested only subtleties of humour and ironic sympathy. From the first, and apparently without negotiation, he had his seat at the captain's table, to which on the second day Scorrier too found himself translated, and had to sit, as he expressed it ruefully, "among the big-wigs."

During the voyage only one incident impressed itself on Scorrier's memory, and that for a disconcerting reason. In the forecastle were the usual complement of emigrants. One evening, leaning across the rail to watch them, he felt a touch on his arm; and, looking round, saw Pippin's face and beard quivering in the lamplight. "Poor people!" he said. The idea flashed on Scorrier that he was like some fine wire sound-recording instrument.

"Suppose he were to snap!" he thought. Impelled to justify this fancy, he blurted out: "You're a nervous chap. The way you look at those poor devils!"

Pippin hustled him along the deck. "Come, come, you took me off my guard," he murmured, with a sly, gentle smile; "that's not fair."

He found it a continual source of wonder that Pippin, at his age, should cut himself adrift from the associations and security of London life to begin a new career in a new country with dubious prospects of success. "I always heard he was doing well all round," he thought; "thinks he'll better himself, perhaps. He's a true Cornishman."

The morning of arrival at the mines was gray and cheerless; a cloud of smoke, beaten down by drizzle, clung above the forest; the wooden houses straggled dismally in the unkempt semblance of a street, against a background of endless, silent woods. An air of blank discouragement brooded over everything; cranes jutted idly over empty trucks; the long jetty oozed black slime; miners with listless faces stood in the rain; dogs fought under their very legs. On the way to the hotel they met no one busy or serene except a Chinese who was polishing a dish-cover.

The late superintendent, a cowed man, regaled them at lunch with his forebodings; his attitude toward the situation was like the food, which was greasy and uninspiring. Alone together once more, the two newcomers eyed each other sadly.

"Oh dear!" sighed Pippin. "We must change all this, Scorrier; it will never do to go back beaten. I shall not go back beaten; you will have to carry me on my shield," and slyly: "Too heavy, eh? Poor fellow!" Then for a long time he was silent, moving his lips as if adding up the cost. Suddenly he sighed, and grasping Scorrier's arm said: "Dull, aren't I? What will you do? Put me in your report, 'New Superintendent—sad, dull dog—not a word to throw at a cat!'" And as if the new task were too much for him, he sank back in thought. The last words he said to Scorrier that night were: "Very silent here. It's hard to believe one's here for life. But I feel I am. Mustn't be a coward, though!" and brushing his forehead, as though to clear from it a cobweb of faint thoughts, he hurried off.

SCORRIER STAYED ON THE VERANDA SMOKING. The rain had ceased, a few stars were burning dimly; even above the squalor of the township the scent of the forests, the interminable forests, brooded. There sprang into his mind the memory of a picture from one of his children's fairy books—the picture of a little bearded man on tiptoe, with poised head and a great sword, slashing at the castle of a giant. It reminded him of Pippin. And suddenly, even to Scorrier—whose existence was one long encounter with strange places—the unseen presence of those woods, their heavy, healthy scent, the little sounds, like squeaks from tiny toys, issuing out of the gloomy silence, seemed intolerable, to be shunned, from the mere instinct of self-preservation. He thought of the evening he had spent in the bosom of "Down-by-the starn" Hemmings' family, receiving his last instructions—the security of that suburban villa, its discouraging gentility; the superior acidity of the Miss Hemmings; the noble names of large contractors, of company promoters, of a peer, dragged with the lightness of gun-carriages across the conversation; the autocracy of Hemmings, rasped up here and there, by some domestic contradiction. It was all so nice and safe—as if the whole thing had been fastened to an anchor sunk beneath the pink cabbages of the drawing-room carpet! Hemmings, seeing him off the premises, had said with secrecy: "Little Pippin will have a good thing. We shall make his salary £—. He'll be a great man—quite a king. Ha-ha!"

Scorrier shook the ashes from his pipe. "Salary!" he thought, straining his ears; "I wouldn't take the place for five thousand pounds a year. And yet it's a fine country," and with ironic violence he repeated, "a dashed fine country!"

Ten days later, having finished his report on the new mine, he stood on the jetty waiting to go aboard the steamer for home.

"God bless you!" said Pippin. "Tell them they needn't be afraid; and sometimes when you're at home think of me, eh?"

Scorrier, scrambling on board, had a confused memory of tears in his eyes, and a convulsive handshake.

II

It was eight years before the wheels of life carried Scorrier back to that disenchanted spot, and this time not on the business of the New Colliery Company. He went for another company with a mine some thirty miles away. Before starting, however, he visited Hemmings. The secretary was surrounded by pigeon-holes and finer than ever; Scorrier blinked in the full radiance of his courtesy. A little man with eyebrows full of questions, and a grizzled beard, was seated in an arm-chair by the fire.

"You know Mr. Booker," said Hemmings—"one of my directors. This is Scorrier, sir—who went out for us."

These sentences were murmured in a way suggestive of their uncommon value. The director uncrossed his legs, and bowed. Scorrier also bowed, and Hemmings, leaning back, slowly developed the full recources of his waistcoat.

"So you are going out again, Scorrier, for the other side. I tell Mr. Scorrier, sir, that he is going out for the enemy. Don't find them a mine as good as you found us, there's a good man."

The little director asked explosively: "See our last dividend? Twenty per cent.; eh, what?"

Hemmings moved a finger, as if reproving his director. "I will not disguise from you," he murmured, "that there is friction between us and—the enemy; you know our position too well—just a little too well, eh? 'A nod's as good as a wink.' "

His diplomatic eyes flattered Scorrier, who passed a hand over his brow—and said: "Of course."

"Pippin doesn't hit it off with them. Between ourselves, he's a little too big for his boots. You know what it is when a man in his position gets a sudden rise!"

Scorrier caught himself searching on the floor for a sight of Hemmings' boots; he raised his eyes guiltily. The secretary continued: "We don't hear from him quite as often as we should like, in fact."

To his own surprise Scorrier murmured: "It's a silent place!"

The secretary smiled. "Very good! Mr. Scorrier says, sir, it's a silent place; ha-ha! I call that very good!" But suddenly a secret irritation seemed to bubble in him; he burst forth almost violently: "He's no business to let it affect him; now, has he? I put it to you, Mr. Scorrier, I put it to you, sir!"

But Scorrier made no reply, and soon after took his leave: he had been asked to convey a friendly hint to Pippin that more frequent letters would be welcomed. Standing in the shadow of the Royal Exchange, waiting to thread his way across, he thought: "So you must have noise, must you—you've got some here, and to spare."

On his arrival in the new world he wired to Pippin asking if he might stay with him on the way up country, and received the answer: "Be sure and come."

A week later he arrived (there was now a railway) and found Pippin waiting for him in a phaeton. Scorrier would not have known the place again; there was a glitter over everything, as if some one had touched it with a wand. The tracks had given place to roads, running firm, straight, and black between the trees under brilliant sunshine; the wooden houses were all painted; out in the gleaming harbour amongst the green of islands lay three steamers, each with a fleet of busy boats; and here and there a tiny yacht floated, like a sea-bird on the water. Pippin drove his long-tailed horses furiously; his eyes brimmed with subtle kindness, as if according Scorrier a continual welcome. During the two days of his stay Scorrier never lost that sense of glamour. He had every opportunity for observing the grip Pippin had over everything. The wooden doors and walls of his bungalow kept out no sounds. He listened to interviews between his host and all kinds and conditions of men. The voices of the visitors would rise at first—angry, discontented, matter-of-fact, with nasal twang, or guttural drawl; then would come the soft patter of the superintendent's feet crossing and recrossing the room. Then a pause, the sound of hard breathing, and quick questions—the visitor's voice again, again the patter, and Pippin's ingratiating but decisive murmurs. Presently out would come the visitor with an expression on his face which Scorrier soon began to know by heart, a kind of pleased, puzzled, helpless look, which seemed to say, "I've been done, I know—I'll give it to myself when I'm round the corner."

Pippin was full of wistful questions about "home." He wanted to talk of music, pictures, plays, of how London looked, what new streets there were, and, above all, whether Scorrier had been lately in the West Country. He talked of getting leave next winter, asked whether Scorrier thought they would "put up with him at home"; then, with the agitation which had alarmed Scorrier before, he added: "Ah! but I'm not fit for home now. One gets spoiled; it's big and silent here. What should I go back to? I don't seem to realize."

Scorrier thought of Hemmings. " 'Tis a bit cramped there, certainly," he muttered.

Pippin went on as if divining his thoughts. "I suppose our friend Hemmings would call me foolish; he's above the little weakness of imagination, eh? Yes; it's silent here. Sometimes in the evening I would give my head for somebody to talk to—Hemmings would never give his head for anything, I think. But all the same, I couldn't face them at home. Spoiled!" And slyly he murmured: "What would the Board say if they could hear that?"

Scorrier blurted out: "To tell you the truth, they complain a little of *not* hearing from you."

PIPPIN PUT OUT A HAND, as if to push something away. "Let them try the life here!" he broke out; "it's like sitting on a live volcano—what with our friends, 'the enemy,' over there; the men; the American competition. I keep it going, Scorrier, but at what a cost—at what a cost!"

"But surely—letters?"

Pippin only answered: "I try—I try!"

Scorrier felt with remorse and wonder that he had spoken the truth. The following day he left for his inspection, and while in the camp of "the enemy" much was the talk he heard of Pippin.

"Why!" said his host, the superintendent, a little man with a face somewhat like an owl's, "d'you know the name they've given him down in the capital—'the King'—good, eh? He's made them 'sit up' all along the coast. I like him well enough—good-hearted man, shocking nervous; but my people down there can't stand him at any price. Sir, he runs this colony. You'd think butter wouldn't melt in that mouth of his; but he always gets his way; that's what riles 'em so; that, and the success he's making of his mine. It puzzles me; you'd think he'd only be too glad of a quiet life, a man with his nerves. But no, he's never happy unless he's fighting, something where he's got a chance to score a victory. I won't say he likes it, but, by Jove, it seems he's got to do it. Now that's funny! I'll tell you one thing, though—shouldn't be a bit surprised if he broke down some day; and I'll tell you another," he added darkly, "he's sailing very near the wind, with those large contracts that he makes. I wouldn't care to take his risks. Just let them have a strike, or something that shuts them down for a spell—and mark my words, sir—it'll be all up with them. But," he concluded confidentially, "I wish I had his hold on the men; it's a great thing in this country. Not like home, where you can go round a corner and get another gang. You have to make the best you can out of the lot you have; you won't get another man for love or money without you ship him a few hundred miles." And with a frown he waved his arm over the forests to indicate the barrenness of the land.

III

SCORRIER FINISHED HIS INSPECTION and went on a shooting trip into the forest. His host met him on his return. "Just look at this!" he said, holding out a telegram. "Awful, isn't it?" His face expressed a profound commiseration, almost ludicrously mixed with the ashamed contentment that men experience at the misfortunes of an enemy.

The telegram, dated the day before, ran thus: "Frightful explosion New Colliery this morning, great loss of life feared."

Scorrier had the bewildered thought: "Pippin will want me now."

He took leave of his host, who called after him: "You'd better wait for a steamer! It's a beastly drive!"

Scorrier shook his head. All night, jolting along a rough track cut through the forest, he thought of Pippin. The other miseries of this calamity at present left him cold; he barely thought of the smothered men; but Pippin's struggle, his lonely struggle with this hydra-headed monster, touched him very nearly. He fell asleep and dreamed of watching Pippin slowly strangled by a snake; the agonized, kindly, ironic face peeping out between two gleaming coils was so horribly real, that he awoke. It was the moment before dawn: pitch-black branches barred the sky; with every jolt of the wheels the gleams from the lamps danced, fantastic and intrusive, round ferns and tree-stems, into the cold heart of the forest. For an hour or more Scorrier tried to feign sleep, and hide from the stillness and overmastering gloom of these great woods. Then softly a whisper of noises stole forth, a stir of light, and the whole slow radiance of the morning glory. But it brought no warmth; and Scorrier wrapped himself closer in his cloak, feeling as though old age had touched him.

Close on noon he reached the township. Glamour seemed still to hover over it. He drove on to the mine. The winding-engine was turning, the pulley at the top of the head-gear whizzing round; nothing looked unusual. "Some mistake!" he thought. He drove to the mine buildings, alighted, and climbed to the shaft head. Instead of the usual rumbling of the trolleys, the rattle of coal discharged over the screens, there was silence. Close by, Pippin himself was standing, smirched with dirt. The cage, coming swift and silent from below, shot open its doors with a sharp rattle. Scorrier bent forward to look. There lay a dead man, with a smile on his face.

"How many?" he whispered.

Pippin answered: "Eighty-four brought up—forty-seven still below," and entered the man's name in a pocket-book.

An older man was taken out next: he too was smiling—there had been vouchsafed to him, it seemed, a taste of more than earthly joy. The sight of those strange smiles affected Scorrier more than all the anguish or despair he had seen scored on the faces of other dead men. He asked an old miner how long Pippin had been at work.

"Thirty hours. Yesterday he wer' below; we had to nigh carry mun up at last. He's for goin' down again, but the chaps won't lower mun"; the old man gave a sigh. "I'm waiting for my boy to come up, I am."

Scorrier waited too—there was fascination about those dead, smiling faces. The rescuing of these men who would never again breathe went on and on. Scorrier grew sleepy in the sun. The old miner woke him, saying: "Rummy stuff this here choke-damp; see, they all dies drunk!" The very next to be brought up was the chief engineer. Scorrier had known him quite well, one of those Scotsmen who are born at the age of forty and remain so all their lives. His face—the only one that wore no smile—seemed grieving that duty had deprived it of that last luxury. With wide eyes and drawn lips he had died protesting.

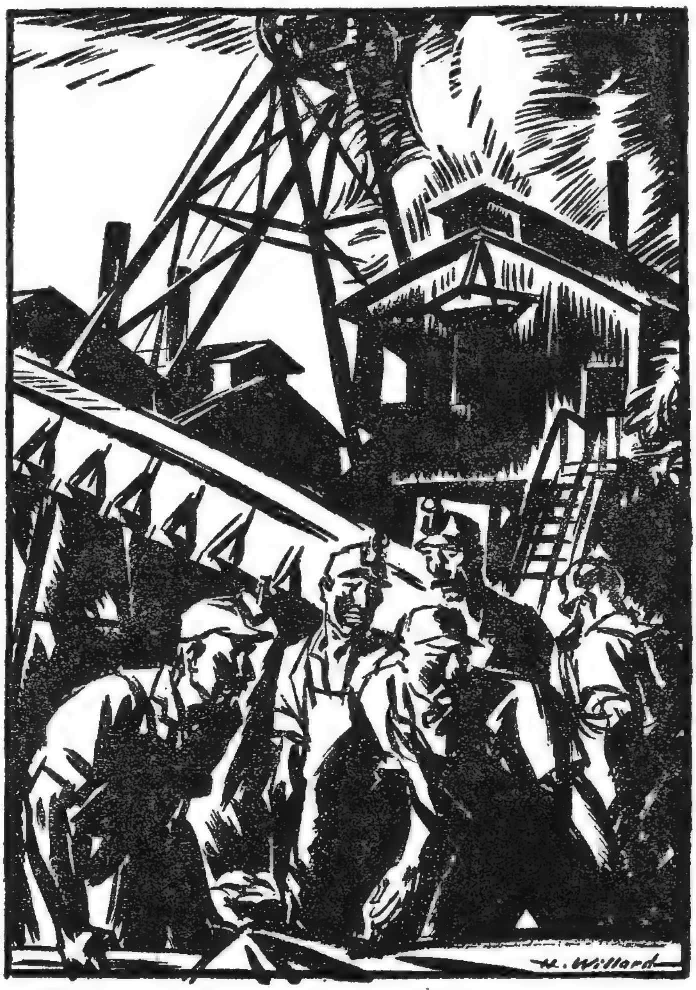
Late in the afternoon the old miner touched Scorrier's arm, and said: "There he is—there's my boy!" And he departed slowly, wheeling the body on a trolley.

As the sun set, the gang below came up. No further search was possible till the fumes had cleared. Scorrier heard one man say: "There's some we'll never get; they've had sure burial."

Another answered him: " 'Tis a gude enough bag for me!" They passed him, the whites of their eyes gleaming out of faces black as ink.

Pippin drove him home at a furious pace, not uttering a single word. As they turned into the main street, a young woman starting out before the horses obliged Pippin to pull up. The glance he bent on Scorrier was ludicrously prescient of suffering. The woman asked for her husband. Several times they were stopped thus by women asking for their husbands or sons. "This is what I have to go through," Pippin whispered.

When they had eaten, he said to Scorrier: "It was kind of you to come and stand by me! They take me for a good, poor creature that I am. But shall I ever get the men down again? Their nerve's shaken. I wish I were one of those poor lads to die with a smile like that!"



"Eighty-four brought up—forty-seven still below."

Scorrier felt the futility of his presence. On Pippin alone must be the heat and burden. Would he stand under it, or would the whole thing come crashing to the ground? He urged him again and again to rest, but Pippin only gave him one of his queer smiles. "You don't know how strong I am!" he said.

IV

He himself slept heavily; and, waking at dawn, went down. Pippin was still at his desk; his pen had dropped; he was asleep. The ink was wet; Scorrier's eye caught the opening words:

"Gentlemen.—Since this happened I have not slept." . . .

He stole away again with a sense of indignation that no one could be dragged in to share that fight. The London Board-room rose before his mind. He imagined the portentous gravity of Hemmings; his face and voice and manner conveying the impression that he alone could save the situation; the six directors, all men of common sense and certainly humane, seated behind large turret-shaped inkpots; the concern and irritation in their voices, asking how it could have happened; their comments: "An awful thing!" "I suppose Pippin is doing the best he can!" "Wire him on no account to leave the mine idle!" "Poor devils!" "A fund? Of course, what ought we to give?" He had a strong conviction that nothing of all this would disturb the common sense with which they would go home and eat their mutton. A good thing too; the less it was taken to heart the better! But Scorrier felt angry. The fight was so unfair! A fellow all nerves—with not a soul to help him! Well, it was his own lookout! He had chosen to centre it all in himself, to make himself its very soul. If he gave way now, the ship must go down! By a thin thread, Scorrier's hero-worship still held. "Man against nature," he thought, "I back the man." The struggle in which he was so powerless to give aid, became intensely personal to him, as if he had engaged his own good faith therein.

The next day they went down again to the pithead; and Scorrier himself descended. The fumes had almost cleared, but there were some places which would never be reached. At the end of the day all but four bodies had been recovered. "In the day o' judgment," a miner said, "they four'll come out of here." Those unclaimed bodies haunted Scorrier. He came on sentences of writing, where men waiting to be suffocated had written down their feelings. In one place, the hour, the word "Sleepy," and a signature. In another, "A. F.—done for." When he came up at last Pippin was still waiting, pocket-book in hand; they again departed at a furious pace.

Two days later Scorrier, visiting the shaft, found its neighbourhood deserted—not a living thing of any sort was there except one Chinaman poking his stick into the rubbish. Pippin was away down the coast engaging an engineer; and on his return, Scorrier had not the heart to tell him of the desertion. He was spared the effort, for Pippin said: "Don't be afraid—you've got bad news? The men have gone on strike."

Scorrier sighed. "Lock, stock, and barrel."

"I thought so—see what I have here!" He put before Scorrier a telegram:

"At all costs keep working—fatal to stop—manage this somehow.—HEMMINGS."

Breathing quickly, he added: "As if I didn't know! 'Manage this somehow'—a little hard!"

"What's to be done?" asked Scorrier.

"You see I am commanded!" Pippin answered bitterly. "And they're quite right; we *must* keep working—our contracts! Now I'm down—not a soul will spare me!"

The miners' meeting was held the following day on the outskirts of the town. Pippin had cleared the place to make a public recreation ground—a sort of feather in the company's cap; it was now to be the spot whereon should be decided the question of the company's life or death.

THE SKY TO THE WEST was crossed by a single line of cloud like a bar of beaten gold; tree shadows crept towards the groups of men; the evening savour, that strong fragrance of the forest, sweetened the air. The miners stood all round amongst the burnt tree-stumps, cowed and sullen. They looked incapable of movement or expression. It was this dumb paralysis that frightened Scorrier. He watched Pippin speaking from his phaeton, the butt of all those sullen, restless eyes. Would he last out? Would the wires hold? It was like the finish of a race. He caught a baffled look on Pippin's face, as if he despaired of piercing that terrible paralysis. The men's eyes had begun to wander. "He's lost his hold," thought Scorrier; "it's all up!"

A miner close beside him muttered: "Look out!"

Pippin was leaning forward, his voice had risen, the words fell like a whiplash on the faces of the crowd: "You shan't throw me over; do you think I'll give up all I've done for you? I'll make you the first power in the colony! Are you turning tail at the first shot? You're a set of cowards, my lads!"

Each man round Scorrier was listening with a different motion of the hands—one rubbed them, one clenched them, another moved his closed fist, as if stabbing some one in the back. A grisly-bearded, beetle-browed, twinkling-eyed old Cornishman muttered: "Ah'm not troublin' about that." It seemed almost as if Pippin's object was to get the men to kill him; they had gathered closer, crouching for a rush. Suddenly Pippin's voice dropped to a whisper: "I'm disgraced! Men, are you going back on me?"

The old miner next Scorrier called out suddenly: "Anny that's Cornishmen here to stand by the superintendent?" A group drew together, and with murmurs and gesticulation the meeting broke up.

In the evening a deputation came to visit Pippin; and all night long their voices and the superintendent's footsteps could be heard. In the morning, Pippin went early to the mine. Before supper the deputation came again; and again Scorrier had to listen hour after hour to the sound of voices and footsteps till he fell asleep. Just before dawn he was awakened by a light. Pippin stood at his bedside. "The men go down tomorrow," he said: "What did I tell you? Carry me home on my shield, eh?"

In a week the mine was in full work.

V

TWO YEARS LATER, Scorrier heard once more of Pippin. A note from Hemmings reached him asking if he could make it convenient to attend their Board meeting the following Thursday. He arrived rather before the appointed time. The secretary received him, and, in answer to inquiry, said: "Thank you, we are doing well—between ourselves, we are doing very well."

"And Pippin?"

The secretary frowned. "Ah, Pippin! We asked you to come on his account. Pippin is giving us a lot of trouble. We have not had a single line from him for just two years!" He spoke with such a sense of personal grievance that Scorrier felt quite sorry for him. "Not a single line," said Hemmings, "since that explosion—you were there at the time, I remember! It makes it very awkward; I call it personal to *me*."

"But how——" Scorrier began.

"We get—telegrams. He writes to no one, not even to his family. And why? Just tell me why? We hear *of* him; he's a great nob out there. Nothing's done in the colony without his finger being in the pie. He turned out the last Government because they wouldn't grant us an extension for our railway—shows he can't be a fool. Besides, look at our balance-sheet!"

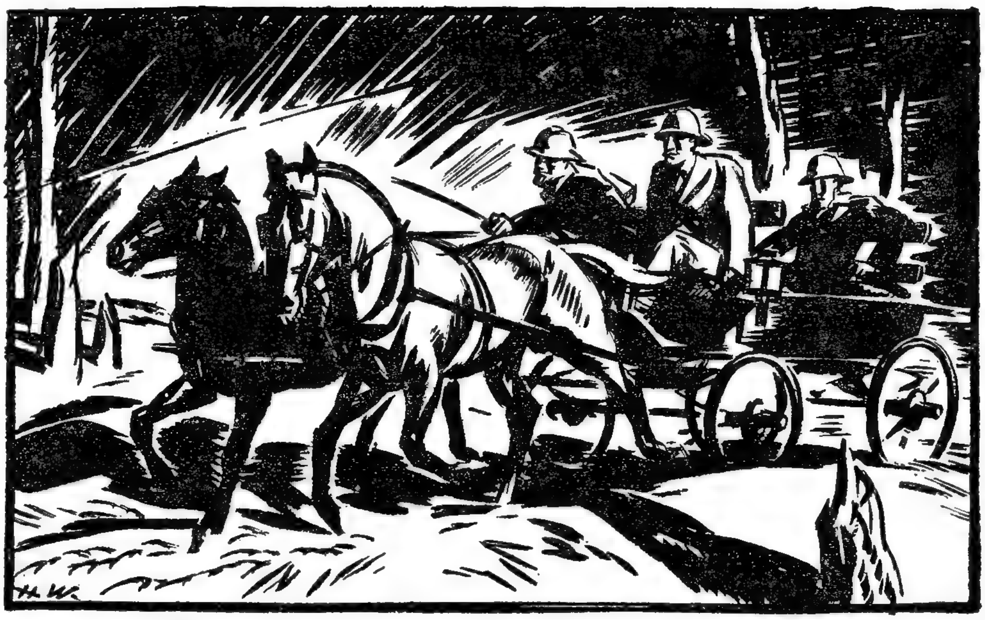
It turned out that the question on which Scorrier's opinion was desired was, whether Hemmings should be sent out to see what was the matter with the superintendent. During the discussion which ensued, he was an unwilling listener to strictures on Pippin's silence. "The explosion," he muttered at last; "a very trying time!"

Mr. Booker pounced on him. "A very trying time! So it was—to all of us. But what excuse is that?"

Scorrier was obliged to admit that it was none.

"Business is business—eh, what?"

Scorrier, gazing round that neat Board-room, nodded. A deaf director, who had not spoken for some months, said with sudden fierceness: "It's disgraceful!" He was obviously letting off the fume of long-unuttered disapprovals. One perfectly neat, benevolent old fellow, however, who had kept his hat on, and had a single vice—that of coming to the Board-room with a brown paper parcel tied up with string—murmured: "We must make allowances," and started an anecdote about his youth. He was gently called to order by his secretary. Scorrier was asked for his opinion. He looked at Hemmings. "My importance is concerned," was written all over the secretary's face. Moved by an impulse of loyalty to Pippin, Scorrier answered, as if it were all settled: "Well, let me know when you are starting, Hemmings—I should like the trip myself."



The track led through a belt of trees blackened by a forest fire.

As he was going out, the chairman, old Jolyon Forsyte, with a grave, twinkling look at Hemmings, took him aside. "Glad to hear you say that about going too, Mr. Scorrier; we must be careful—Pippin's such a good fellow, and so sensitive; and our friend there—a bit heavy in the hand, um?"

Scorrier did in fact go out with Hemmings. The secretary was sea-sick, and his prostration, dignified but noisy, remained a memory forever; it was sonorous and fine—the prostration of superiority; and the way in which he spoke of it, taking casual acquaintances into the caves of his experience, was truly interesting.

Pippin came down to the capital to escort them, provided for their comforts as if they had been royalty, and had a special train to take them to the mines.

He was a little stouter, brighter of colour, grayer of beard, more nervous perhaps in voice and breathing. His manner to Hemmings was full of flattering courtesy; but his sly, ironical glances played on the secretary's armour like a fountain on a hippopotamus. To Scorrier, however, he could not show enough affection.

THE FIRST EVENING, when Hemmings had gone to his room, he jumped up like a boy out of school. "So I'm going to get a wigging," he said. "I suppose I deserve it; but if you knew—if you *only* knew! . . . Out here they've nicknamed me 'the King'—they say I rule the colony. It's myself that I can't rule"; and with a sudden burst of passion such as Scorrier had never seen in him: "Why did they send this man here? What can he know about the things that I've been through?" In a moment he calmed down again: "There! this is very stupid; worrying you like this!" and with a long, kind look into Scorrier's face, he hustled him off to bed.

Pippin did not break out again, though fire seemed to smoulder behind the bars of his courteous irony. Intuition of danger had evidently smitten Hemmings, for he made no allusion to the object of his visit. There were moments when Scorrier's common sense sided with Hemmings—these were moments when the secretary was not present.

"After all," he told himself, "it's a little thing to ask—one letter a month. I never heard of such a case." It was wonderful indeed how they stood it! It showed how much they valued Pippin! What was the matter with him? What was the nature of his trouble? One glimpse Scorrier had when even Hemmings, as he phrased it, received "quite a turn." It was during a drive back from the most outlying of the company's trial mines, eight miles through the forest. The track led through a belt of trees blackened by a forest fire. Pippin was driving. The secretary seated beside him wore an expression of faint alarm, such as Pippin's driving was warranted to evoke from almost any face. The sky had darkened strangely, but pale streaks of light, coming from one knew not where, filtered through the trees. No breath was stirring; the wheels and horses' hoofs made no sound on the deep fern mould. All around, the burnt tree-trunks, leafless and jagged, rose like withered giants, the passages between them were black, the sky black, and black the silence. No one spoke, and literally the only sound was Pippin's breathing. What was it that was so terrifying? Scorrier had a feeling of entombment; that nobody could help him; the feeling of being face to face with Nature; a sensation as if all the comfort and security of words and rules had dropped away from him. And—nothing happened. They reached home and dined.

During dinner he had again that old remembrance of a little man chopping at a castle with his sword. It came at a moment when Pippin had raised his hand with the carving-knife grasped in it to answer some remark of Hemmings's about the future of the company. The optimism in his uplifted chin, the strenuous energy in his whispering voice, gave Scorrier a more vivid glimpse of Pippin's nature than he had perhaps ever had before. This new country, where nothing but himself could help a man—that was the castle! No wonder Pippin was impatient of control, no wonder he was out of hand, no wonder he was silent—chopping away at that! And suddenly he thought: "Yes, and all the time one knows, Nature must beat him in the end!"

THAT VERY EVENING Hemmings delivered himself of his reproof. He had sat unusually silent; Scorrier, indeed, had thought him a little drunk, so portentous was his gravity; suddenly, however, he rose. It was hard on a man, he said, in his position, with a Board (he spoke as of a family of small children), to be kept so short of information. He was actually compelled to use his imagination to answer the shareholders' questions. This was painful and humiliating; he had never heard of any secretary having to use his imagination! He went further—it was insulting! He had grown gray in the service of the company. Mr. Scorrier would bear him out when he said he had a position to maintain—his name in the City was a high one; and, by George! he was going to keep it a high one; he would allow nobody to drag it in the dust—that ought clearly to be understood. His directors felt they were being treated like children; however that might be, it was absurd to suppose that he (Hemmings) could be treated like a child! . . . The secretary paused; his eyes seemed to bully the room.

"If there were no London office," murmured Pippin, "the shareholders would get the same dividends."

Hemmings gasped. "Come!" he said, "this is monstrous!"

"What help did I get from London when I first came here? What help have I ever had?"

Hemmings swayed, recovered, and with a forced smile replied that, if this were true, he had been standing on his head for years; he did not believe the attitude possible for such a length of time; personally he would have thought that he too had a little something to say to the company's position, but no matter! . . . His irony was crushing. . . . It was possible that Mr. Pippin hoped to reverse the existing laws of the universe with regard to limited companies; he would merely say that he must not begin with a company of which he (Hemmings) happened to be secretary. Mr. Scorrier had hinted at excuses; for his part, with the best intentions in the world, he had great difficulty in seeing them. He would go further—he did *not* see them! The explosion! . . . Pippin shrank so visibly that Hemmings seemed troubled by a suspicion that he had gone too far.

"We know," he said, "that it was trying for you——"

"Trying!" burst out Pippin.

"No one can say," Hemmings resumed soothingly, "that we have not dealt liberally." Pippin made a motion of the head. "We think we have a good superintendent; I go further, an excellent superintendent. What I say is: Let's be pleasant! I am not making an unreasonable request!" He ended on a fitting note of jocularity; and, as if by consent, all three withdrew, each to his own room, without another word.

In the course of the next day Pippin said to Scorrier: "It seems I have been very wicked. I must try to do better"; and with a touch of bitter humour, "They are kind enough to think me a good superintendent, you see! After that I must try hard."

Scorrier broke in: "No man could have done so much for them"; and, carried away by an impulse to put things absolutely straight, went on: "But, after all, a letter now and then—what does it amount to?"

Pippin besieged him with a subtle glance. "You too?" he said—"I must indeed have been a wicked man!" and turned away.

Scorrier felt as if he had been guilty of brutality; sorry for Pippin, angry with himself; angry with Pippin, sorry for himself. He earnestly desired to see the back of Hemmings. The secretary gratified the wish a few days later, departing by steamer with ponderous expressions of regard and the assurance of his goodwill.

Pippin gave vent to no outburst of relief, maintaining a courteous silence, making only one allusion to his late guest, in answer to a remark of Scorrier:

"Ah! don't tempt me! mustn't speak behind his back."

VI

A MONTH PASSED, and Scorrier still remained Pippin's guest. As each mail-day approached he experienced a queer suppressed excitement. On one of these occasions Pippin had withdrawn to his room; and when Scorrier went to fetch him to dinner he found him with his head leaning on his hands, amid a perfect litter of torn paper. He looked up at Scorrier.

"I can't do it," he said, "I feel such a hypocrite; I can't put myself into leading-strings again. Why should I ask these people, when I've settled everything already? If it were a vital matter they wouldn't want to hear—they'd simply wire, 'Manage this somehow!' "

Scorrier said nothing, but thought privately: "This is mad business!" What was a letter? Why make a fuss about a letter? The approach of mail-day seemed like a nightmare to the superintendent; he became feverishly nervous like a man under a spell; and, when the mail had gone, behaved like a respited criminal. And this had been going on two years! Ever since that explosion. Why, it was monomania!

One day, a month after Hemmings' departure, Pippin rose early from dinner; his face was flushed, he had been drinking wine. "I won't be beaten this time," he said, as he passed Scorrier. The latter could hear him writing in the next room, and looked in presently to say that he was going for a walk. Pippin gave him a kindly nod.

It was a cool, still evening; innumerable stars swarmed in clusters over the forests, forming bright hieroglyphics in the middle heavens, showering over the dark harbour into the sea. Scorrier walked slowly. A weight seemed lifted from his mind, so entangled had he become in that uncanny silence. At last Pippin had broken through the spell. To get that letter sent would be the laying of a phantom, the rehabilitation of common sense. Now that this silence was in the throes of being broken, he felt curiously tender towards Pippin, without the hero-worship of old days, but with a queer protective feeling. After all, he was different from other men. In spite of his feverish, tenacious energy, in spite of his ironic humour, there was something of the woman in him! And as for this silence, this horror of control—all geniuses had "bees in their bonnets," and Pippin was a genius in his way!

HE LOOKED BACK at the town. Brilliantly lighted, it had a thriving air—difficult to believe of the place he remembered ten years back; the sounds of drinking, gambling, laughter, and dancing floated to his ears. "Quite a city!" he thought. With this queer elation on him he walked slowly back along the street, forgetting that he was simply an oldish mining expert, with a look of shabbiness, such as clings to men who are always traveling, as if their "nap" were forever being rubbed off. And he thought of Pippin, creator of this glory.

He had passed the boundaries of the town, and had entered the forest. A feeling of discouragement instantly beset him. The scents and silence, after the festive cries and odours of the town, were undefinably oppressive. Notwithstanding, he walked a long time, saying to himself that he would give the letter every chance. At last, when he thought that Pippin must have finished, he went back to the house.

Pippin *had* finished. His forehead rested on the table, his arms hung at his sides; he was stone-dead! His face wore a smile and by his side lay an empty laudanum bottle.

The letter, closely, beautifully written, lay before him. It was a fine document, clear, masterly, detailed, nothing slurred, nothing concealed, nothing omitted; a complete review of the company's position; it ended with the words: "Your humble servant, Richard Pippin."

Scorrier took possession of it. He dimly understood that with those last words a wire had snapped. The borderline had been overpassed; the point reached where that sense of proportion, which alone makes life possible, is lost. He was certain that at the moment of his death Pippin could have discussed bimetallism, or any intellectual problem except the one problem of his own heart; *that*, for some mysterious reason, had been too much for him. His death had been the work of a moment of supreme revolt—a single instant of madness on a single subject! He found on the blotting-paper, scrawled across the impress of the signature, "Can't stand it!" The completion of that letter had been to him a struggle ungraspable by Scorrier. Slavery? Defeat? A violation of Nature? The death of justice? It were better not to think of it! Pippin could have told—but he would never speak again. Nature, at whom, unaided, he had dealt so many blows, had taken her revenge! . . .

In the night Scorrier stole down, and with an ashamed face, cut off a lock of the fine gray hair. "His daughter might like it!" he thought. . . .

He waited till Pippin was buried; then, with the letter in his pocket, started for England.

He arrived at Liverpool on a Thursday morning, and traveling to town, drove straight to the office of the company. The Board were sitting. Pippin's successor was already being interviewed. He passed out as Scorrier came in, a middle-aged man with a large, red beard, and a foxy, compromising face. He also was a Cornishman. Scorrier wished him luck with a very heavy heart.

As an unsentimental man, who had a proper horror of emotion, whose living depended on his good sense, to look back on that interview with the Board was painful. It had excited in him a rage of which he was now heartily ashamed. Old Jolyon Forsyte, the chairman, was not there for once, guessing perhaps that the Board's view of this death would be too small for him; and little Mr. Booker sat in his place. Everyone had risen, shaken hands with Scorrier, and expressed themselves indebted for his coming. Scorrier placed Pippin's letter on the table, and gravely the secretary read out to his Board the last words of their superintendent. When he had finished, a director said, "That's not the letter of a madman!" Another answered: "Mad as a hatter; nobody but a madman would have thrown up such a post." Scorrier suddenly withdrew. He heard Hemmings calling for him. "Aren't you well, Mr. Scorrier? Aren't you well, sir?"

He shouted back: "Quite sane, I thank you." . . .

The Naples "express" rolled round the outskirts of the town. Vesuvius shone in the sun, uncrowned by smoke. But even as Scorrier looked, a white puff went soaring up. It was the footnote to his memories.

The Blades of Grass

In Heaven,
Some little blades of grass
Stood before God.
"What did you do?"
Then all save one of the little blades
Began eagerly to relate
The merits of their lives.
This one stayed a small way behind,
Ashamed.
Presently, God said,
"And what did you do?"
The little blade answered, "Oh, my Lord,
Memory is bitter to me,
For, if I did good deeds,
I know not of them."
Then God, in all his splendour,
Arose from his throne.
"Oh, best little blade of grass!" he said.

STEPHEN CRANE.

Lost and Found

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

John Kendrick Bangs

I

THE WEEK-END WAS OVER, and Begbie had returned to town, restless, and strangely unhappy. There was within him a curious sense of something lost, and yet, now and then, the intimation of another something that seemed to be gain wholly would flash across the horizon of his reflections like a ray of sunshine attempting to penetrate a possible rift in the clouds.

He unpacked his suit-case listlessly, and compared its contents with the catalogue of his week-end needs which he always kept pasted on the inner side of the cover of his suit-case. Everything was there, from hair-brush to dinner-coat—and yet that sense of something left behind still oppressed him. A second time he went over the list and compared it with his possessions, to find that nothing was missing; and then on a sudden there flashed across his mind a full realization of what the lost object was.

"Ah!" he ejaculated with a deep sigh of relief. "That's it! I will write at once to my hostess and ask her to return it."

Action followed the resolution, and, seating himself at his escritoire, Begbie wrote:

The Mossmere, New York.
August ——, 19—.

My Dear Mrs. Shelton:

Upon my return from the never-to-be-forgotten series of golden hours at Sea Cliff I find that, after the habit of the departing guest, I have left at least one of my possessions behind me. It is of value perhaps to nobody but myself, but, poor as it is, I cannot very well do without it. It is my *heart*. If by some good chance you have found it, and it is of no use to you, will you be good enough some time soon, when you have nothing better to do, to return it to me? Or, if by some good fortune you find it worth retaining, will you please tell me so, that I may know that it is in your custody and is not lying somewhere cold and neglected? It is the only one I have, and it has never passed out of my keeping before.

Always devotedly yours,
HARRISON BEGBIE.

II

IT WAS ON THE MORNING of the second day after the mailing of this letter that Begbie found a dainty-hued missive lying beside his plate at the breakfast-table. It was postmarked Sea Cliff, and addressed in the familiar handwriting of his hostess. Feverishly he tore it open, and found the following:

Sea Cliff, August ——, 19—.

My Dear Mr. Begbie:

What careless creatures you men are! I have found ten such articles as you describe in my house during the past ten days, and out of so vast and varied a number I cannot quite decide which one is yours. Some of them are badly cracked; some of them are battered hopelessly—only one of them is in what I should call an A1, first-class condition. I am hoping it is yours, but I do not know. In any event, on receipt of this won't you come down here at once and we can run over them together. I will meet you with the motor on the arrival of the 12:15 at Wavecrest Station.

Meanwhile, my dear Mr. Begbie, knowing how essential a part of the human mechanism a heart truly is—*I send you mine* to take the place of the other. You may keep it until your own is returned to you.

Always sincerely,
MARY SHELTON.

P. S.—Telegraph me if you will be on the 12:15.

III

TEN MINUTES LATER the following rush-message sped over the wires:

New York, Aug.——, 19—.

Mrs. Shelton, Sea Cliff, L. I.:

Haven't time to wire you of arrival on 12:15. Am rushing to catch the 9:05.

HARRISON.

Translated by
Charles Wharton Stork

Married

By AUGUST STRINDBERG

August Strindberg.

THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS! Happily? As happily as circumstances had permitted. They had pulled along as smoothly and steadily as two bullocks of equal strength, each at its place in the team.

In the first year, naturally, many illusions about marriage were dispelled, that of absolute bliss, for instance. With the next year children began to arrive, and the drudgery of life did not leave much time for reflection.

He was very domestic, extremely domestic, one might say; finding in his family his miniature world, of which he was the middle point. His children were the radii, and his wife sought likewise to be a middle point, but never in the centre of the circle, since that was where the husband was; for which reason the radii sometimes ran to him, sometimes to her, intersecting each other.

In this tenth year the husband was appointed a secretary of prison inspection, and had therefore to travel about. This was a blow to his domestic habits, and he felt a genuine repugnance at the thought that now he would have to be away a whole month. He could not tell for sure whether it was his wife or the children he would miss most; perhaps it was all of them together.

On the evening before his departure he sat on the sofa watching his wife pack his portmanteau. She was on her knees on the floor, putting in his linen. She then dusted off his black clothes and folded them carefully so that they should take as little room as possible; he wasn't very handy at that sort of thing! She had not taken a place in the house as his maidservant, scarcely as his wife. She was mother, mother to the children and to him. She never felt humiliated at darning his socks, and never asked for thanks. Nor did she consider him indebted to her for such things, when he in return gave her and her children both stockings and many other things which she would otherwise have had to go out and get, while her children were left at home alone.

He sat in the corner of the sofa watching her. Now that the departure drew near, small intimations of regret began to stir in him. He surveyed her figure. The shoulder blades had grown more prominent, and the back was bent with work over the cradle, the ironing-board, and the stove. He too was bent with work at his desk, and his eyes needed the help of glasses. But just now he was really not thinking of himself. He saw that her hair was thinner than formerly, and that the part between the braids was growing brighter. Was it for him she had lost her beauty, only for him? No, it was for the little community which consisted of them all, for she had worked for herself too. And his hair had also become thinner on the crown in the fight for them all. He would perhaps have had more youth if there had not been so many mouths to feed, but not for a moment did he wish he had been alone.

"It'll do you good to go about a bit," said his wife; "you that have always sat too much crouched up in the house."

"You're glad to be quit of me, you are," said he, not without a touch of bitterness; "but I shall be missing you a lot."

"You're like the cat; you'll miss your warm corner, but I don't believe you'll miss me so dreadfully."

"And the children?"

"Oh, when you're away; but when you're home you're always picking at them; not seriously, of course, but still picking. Oh, you're really fond of them, I believe; I don't mean to be unjust."

At supper he was very gentle and felt in low spirits. He did not read the evening papers, but wanted only to talk with his wife. She, however, was so busied with chores that she did not give herself much time to chat, and, besides, her feelings had been pretty well blunted by her ten years' campaign in the nursery and the kitchen.

He was more emotional than he cared to show, and the disorder about him made him restless. He beheld bits of his daily life, of his existence, tossed higgledy-piggledy on chairs and bureaus, and the black open portmanteau gaped at him like a coffin. White linen was wrapped about black clothes, which still retained the shape of knee and elbow, so that it seemed to him as if he himself were stretched there in his white laying-out shirt ready to have the lid put on and be carried off.

Next morning—an August morning it was—he hurried out of bed, dressed breathlessly and was very nervous. He went into the nursery and kissed all the children, who were rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, and after embracing his wife sat himself in a cab to go to the railway station. The journey in company with his chiefs diverted him, and he felt it was really a good thing to stir himself up a bit. His home behind him seemed like a stuffy bedroom, and he was thoroughly glad when he got to Linköping.

THE REST OF THE DAY was taken up with a fine prison dinner at the big hotel, where they drank the health of the provincial governor, but not that of the convicts, for whose sake the trip was made. But then came the evening in his lonely room. A bed, two chairs, a table, a wash-stand and a tallow-candle which spread its feeble light on the naked wall-paper. The secretary felt ill at ease. Everything was lacking: slippers, dressing-gown, pipe-rack, desk; all the little things that were the constituents of his life. And his children and wife. How were things with them? Were they well? He grew restless and extremely depressed. When he was going to wind up his watch, he could not find the key. It hung at home on the watch-frame his wife had embroidered for him when they were engaged. He went to bed and lighted a cigar. But then he had to get up and hunt for a book in his portmanteau. Everything was so neatly packed that he was afraid to disturb it. But as he dug about he found his slippers. She thought of everything! And then he got hold of the book. But he did not read. He lay and thought of the past, of his wife in the last ten years. With that appeared the picture of old times, and the present vanished in the bluish-brown cigar smoke which rose in spirals toward the rain-splotched ceiling. He was conscious of an infinite remorse. Every hard word since those days came back to him, and he regretted every bitter moment he had caused her. At last he went to sleep.

On the following day, work and another dinner, with healths to the prison governor, but still none for the convicts. In the evening, loneliness, desolation, chill. He ached with the need of talking to her. He therefore got some paper and sat down at a writing-table. He paused at the first stroke of the pen. How was he to address her? It was always "Dear Mama" when he sent home a note to say that he should be out for dinner. But now it was not to mama he wrote, it was to his former *fiancée*, his sweetheart. So he wrote "Lily, my darling," as he used to. At the start it went laboriously, because so many words of endearment had vanished from the dry, dull speech of their common, everyday life; but soon he grew ardent, and with that the forgotten melodies rose up in his remembrance: waltz-beats and bits of novels, lilacs and swallows, evening moments of sunset across the mirroring bays; all of life's vernal memories danced out amid golden clouds and grouped themselves about her. At the bottom of the page he put a star, as lovers do, and wrote beside it—just as of old—"Kiss here!" When he had finished and read through his letter, he felt a glow on his cheeks, and was somewhat embarrassed. Why, he could not exactly say. It was like giving out his innermost thoughts to some one who might perhaps not understand them.

Still he sent the letter.

A couple of days passed before the answer came. During the interval of waiting he went about with a feeling of childish discomfort and bashfulness.

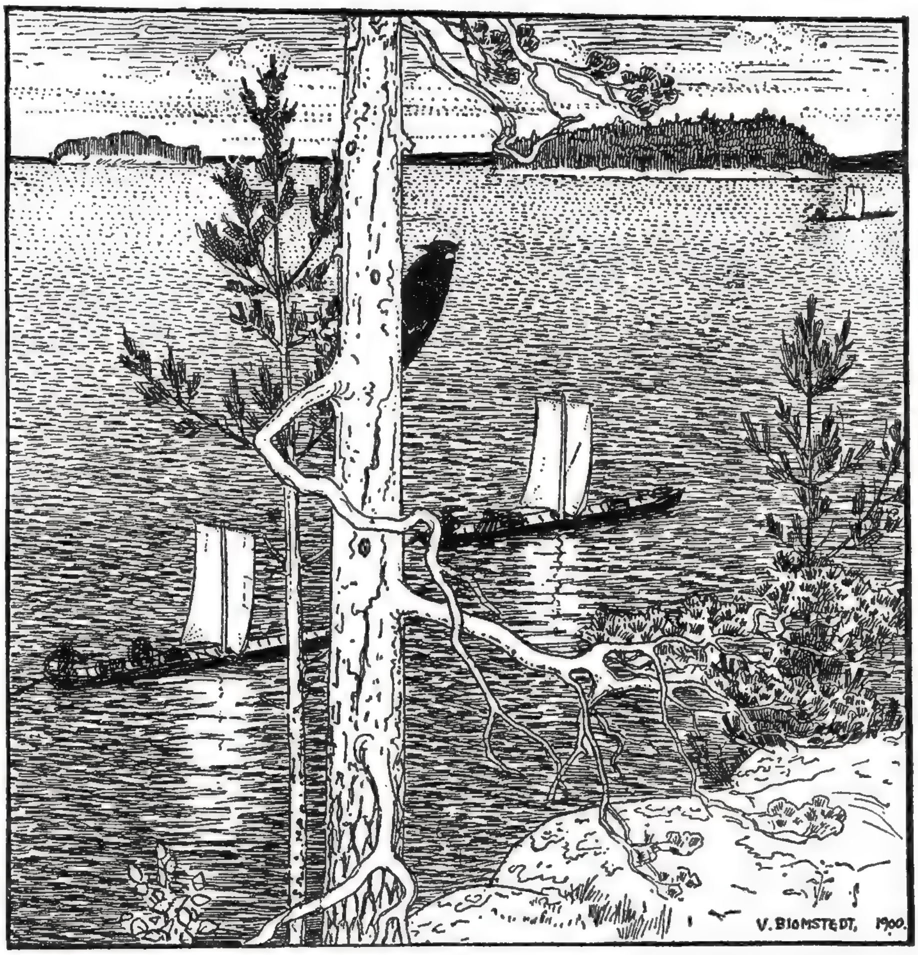
But then the answer came. He had struck the right note, and from cooking smells and children's din rose a song, bright and harmonious, warm and pure as that of first love. From now on there began an interchange of love letters. He wrote every evening and sometimes would also send a post-card in the course of the day. His companions did not recognize him. He began to give such attention to his clothes and the details of his outward appearance that he was suspected of a love affair. And he was in love, afresh! He sent her a photograph of himself without spectacles, and she sent him a lock of her hair. They were childish in their expressions, and he bought tinted writing-paper with doves upon it. But at the same time they were persons of middle age, not far past forty, though the struggle of life had made them feel older. In the past year he had also given up his conjugal privileges, not so much from coldness as from respect, for he saw in her always the mother of his children.

The end of his trip drew near. He now began to experience a certain unrest at the thought of the reunion. He had corresponded with a sweetheart; should he rediscover her in the mother and the housewife? He feared to find himself disappointed at the homecoming. He did not want to see her with a cook's apron on or with the children at her skirts when he was to embrace her. They ought to meet at another place, alone. Could he bring her into tune with him at Vaxholm, for instance, in the inn where they had spent so many happy hours in their engagement time? That would be an idea! To recapture there in memory for a couple of days the first glad period of their springtime, which would never return.

He sat down and presented his plan in a long glowing letter, which she answered by return mail with her assent, delighted that he had lit upon the same thought as she.

TWO DAYS LATER he was in Vaxholm, putting in order their room at the hotel. It was a beautiful day in September. He ate his dinner alone in the big hall, drank a glass of wine, and felt himself young again. It was so bright and airy here. Outside the bays spread shining and blue; only the birches on the shore had changed their colour. In the garden the dahlias were still in full bloom, and the mignonette breathed its perfume from the borders. Now and then a bee would still visit the withering blossoms, but would turn back to its hive in disappointment. In the channel there were sail-boats passing in and out before a light breeze. As they came about, the sails flapped and the sheets threshed, while the frightened gulls flew screaming away from the herring-fishers, who sat in their skiffs with rod and float.

He took his coffee on the veranda, and began to


V. BLOMSTEDT, 1900.

Reproduced from "The Studio," Special Winter Number.

Sailboats in the channel passed in and out before a light breeze.

look forward to the coming of the steamer, which was due at six o'clock.

Restlessly, as if he were going toward an uncertain event, he promenaded up and down the balcony, looking out across the bay and the channel in the direction of the city to catch sight of the boat.

At last a puff of smoke rose across the fir woods of Tenö. His pulse quickened and he drank a liqueur. Then he went down to the shore. The funnel now appeared in the middle of the channel, and soon he could see the flag at the bow. Was she there, or had she been prevented from coming? It would only need that one of the children should be ailing to keep her at home, and then he would have to spend the night alone at the hotel. The children, who had been in the background during the past weeks, now came forth as something that stood between him and her. In their last letters they had spoken but little of the children, as if they wished to keep out a disturbing element, something they did not want as witness to their present state of feeling.

He paced the landing, which creaked under his feet, till he finally paused irresolutely near a pile, gazing continuously out at the boat, whose hull grew ever larger, while her wake spread a flood of molten gold across the rippling blue expanse of water. He could now see people moving on the upper deck and sailors busy with ropes at the bow.

Then something white flutters beside the pilot house. As he is alone on the dock, no one can well be waving to anybody but himself; and no one can be waving to him but she. He takes out his handkerchief and answers the signal. But he notices that his handkerchief is not white, for he has long since changed to coloured ones from motives of economy. . . . The steamboat whistles, and its engine slows down. On up to the landing the vessel glides; and he catches sight of her. They greet with their eyes, but cannot as yet exchange words because of the distance. The boat is warped in, and he sees her quietly leaning forward over the gangway. . . . It is she, but it is not she. Ten years are between! The style has changed, the cut of dresses is different. Formerly he saw her dark delicate features half enclosed in the then popular bonnet, which left the forehead free; now it is shaded by a poor imitation of a man's hat. Then her pretty figure was outlined in sportive curves under the graceful drapery of a cloak, that roguishly hid and revealed the roundness of the shoulders and the motions of the arms; now her entire form is distorted by a coachman's ulster which displays the dress but not the figure. And as she takes her last step on the gangway, he sees her little foot, of which he had been so fond when it had been in a buttoned boot that followed its shape, now prolonged in a pointed Chinese slipper which prevents the ball of the foot from rising in those dancing rhythms that had formerly enchanted him so.

It was she, but it was not she! He embraced her and kissed her. They asked each other how they were and how the children were. Then they went up on the shore.

Words came—broken, dry, forced. So strange! They were as if shy before each other, and there was no allusion to their correspondence.

At last he took courage and said, "Shall we take a walk before the sun goes down?"

"I should love to," she answered, and took his arm.

THEY WENT UP THE STREET into the little town. All the places of summer amusement were closed and shuttered up, and the gardens were despoiled. An apple or so that had hidden behind the leaves was still left on the tree, but the beds were stripped of every flower. The verandas, which had lost their awnings, looked like skeletons, and where faces and happy laughter had been all was silent.

"It has an autumn look," he remarked.

"Yes, it's forlorn to see the summer amusements like this." And they strolled on.

"We ought to go and see where we used to lodge," she said.

"Yes, that will be nice."

They went along the row of bathhouses.

There lay the little cottage wedged in between the gardener's and the chief pilot's places, with the red fence around it, the veranda and the garden plot.

Memories of the past sprang up. In that room their first child had been born. Jubilation and festivity, song and youth! There stood the rose-bush they had planted. There was the strawberry bed they had laid out; but it was there no more, for it was grown over and become a grass plot. There in the cinders were the traces of the swing which had hung there, but was no longer to be seen.

"Thanks for your lovely letters," she said, and pressed his arm.

He blushed and made no answer. Thereupon they turned back to the hotel, while he related the details of his trip.

He had had the table set in the big hall where they used to eat in the old days. They sat down without saying grace.

There they were *tête-à-tête* again. He took the bread-tray and passed it to her. She smiled. It was not yesterday that he had been so polite. But it was very novel and pleasant to eat away from home, and soon they started an eager conversation, as in a duet, each in turn bringing out a memory, and in these memories they lived. Their glances shone, and the little wrinkles were smoothed away. Oh, the rose-and-golden times which we live but once, if live them we may, and which many, many never live! At dessert he whispered to the waitress, who straightway brought in a bottle of champagne.

"My dear Axel, what are you thinking of?" said his wife, half reproachfully.

"Of the spring that is gone but will return."

But he did not think of it exclusively, for, disturbed by his wife's reproach as if a cat had gone through the room, he had a dark vision of the nursery and the porridge-dish.

However, things brightened up again, and the rose-red wine touched again the strings of memory, until they threw themselves once more into the magic intoxication of the past.

The hours flew swiftly. They got up and went into the parlour, where the piano stood, to drink their coffee.

"I wonder how my little ones are," said the wife, awakening for the first time from the enchantment.

"Sit down and sing!" he bade, opening the piano.

"What shall I sing? You know I haven't sung for ever so long."

Oh, he knew that, but now he would have a song.

She sat down and played a prelude. It was a shrill hotel piano that sounded like loose teeth.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, turning around on the stool.

"You know, Lily," he replied, not daring to meet her look.

"Your song! Yes. If I remember it."

And so she sang, "Where lies the happy country Where my true lover dwells."

But alas! the voice was thin and sharp, and emotion made it untrue. At times it was like a scream from the depths of a soul which feels its noon is over and the evening drawing near. The fingers which had been busied with heavy work did not easily find the right keys, and the instrument was played out, the cloth on the hammers being worn so that the bare wood clacked against the metal strings.

WHEN THE SONG WAS DONE, she did not dare to turn around for a while, but sat as if waiting for him to come to her and say something. But he did not come, and there was silence in the room. When she turned around on the stool, he was sitting in a corner, weeping. She wanted to run to him, take his head in her hands and kiss him as of old, but she remained sitting motionless, her eyes on the floor.

He held an unlighted cigar between his thumb and forefinger. When he heard that all was quiet, he bit off the end and struck a match.

"Thanks, Lily!" he said, and lighted the cigar. "Will you have coffee now?"

They drank their coffee and talked about summer amusements in general and where they should go next year. But the conversation soon began to lag and repeat itself.

Finally he said, in the middle of a long unsuppressible yawn, "I'm going to bed."

"I'll go too," said she, rising. "But I'll go out a little while first—on the balcony."

He went into the bedroom. His wife stopped a while in the dining room to talk to the landlady about pickled onions, from which they digressed into washing woolens, so that the conversation lasted half an hour.

When she returned, she stood at the bedroom door and listened. Everything was quiet within, and her husband's boots were outside. She knocked, but there was no answer. Then she opened the door and went in. He was asleep.

He was asleep!

NEXT MORNING they were at coffee together. The husband had a headache, and the wife looked uneasy.

"Bah! what coffee," said he with a grimace.

"It's Brazilian," said she.

"What shall we do today?" he asked, taking out his watch.

"You ought to take some bread and butter instead of fretting over your coffee," opined his wife.

"Yes, I'll do that," said he, "and a little nip to finish with. That champagne, brr!"

He got a bread-and-butter tray with a brandy flask and brightened up.

"Now we'll go to Pilot's Hill and see the view."

They got up and went out. The weather was splendid, and the promenade went well. But when it came to climbing the hill their pace was slow; the wife was short of breath and the husband stiff in the knees. They drew no comparisons with former times.

They then went out into the meadows.

The fields had been mown long since and afterwards grazed over, so that not a flower was to be seen. They sat down each on a separate stone.

He began to talk about the prison inspection and his work, she about the children.

Next they went on a bit further without talking. He took out his watch.

"It's three hours to dinner," he observed.

At the same time he thought, "I wonder what we shall do tomorrow."

They turned back to the hotel. He began to look for newspapers. She smiled and sat by him without speaking.

Dinner was quite silent. Finally the wife broached the subject of servants.

"Oh, for heaven's sake don't let us start on servants," he burst out.

"Yes, we haven't come here to quarrel," she replied.

"Have I started quarreling, I'd like to know?"

"Or I, either?"

Then came a fearful pause. He would have been glad now if there had been some one to come between them. The children? Oh, by all means. This *tête-à-tête* began to be tiresome. But with that he felt a pang as he thought of the bright hours yesterday.

"Let's go to Ekbacken and pick wild strawberries," she suggested.

"There are no strawberries this time of the year, my good lady; it's autumn."

"Let's go, anyhow."

So they were walking again. But they found nothing to say to each other. He sought with his glance for an object, a place on the road that they could talk about, but everything was dried out, talked to death. She knew all his opinions on every subject and disapproved of many of them. Furthermore, he was now longing for home, home with the house and the children. It was too silly to go about here like a pair of idiots liable any moment to get into a quarrel. At last they stopped, for the wife was tired. He sat down and began to trace on the ground with his stick, only wishing she would give him some opening for an outbreak.

"What are you thinking?" she asked finally.

"I?" he responded as if released from a weight; "why, this is what I think: we're old, mama; we've played out our play, and we'd best be content with what has been. If you agree, we'll go home by the evening boat. Eh?"

"That's what I've been thinking all along, dear old boy, but I wanted you to say so first."

"Well, come along, we'll go home then! It's not summer any more, it's autumn."

"Yes, autumn it is."

THEY WENT BACK with lighter steps. He was somewhat abashed at the awkward prosaic turn matters had taken, and felt the need of giving a philosophic interpretation to the situation.

"You see, mama," he explained, "my lo—" (the word was too strong) "my affection for you has in the course of years undergone an evolution, as they put it nowadays. It has developed, amplified itself, so to speak, so that from concentrating on an individual as in the beginning, it has now broadened itself to include in the family, as it were, a collective object. It refers not to you as a separate person, or to the children, but to the whole combination. . . ."

"As uncle always says, the children are lightning-conductors."

After his philosophic exposition he had become himself again. It was good to get out of the frock-coat attitude and into a dressing-gown again.

And as soon as they got back to the hotel, his wife started on the portmanteau, and then she was in her element.

When they boarded the steamer they went down at once to the dining room. To save his face he had first asked if they should watch the sunset, which she had declined. As they ate supper, he helped himself first, and she asked the proprietress what the bread cost.

When he had eaten to his heart's content and was about to put the beer-glass to his mouth, he could no longer restrain a thought that had been amusing him for some time:

"Old fools, eh?" he exclaimed, smiling at his wife, who looked up at him in the middle of a bite.

But she did not smile back at his shining fat face. On the contrary, her eyes flashed like lightning for an instant, and then assumed an expression of such withering dignity that he became embarrassed.

The enchantment was now broken, the last trace of the sweetheart had vanished; he was sitting only with the mother of his children, and he felt himself crushed.

"Because I was silly a while, you needn't forget to respect me," she said severely. "But there's a good deal of contempt in a man's affection; it's a funny thing."

"And in a woman's?"

"Much more, that's true. But then, she has greater provocation."

"Lord knows, it's about equal, though in different ways. Probably they're both in the wrong. A thing one has over-estimated because it is difficult to get may easily become an object of contempt."

"Why should it be over-estimated?"

"Why should it be hard to get?"

The steamer's whistle above their heads interrupted the conversation.

They had arrived at their destination.

When they were back in their home, and he saw her in the midst of the children, he soon felt that his "affection" for her had gone through a transformation, and that hers for him had flowed over and been distributed among all these little cry-babies. Perhaps it was only as a means to these that he possessed her affection. His *rôle* then was transitory, and he therefore felt himself set to one side. If he had not been necessary to provide bread, he would now presumably have been discarded.

He went into his work-room, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, lighted a pipe, and felt at home again. Outside the wind-gusts lashed the rain, and there was a whistling in the stove-pipe.

His wife came in when done with the children.

"This is no weather for strawberry-picking," she remarked.

"No, old lady; the summer's done, and autumn's here."

"Yes, it's autumn," she responded, "but it isn't winter yet. That's one comfort."

"That a comfort! Not much comfort when we live only once."

"Twice, when one has children; three times, if one lives to see one's grandchildren."

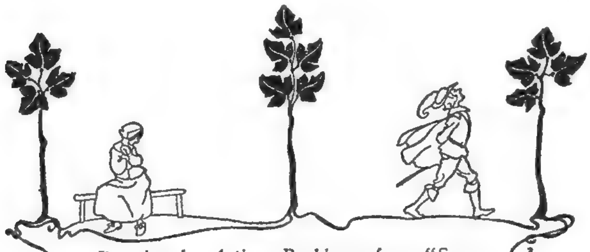
"But after that it's really all up."

"Unless there's another life after this."

"There's no being sure of that. Who can tell? I believe in it, but my faith is no proof."

"Yes, but it's nice to believe it, so let's believe, let's believe there may be another spring for us! Let's believe it!"

"All right, we will believe it," said he, putting his arm around her waist.



Drawing by Arthur Rackham, from "Some British Ballads." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The False Lover Won Back

A fair maid sat in her bower door
Wringing her lily hands,
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turned about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee?
I'm gae'n to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now hae ye play'd me this, fause love,
In simmer, 'mid the flowers?
I shall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again?
For as ye look to other women,
I shall to other men."

"Make your choice of whom you please,
For I my choice will have,
I've chosen a maid more fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

But she's kilt up her claithing fine,
And after him gaed she;
But aye he said, "Ye'll turn again,
Nae farther gae wi' me."

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye ne'er love me again?
Alas for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again."

The firstan town that they came till,
He bought her brooch and ring,
And aye he bade her turn again,
And gang nae farther wi' him.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye ne'er love me again?
Alas for loving you sae well,
But you nae me again."

The nextan town that they came till,
He bought her muff and gloves,
But aye he bade her turn again,
And choose some other loves.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye ne'er love me again?
Alas for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again.'

The nextan town that they came till,
His heart it grew mair fain,
And he was as deep in love wi' her
As she was ower again.

The nextan town that they came till,
He bought her wedding gown,
And made her lady of ha's and bowers,
Into sweet Berwick town.

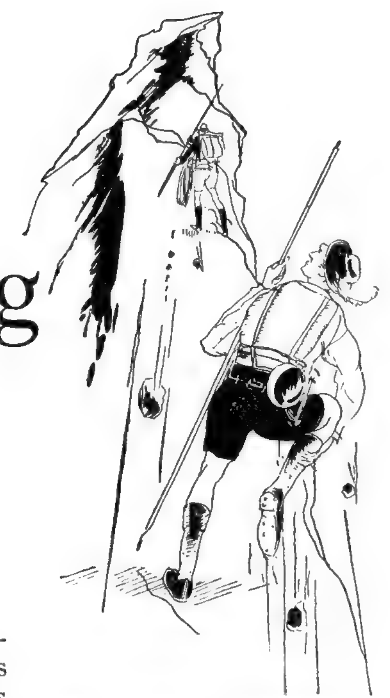
An Old English Ballad.

So They Say

Henry Ford:	"Thinking is the hardest work there is, which is the probable reason why so few engage in it."
A "Golden Book" Subscriber: *commenting on our "So They Say" department*	"It's so helpful whenever I want to say something to show that I'm sophisticated."
Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt: *of New York*	"I am a firm believer in real and genuine progress, but by that I do not mean to go off the handle and favour every piece of radical legislation that is proposed. New ideas can be good or bad, just the same as old ones."
H. G. Wells: *English writer, to Beverley Nichols, editor of "The American Sketch"*	"I'm not a man of letters. . . . To be a man of letters in a society which is decaying as quickly as ours would be positively indecent."
H. I. Phillips: *column conductor, New York "Sun"*	"Kissing is declared to be dangerous during a flu epidemic. Does anybody know any time when it isn't?"
Ohio State Journal:	"Another pathetic little feature of everyday life is $12.50 stockings on 10-cent legs."
Dr. Hilton Ira Jones: *research chemist, referring to the new product, cacodyl isocyanide*	"War will never again be fought with shot and shell; it can't be, for it is too much cheaper to destroy life wholesale with this new gas, which may be manufactured at the rate of thousands of tons per day."
Old Man: *entreating the court to make his two married daughters cease using him as a "punishment"*	"Whenever one gets mad at the other she puts me in a taxicab and sends me to the other's house."
Sergei Rachmaninoff *Russian pianist*	"Year by year, the thing that impresses me more and more about America is the wonderful improvement in public taste and appreciation that has taken place in an astonishingly short period of time. . . . New York has replaced Berlin as the bright particular heart of music."
A. E. Lefcourt: *builder of New York skyscrapers, and self-made millionaire*	"There's more time lost in business by one side or the other—or both—trying to keep something hidden, than the actual consummation of the proposal would take."
David Sarnoff: *vice-president of the Radio Corporation of America*	"A new ghost has been raised in the nebulous shape of competition between industry and industry. Wheat and meat are to struggle for first place in the human stomach. Coal and oil are to engage in a combat for position in the family furnace. Coffee and milk are to race for the public cup. To my mind such forces within industry in general tend to adjust and balance themselves. The great menace to the life of any industry is industrial self-complacency."
Police Commissioner Russell: *of Chicago, when told that the New York gangsters were being driven West*	"We've a coffin for everyone that gets here. . . . We won't drive 'em out. . . . We'll ship 'em back in boxes."
Sir Arthur Keith: *British scientist*	"The better we come to understand ourselves the more convinced are we that our main happinesses in life arise not from our capacity to know and to understand, but from our power to feel—to enjoy novel experiences and to bask in the sunshine of sheer pleasure. Man desires to fill the cup of life to the brim, and modern civilization hastens to cater to his wants."

Mrs. William Borah: *gentle wife of the senator from Idaho, arrives alone at a diplomatic breakfast, and is asked by Secretary Kellogg where her husband is*	“He said that if you asked for him, Mr. Kellogg, I was to say he is home working on your damned treaty.”
Rabbi Nathan Krass: *of New York, in debate with Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College, who claims that science demands a new concept of God*	“God cannot be found with a telescope. If I were afraid that He could be injured by a microscope or a telescope I would resign.”
Edwin C. Hill: *newspaper writer, visiting the twenty-ninth National Automobile Show in New York, decides that even here Woman has become boss*	“For Her they have made America’s greatest motor car show as thrilling as a Tiffany showcase. . . . For Her they have created motor cars with the lovely lines of racing yachts. . . . For Her they have filled a vast building with the gorgeous and irresistible colours of an English garden in spring. It is all Hers. If anything in this world ever had sex appeal it is this latest pageant of the motor world. It has more sex appeal than Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.”
Walter D. Diack: *General Secretary, New York City Y. M. C. A.*	“Seven o’clock in the morning is the crucial hour in a young man’s life. This is the ideal time for a youth to make that most important decision he has to make—namely, to what girl shall he propose marriage?”
Walter B. Pitkin: *associate editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, compares bridge with conversation*	“I would say that there is not any game, no matter what it is, that can compare with the European type of intellectual conversation.”
Eva Le Gallienne: *actress, and director of the Civic Repertory Theatre*	“ ‘Peter Pan’ was my introduction to Barrie; it ought to be every child’s introduction to Barrie; it ought to be every child’s introduction to the theatre.”
Rev. Dr. Malcolm J. MacLeod: *of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York*	“There are no lies in God’s universe; every comet arrives on schedule time, and every natural law is obeyed.”
Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise: *of the Free Synagogue, New York, denounces literary censorship*	“Every person has the right to be wrong, think wrong and do wrong—so long as he does not harm the people about him.”
Russell Crouse: *column editor, New York “Evening Post”*	“Home cooking in New York would be speeded up fifty years by the use of zippers on canned goods.”
Andrew W. Mellon: *Secretary of the Treasury*	“I would not exchange the period in which I have lived for any other in the world’s history.”
J. H. Jeans: *in a Smithsonian Institution report*	“Whereas the ordinary combustion of a ton of coal provides energy enough to drive an express locomotive for an hour, the annihilation of a ton of coal would provide enough energy for all the heating, lighting, power, and transport in Great Britain for a century.”
Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes: *sociology professor at Smith College, advocates a new set of Commandments*	“Some of the Ten Commandments, like the taboo on swearing and Sunday labour, are obviously primitive superstitions. Other sound ones, like the one against killing, are incomplete and need elaboration in an age which is so highly versatile in its talents for murdering.
Raymond Twyeffort: *chairman of the Style Committee of the Merchant Tailors’ Convention*	“Women are responsible for all progress in men’s styles; if it weren’t for women there would be no men’s styles—or men, either.”
Paul Morand: *French writer, visits America, and indulges in forecast*	“The Paris of the year 2000 will be exactly like the New York of today. It will be an enormous town reaching to Versailles, with skyscrapers all the way.”
John Cowper Powys: *English writer on crime and of crime literature*	“While the love story remains, *par excellence,* the form of fiction dearest to modern women, the crime story, where love plays a subordinate and negligible *rôle,* will become what psychoanalysts call the ‘masculine protest.’ ”
Clarence Darrow: *Chicago lawyer*	“Laws should be like clothes. They should be made to fit the people they are meant to serve.”

Little Mother up the Mörderberg



By H. G. WELLS

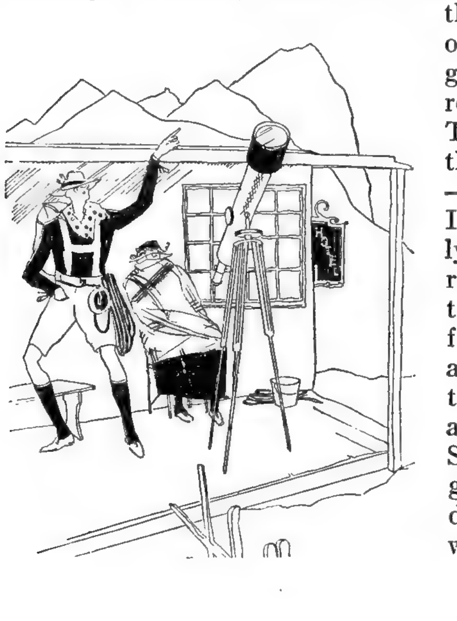
H. G. Wells

I THINK I MENTIONED when I was telling how I sailed my first aeroplane that I made a kind of record at Arosa by falling down three separate crevasses on three successive days. That was before little mother followed me out there. When she came, I could see at a glance she was tired and jaded and worried, and so, instead of letting her fret about in the hotel and get into a wearing tangle of gossip, I packed her and two knapsacks up, and started off on a long, refreshing, easy-going walk northward, until a blister on her foot stranded us at the Magenruhe Hotel on the Sneejoch. She was for going on, blister or no blister—I never met pluck like mother's in all my life—but I said "No. This is a mountaineering inn, and it suits me down to the ground—or if you prefer it, up to the sky. You shall sit in the veranda by the telescope, and I'll prance about among the peaks for a bit."

"Don't have accidents," she said.

"Can't promise that, little mother," I said; "but I'll always remember I'm your only son."

So I pranced. . . .



I need hardly say that in a couple of days I was at loggerheads with all the mountaineers in that inn. They couldn't stand me. They didn't like my neck with its strong, fine Adam's apple—being mostly men with their heads *jammed* on—and they didn't like the way I bore myself and lifted my aviator's nose to the peaks. They didn't like my being a vegetarian and the way I evidently enjoyed it, and they didn't like the touch of colour, orange and green, in my rough serge suit. They were all of the dingy school—the sort of men I call gentlemanly owls—shy, correct-minded creatures, mostly from Oxford, and as solemn over their climbing as a cat frying eggs. Sage they were, great head-nodders, and "I-wouldn't-venture-to-do-a-thing-like-that"-ers. They always did what the books and guides advised, and they classed themselves by their seasons; one was in his ninth season, and another in his tenth, and so on. I was a novice and had to sit with my mouth open for bits of humble-pie.

My style that! Rather!

I would sit in the smoking-room sucking away at a pipeful of hygienic herb tobacco—they said it smelled like burning garden rubbish—and waiting to put my spoke in and let a little light into their minds. They set aside their natural reticence altogether in their efforts to show how much they didn't like me.

"You chaps take these blessed mountains too seriously," I said. "They're larks, and you've got to lark with them."

They just slued their eyes round at me.

"I don't find the solemn joy in fussing you do. The old-style mountaineers went up with alpenstocks and ladders and light hearts. That's my idea of mountaineering."

"It isn't ours," said one red-boiled hero of the peaks, all blisters and peeling skin, and he said it with an air of crushing me.

"It's the right idea," I said serenely, and puffed at my herb tobacco.

"When you've had a bit of experience you'll know better," said another, an oldish young man with a small gray beard.

"Experience never taught *me* anything," I said.

"Apparently not," said some one, and left me one down and me to play. I kept perfectly tranquil.

"I mean to do the Mörderberg before I go down," I said quietly, and produced a sensation.

"When are you going down?"

"Week or so," I answered, unperturbed.

"It's not the climb a man ought to attempt in his first year," said the peeling gentleman.

"*You* particularly ought not to try it," said another.

"No guide will go with you."

"Foolhardy idea."

"Mere brag."

"Like to see him do it."

I just let them boil for a bit, and when they were back to the simmer I dropped in, pensively, with, "Very likely I'll take that little mother of mine. She's small, bless her, but she's as hard as nails."

But they saw they were being drawn by my ill-concealed smile; and this time they contented themselves with a few grunts and grunt-like remarks, and then broke up into little conversations in undertones that pointedly excluded me. It had the effect of hardening my purpose. I'm a stiff man when I'm put on my mettle, and I determined that the little mother should go up the Mörderberg, where half these solemn experts hadn't been, even if I had to be killed or orphaned in the attempt. So I spoke to her about it the next day. She was in a deck-chair on the veranda, wrapped up in rugs and looking at the peaks.

"Comfy?" I said.

"Very," she said.

"Getting rested?"

"It's so nice."

I strolled to the rail of the veranda. "See that peak there, mummy?"

She nodded happily, with eyes half shut.

"That's the Mörderberg. You and me have got to be up there the day after tomorrow."

Her eyes opened a bit. "Wouldn't it be rather a climb, dearest?" she said.

"I'll manage that all right," I said, and she smiled consentingly and closed her eyes.

"So long as you manage it," she said.

I WENT DOWN THE VALLEY that afternoon to Daxdam to get gear and guides and porters, and I spent the next day in glacier and rock practice above the hotel. That didn't add to my popularity. I made two little slips. One took me down a crevasse—I've an extraordinary knack of going down crevasses—and a party of three which was starting for the Kinderspitz spent an hour and a half fishing me out; and the other led to my dropping my ice-axe on a little string of people going for the Humpi glacer. It didn't go within thirty inches of anyone, but you might have thought from the row they made that I had knocked out the collective brains of the party. Quite frightful language they used, and three ladies with them, too!

The next day there was something very like an organized attempt to prevent our start. They brought out the landlord, they remonstrated with mother, they did their best to blacken the character of my two guides. The landlord's brother made a first-class row.

"Two years ago," he said, "they lost their Herr!"

"No particular reason," I said, "why you shouldn't keeps yours on, is it?"

That settled him. He wasn't up to a polyglot pun, and it stuck in his mind like a fishbone in the throat.

Then the peeling gentleman came along and tried to overhaul our equipment. "Have you got this?" it was, and "Have you got that?"

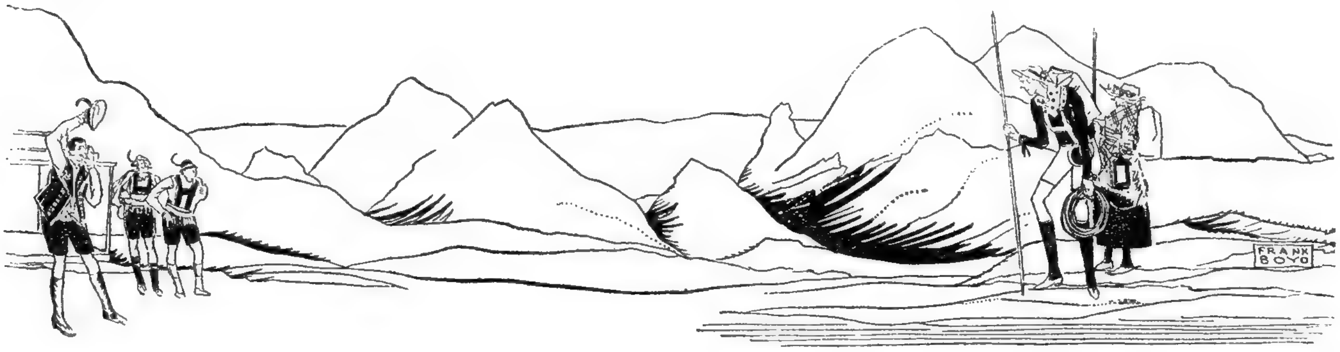
"Two things," I said, looking at his nose pretty hard, "we haven't forgotten. One's blue veils and the other vaseline."

I've still a bright little memory of the start. There was the pass a couple of hundred feet or so below the hotel, and the hotel—all name and windows—standing out in a great, desolate, rocky place against lumpy masses of streaky green rock, flecked here and there with patches of snow and dark shelves of rhododendron, and rising perhaps a thousand feet towards the western spur of the massif. Our path ran before us, meandering among the boulders down to stepping-stones over a rivulet, and then upward on the other side of the stream towards the Magenruhe glacier, where we had to go up the rocks to the left and then across the icefall to shelves on the precipitous face on the west side. It was dawn, the sun had still to rise, and everything looked very cold and blue and vast about us. Everyone in the hotel had turned out to bear a hand in the row—some of the *déshabilles* were disgraceful—and now they stood in a silent group watching us recede. The last word I caught was, "They'll have to come back."

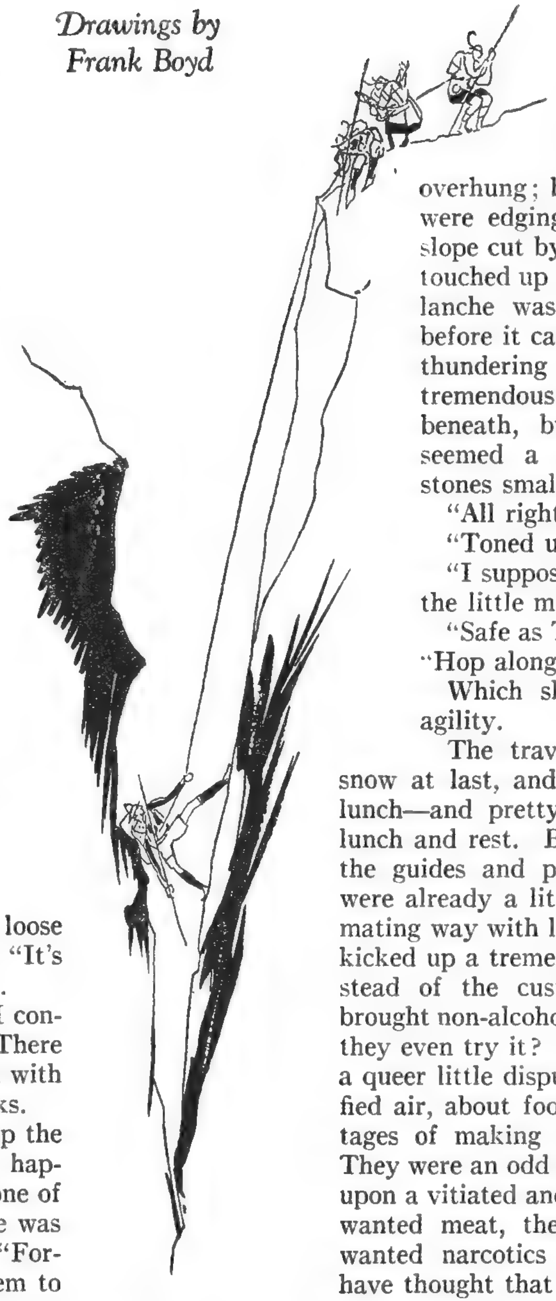
"We'll come back, all right," I answered. "Never fear."

And so we went our way, cool and deliberate, over the stream and up and up towards the steep snowfields and icy shoulder of the Mörderberg. I remember that we went in absolute silence for a time, and then how suddenly the landscape gladdened with sunrise, and in an instant, as if speech had thawed, all our tongues were babbling.

I had one or two things in the baggage that I hadn't cared for the people at the inn to see, and I had made no effort to explain why I had five porters with the load of two and a half. But when we came to the icefall I showed my hand a little, and unslung a stout twine hammock for the mater We put her in this with a rug round her, and sewed her in with a few stitches; then we roped up in line, with me last but one and a guide front and rear, and mummy in the middle carried by two of the porters. I stuck my



Drawings by Frank Boyd



alpenstock through two holes I had made in the shoulders of my jacket under my rucksac, T-shape to my body, so that when I went down a crevasse, as I did ever and again, I just stuck in its jaws and came up easy as the rope grew taut. And so, except for one or two bumps that made the mater chuckle, we got over without misadventure.

Then came the rock climb on the other side, requiring much judgment. We had to get from ledge to ledge as opportunity offered, and here the little mother was a perfect godsend. We unpacked her after we had slung her over the big fissure—I forgot what you call it—that always comes between glacier and rock—and whenever we came to a bit of ledge within eight feet of the one we were working alone, the two guides took her and slung her up, she being so light, and then she was able to give a foot for the next man to hold by and hoist himself. She said we were all pulling her leg, and that made her and me laugh so much that the whole party had to wait for us.

It was pretty tiring altogether doing that bit of the climb—two hours we had of it before we got to the loose masses of rock on the top of the arete. "It's worse going down," said the elder guide.

I looked back for the first time, and I confess it did make me feel a bit giddy. There was the glacier looking quite petty, and with a black gash between itself and the rocks.

For a time it was pretty fair going up the rocky edge of the arete, and nothing happened of any importance, except that one of the porters took to grousing because he was hit on the shin by a stone I dislodged. "Fortunes of war," I said, but he didn't seem to see it, and when I just missed him with a second he broke out into a long, whining discourse in what I suppose he thought was German—*I* couldn't make head or tail of it.

"He says you might have killed him," said the little mother.

"They say," I quoted, "What say they? *Let* them say."

I was for stopping and filling him up with a feed, but the elder guide wouldn't have it. We had already lost time, he said, and the traverse round the other face of the mountain would be more and more subject to avalanches as the sun got up. So we went on. As we went round the corner to the other face I turned towards the hotel—it was the meanest little oblong spot by now—and made a derisive gesture or so for the benefit of anyone at the telescope.

We did get one rock avalanche that reduced the hindmost guide to audible prayer, but nothing hit us except a few bits of snow. The rest of the fall was a couple of yards and more out from us. We were on rock just then and overhung; before and afterwards we were edging along steps in an ice-slope cut by the foremost guide, and touched up by the porters. The avalanche was much more impressive before it came in sight, banging and thundering overhead, and it made a tremendous uproar in the blue deeps beneath, but in actual transit it seemed a mean show—mostly of stones smaller than I am.

"All right?" said the guide.

"Toned up," I answered.

"I suppose it *is* safe, dear?" asked the little mother.

"Safe as Trafalgar Square," I said. "Hop along, mummykins."

Which she did with remarkable agility.

The traverse took us on to old snow at last, and here we could rest for lunch—and pretty glad we were both of lunch and rest. But here the trouble with the guides and porters thickened. They were already a little ruffled about my animating way with loose rocks, and now they kicked up a tremendous shindy because instead of the customary brandy we had brought non-alcoholic ginger cordial. Would they even try it? Not a bit of it! It was a queer little dispute, high up in that rarefied air, about food values and the advantages of making sandwiches with nuttar. They were an odd lot of men, invincibly set upon a vitiated and vitiating dietary. They wanted meat, they wanted alcohol, they wanted narcotics to smoke. You might have thought that men like these, living in almost direct contact with Nature, would have liked "Nature" foods, such as plasmon, protose, plobose, digestine, and so forth. Not them! They just craved for corruption. When I spoke of drinking pure water one of the porters spat in a marked, symbolic manner over the precipice. From that point onward discontent prevailed.

We started again about half-past eleven, after a vain attempt on the part of the head guide to induce us to turn back. We had now come to what is generally the most difficult part of the Mörderberg ascent, the edge that leds up to the snowfield below the crest. But here we came suddenly into a draught of warm air blowing from the southwest, and everything, the guide said, was unusual. Usually the edge is a sheet of ice over rock. Today it was wet and soft, and one could kick steps in it and get one's toes into rock with the utmost ease.

"This is where Herr Tomlinson's party fell," said one of the porters, after we'd committed ourselves to the edge for ten minutes or so.

"Some people could fall out of a four-post bed," I said.

"It'll freeze hard again before we come back," said the second guide, "and us with nothing but verdammt ginger inside of us."

"You keep your rope taut," said I.

A friendly ledge came to the help of mother in the nick of time, just as she was beginning to tire, and we sewed her up all but the feet in her hammock again, and roped her carefully. She bumped a bit, and at times she was just hanging over immensity and rotating slowly, with everybody else holding like grim death.

"My dear," she said, the first time this happened, "is it *right* for me to be doing this?"

"Quite right," I said, "but if you can get a foothold presently again—it's rather better style."

"You're sure there's no danger, dear?"

"Not a scrap."

"And I don't fatigue you?"

"You're a stimulant."

"The view," she said, "is certainly becoming very beautiful."

But presently the view blotted itself out, and we were in clouds and a thin drift of almost thawing snowflakes.

We reached the upper snowfield about half-past one, and the snow was extraordinarily soft. The elder guide went in up to his armpits.

"Frog it," I said, and spread myself out flat, in a sort of swimming attitude. So we bored our way up to the crest and along it. We went in little spurts and then stopped for breath, and we dragged the little mother after us in her hammock-bag. Sometimes the snow was so good we fairly skimmed the surface; sometimes it was so rotten we plunged right into it and splashed about. I went too near the snow cornice once and it broke under me, but the rope saved me, and we reached the summit about three o'clock without further misadventure. The summit was just bare rock with the usual cairn and pole. Nothing to make a fuss about. The drift of snow and cloudwisp had passed, the sun was blazing hot overhead, and we seemed to be surveying all Switzerland. The Magenruhe Hotel was at our toes, hidden, so to speak, by our chins. We squatted about the cairn, and the guides and porters were reduced to ginger and vegetarian ham-sandwiches. I cut and scratched an inscription, saying I had climbed on simple food, and claiming to have made a record.

SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT the snowfields on the northeast side of the mountain looked extremely attractive, and I asked the head guide why that way up wasn't used. He said something in his peculiar German about precipices.

So far our ascent had been a fairly correct ascent in rather slow time. It was in the descent that that strain in me of almost unpremeditated originality had play. I wouldn't have the rope returning across the upper snowfield, because mother's feet and hands were cold, and I wanted her to jump about a bit. And before I could do anything to prevent it she had slipped, tried to get up by rolling over *down* the slope instead of up, as she ought to have done, and was leading the way, rolling over and over, down towards the guide's blessed precipices above the lower snowfield.

I didn't lose an instant in flinging myself after her, axe up, in glissading attitude. I'm not clear what I meant to do, but I fancy the idea was to get in front of her and put on the brake. I did not succeed, anyhow. In twenty seconds I had slipped, and was sitting down and going down out of my own control altogether.

Now, most great discoveries are the result of accident, and I maintain that in that instant mother and I discovered two distinct and novel ways of coming down a mountain.

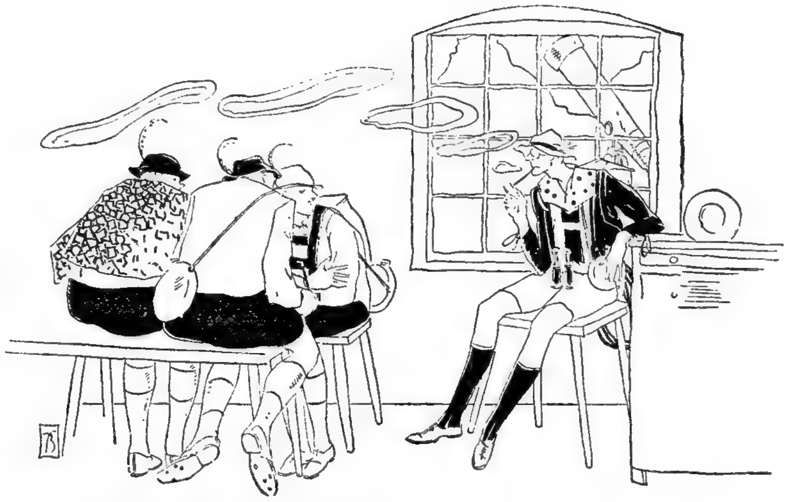
It is necessary that there should be first a snow slope above with a layer of softish, rotten snow on the top of ice, then a precipice, with a snow-covered talus sloping steeply at first and then less steeply, then more snow-slopes and precipices according to taste, ending in a snowfield or a not-too-greatly-fissured glacier, or a reasonable, not-too-rocky slope. Then it all becomes as easy as chuting the chutes.

MOTHER HIT ON THE SIDEWAYS method. She rolled. With the snow in the adhesive state it had got into she had made the jolliest little snowball of herself in half a minute, and the nucleus of as clean and abundant a snow avalanche as anyone could wish. There was plenty of snow going in front of her, and that's the very essence of both our methods. You must fall on your snow, not your snow on you, or it smashes you. And you mustn't mix yourself up with loose stones.

I, on the other hand, went down feet first, and rather like a snow-plough; slower than she did, and if, perhaps, with less charm, with more dignity. Also I saw more. But it was certainly a tremendous rush. And I gave a sort of gulp when mummy bumped over the edge into the empty air and vanished.

It was like a toboggan ride gone mad down the slope until I took off from the edge of the precipice, and then it was like a dream.

I'd always thought falling must be horrible. It wasn't in the slightest degree. I might have hung with my clouds and lumps of snow about me for weeks, so great was my serenity. I had an impression then that I was as good as killed—and that it didn't matter. I wasn't afraid—that's nothing!—but I wasn't a bit uncomfortable. Whack! We'd hit something, and I expected to be flying to bits right and left. But we'd only got on to the snow-slope below, at so steep an angle that it was merely breaking the fall. Down we went again. I didn't see much of the view after that because the snow was all round and over my head, but I kept feet foremost and in a kind of sitting posture, and then I slowed and then I quickened again and bumped rather, and then harder, and bumped and then bumped again and came to rest. This time I was altogether buried in snow, and twisted sideways with a lot of heavy snow on my right shoulder.



"*You chaps ought to practise falling great heights in snow.*"

I sat for a bit enjoying the stillness—and then I wondered what had become of mother, and set myself to get out of the snow about me. It wasn't so easy as you might think; the stuff was all in lumps and spaces like a gigantic sponge, and I lost my temper and swore a good deal, but at last I managed it. I crawled out and found myself on the edge of heaped masses of snow quite close to the upper part of the Magenruhe glacier. And far away, right up the glacier and near the other side, was a little thing like a black beetle struggling in the heart of an immense split ball of snow.

I put my hands to my mouth and let out with my version of the yodel, and presently I saw her waving her hand. It took me nearly twenty minutes to get to her. I knew my weakness, and I was very careful of every crevasse I came near. When I got up to her her face was anxious.

"What have you done with the guides?" she asked.

"They've got too much to carry," I said. "They're coming down another way. Did you like it?"

"Not very much, dear," she said; "but I dare say I shall get used to these things. Which way do we go now?"

I decided we'd find a snow-bridge across the bergschrund—that's the word I forgot just now—and so get on to the rocks on the east side of the glacier, and after that we had uneventful going right down to the hotel. . . .

Our return evoked such a strain of hostility and envy as I have never met before or since. First they tried to make out we'd never been to the top at all, but mother's little proud voice settled that sort of insult. And, besides, there was the evidence of the guides and porters following us down. When they asked about the guides, "They're following *your* methods," I said, "and I suppose they'll get back here tomorrow morning somewhen."

That didn't please them.

I claimed a record. They said my methods were illegitimate.

"If I see fit," I said, "to use an avalanche to get back by, what's that to you? You tell me me and mother can't do the confounded mountain anyhow, and when we do you want to invent a lot of rules to disqualify us. You'll say next one mustn't glissade. I've made a record, and you know I've made a record, and you're about as sour as you can be. The fact of it is, you chaps don't know your own silly business. Here's a good quick way of coming down a mountain, and you ought to know about it——"

"The chance that both of you are not killed was one in a thousand."

"Nonsense! It's the proper way to come down for anyone who hasn't a hide-bound mind. You chaps ought to practise falling great heights in snow. It's perfectly easy and perfectly safe, if only you know how to set about it."

"Look here, young man," said the oldish young man with the little gray beard, "you don't seem to understand that you and that lady had been saved by a kind of miracle——"

"Theory!" I interrupted. "I'm surprised you fellows ever come to Switzerland. If I were your kind I'd just invent theoretical mountains and play for points. . . . However, you're tired, little mummy. It's time you had some soup and tucked yourself in bed. I shan't let you get up for six-and-thirty hours."

But it's queer how people detest a little originality.

The Four Reformers

Four reformers met under a bramble bush. They were all agreed the world must be changed. "We must abolish property," said one.

"We must abolish marriage," said the second.

"We must abolish God," said the third.

"I wish we could abolish work," said the fourth.

"Do not let us get beyond practical politics," said the first. "The first thing is to reduce men to a common level."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to give freedom to the sexes."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to find out how to do it."

"The first step," said the first, "is to abolish the Bible."

"The first thing," said the second, "is to abolish the laws."

"The first thing," said the third, "is to abolish mankind."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Attack on the Mill

Emile Zola

I.

It was high holiday at Father Merlier's mill on that pleasant summer afternoon. Three tables had been brought out into the garden and placed end to end in the shadow of the great elm, and now they were awaiting the arrival of the guests. It was known throughout the length and breadth of the land that that day was to witness the betrothal of old Merlier's daughter, Françoise, to Dominique, a young man who was said to be not overfond of work, but whom never a woman for three leagues of the country around could look at without sparkling eyes, such a well-favoured young fellow was he.

That mill of Father Merlier's was truly a very pleasant spot. It was situated right in the heart of Rocreuse, at the place where the main road makes a sharp bend. The village has but a single street, bordered on either side by a row of low, white cottages; but just there where the road curves, there are broad stretches of meadow-land, and huge trees, which follow the course of the Morelle, cover the low grounds of the valley with a most delicious shade. All Lorraine has no more charming bit of nature to show. To right and left dense forests, great monarchs of the wood, centuries old, rise from the gentle slopes and fill the horizon with a sea of verdure, while away towards the south extends the plain, of wondrous fertility, and checkered almost to infinity with its small enclosures, divided off from one another by their live hedges. But what makes the crowning glory of Rocreuse is the coolness of this verdurous nook, even in the hottest days of July and August. The Morelle comes down from the woods of Gagny, and it would seem as if it gathered to itself on the way all the delicious freshness of the foliage beneath which it glides for many a league; it brings down with it the murmuring sounds, the glacial, solemn shadows of the forest. And that is not the only source of coolness; there are running waters of all kinds singing among the copses; one cannot take a step without coming on a gushing spring, and as he makes his way along the narrow paths, he seems to be treading above subterranean lakes that seek the air and sunshine through the moss above and profit by every smallest crevice, at the roots of trees or among the chinks and crannies of the rocks, to burst forth in fountains of crystalline clearness. So numerous and so loud are the whispering voices of these streams that they silence the song of the bullfinches. It is as if one were in an enchanted park.

The meadows below are never athirst. The shadows beneath the gigantic chestnut trees are of inky blackness, and along the edges of the fields long rows of poplar stand like walls of rustling foliage. There is a double avenue of huge plane trees ascending across the fields towards the ancient castle of Gagny, now gone to rack and ruin. In this region, where drought is never known, vegetation of all kinds is wonderfully rank; it is like a flower garden down there in the low ground between those two wooded hills, a natural garden, where the lawns are broad meadows and the giant trees represent colossal beds. When the noonday sun pours down his scorching rays the shadows lie blue upon the ground, the glowing vegetation slumbers in the heat, while every now and then a breath of icy coldness passes under the foliage.

Such was the spot where Father Merlier's mill enlivened with its cheerful clack nature run riot. The building itself, constructed of wood and plaster, looked as if it might be coeval with our planet. Its foundations were in part washed by the Morelle, which here expands into a clear pool. A dam, a few feet in height, afforded sufficient head of water to drive the old wheel, which creaked and groaned as it revolved, with the asthmatic wheezing of a faithful servant who has grown old in her place. Whenever Father Merlier was advised to change it, he would shake his head and say that like as not a young wheel would be lazier and not so well acquainted with its duties, and then he would set to work and patch up the old one with anything that came to hand, old hogshead-staves, bits of rusty iron, zinc or lead. The old wheel only seemed the gayer for it, with its odd profile, all plumed and feathered with tufts of moss and grass, and when the water poured over it in a silver tide its gaunt black skeleton was decked out with a gorgeous display of pearls and diamonds.

That portion of the mill which was bathed by the Morelle had something of the look of a barbaric arch that had been dropped down there by chance. A good half of the structure was built on piles; the water came in under the floor, and there were deep holes, famous throughout the whole country for the eels and huge crawfish that were to be caught there. Below the fall the pool was as clear as a mirror, and when it was not clouded by foam from the wheel one could see troops of great fish swimming about in it with the slow, majestic movements of a squadron. There was a broken stairway leading down to the stream, near a

By

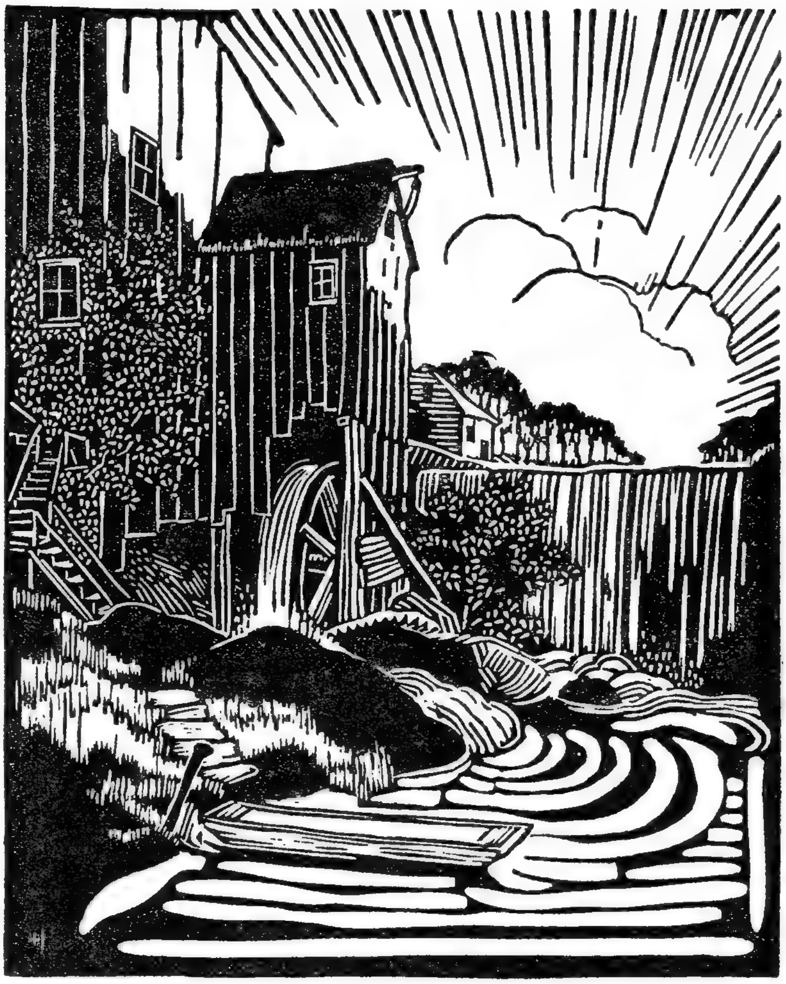
ÉMILE ZOLA

With Original Woodblocks
by Carroll Holliday

stake to which a boat was fastened, and over the wheel was a gallery of wood. Such windows as there were were arranged without any attempt at order. The whole was a quaint conglomeration of nooks and corners, bits of wall, additions made here and there as afterthoughts, beams and roofs, that gave the mill the aspect of an old dismantled citadel; but ivy and all sorts of creeping plants had grown luxuriantly, and kindly covered up such crevices as were too unsightly, casting a mantle of green over the old dwelling. Young ladies who passed that way used to stop and sketch Father Merlier's mill in their albums.

The side of the house that faced the road was less irregular. A gateway in stone afforded access to the principal courtyard, on the right and left hand of which were sheds and stables. Beside a well stood an immense elm that threw its shade over half the court. At the further end, opposite the gate, stood the house surmounted by a dovecote, the four windows of its first floor in a symmetrical line. The only vanity that Father Merlier ever allowed himself was to paint this façade every ten years. It had just been freshly painted at the time of our story, and dazzled the eyes of all the village when the sun lighted it up in the middle of the day.

For twenty years had Father Merlier been mayor of Rocreuse. He was held in great consideration on account of his fortune; he was supposed to be worth something like eighty thousand francs, the result of patient saving. When he married Madeleine Guillard, who brought him the mill as her dowry, his entire capital lay in his two strong arms, but Madeleine had never repented of her choice, so manfully had he conducted their joint affairs. Now his wife was dead, and he was left a widower with his daughter Françoise. Doubtless he might have set himself down to take his rest, and suffered the old mill-wheel to sleep among its moss, but he would have found idleness too irksome and the house would have seemed dead to him. He kept on working still for the pleasure of it. In those days Father Merlier was a tall old man, with a long, silent face, on which a laugh was never seen, but beneath which there lay, none the less, a large fund of good-humour. He had been elected mayor on account of his money, and also for the impressive air that he knew how to assume when it devolved on him to marry a couple.



Françoise Merlier had just completed her eighteenth year. She was small, and for that reason was not accounted one of the beauties of the country. Until she reached the age of fifteen she had been even homely: the good folks of Rocreuse could not see how it was that the daughter of Father and Mother Merlier, such a hale, vigorous couple, had such a hard time of it in getting her growth. When she was fifteen, however, though still remaining delicate, a change came over her and she took on the prettiest little face imaginable. She had black hair, black eyes, and was red as a rose withal; her mouth was always smiling, there were delicious dimples in her cheeks, and a crown of sunshine seemed to be ever resting on her fair, candid forehead. Although small, as girls went in that region, she was far from being thin; she might not have been able to raise a sack of wheat to her shoulder, but she became quite plump as she grew older, and gave promise of becoming eventually as well rounded and appetizing as a partridge. Her father's habits of taciturnity had made her reflective while yet a young girl; if she always had a smile on her lips it was in order to give pleasure to others. Her natural disposition was serious.

As was no more than to be expected, she had every young man in the countryside at her heels as a suitor, more, even, for her money than her attractiveness, and she had made a choice at last, a choice that had been the talk and scandal of the entire neighbourhood.

On the other side of the Morelle lived a strapping young fellow who went by the name of Dominique Penquer. He was not to the manner born; ten years previously he had come to Rocreuse from Belgium to receive the inheritance of an uncle who had owned a small property on the very borders of the forest of Gagny, just facing the mill and distant from it only a few musket-shots. His object in coming was to sell the property, so he said, and return to his own home again; but he must have found the land to his liking, for he made no move to go away. He was seen cultivating his bit of field and gathering the few vegetables that afforded him an existence. He fished, he hunted; more than once he was near coming in contact with the law through the intervention of the keepers. This independent way of living, of which the peasants could not very clearly see the resources, had in the end given him a bad name. He was vaguely looked on as nothing better than a poacher. At all events he was lazy, for he was frequently found sleeping in the grass at hours when he should have been at work. Then, too, the hut in which he lived, in the shade of the last trees of the forest, did not seem like the abode of an honest young man; the old women would not have been surprised at any time to hear that he was on friendly terms with the wolves in the ruins of Gagny. Still, the young girls would now and then venture to stand up for him, for he was altogether a splendid specimen of manhood, was this individual of doubtful antecedents, tall and straight as a young poplar, with a milk-white skin and ruddy hair and mustaches that seemed to be of gold when the sun shone on them. Now, one fine morning it came to pass that Françoise told Father Merlier that she loved Dominique, and that never would she consent to marry any other young man.

It may be imagined what a knockdown blow it was that Father Merlier received that day! As was his wont, he said never a word; his countenance wore its usual reflective look, only the fun that used to bubble up from within no longer shone in his eyes. Françoise, too, was very serious, and for a week father and daughter scarcely spoke to each other. What troubled Father Merlier was to know how that rascal of a poacher had succeeded in bewitching his daughter. Dominique had never shown himself at the mill. The miller played the spy a little, and was rewarded by catching sight of the gallant, on the other side of the Morelle, lying among the grass and pretending to be asleep. Françoise could see him from her chamber window. The thing was clear enough; they had been making sheep's-eyes at each other over the old mill-wheel, and so had fallen in love.

A week slipped by; Françoise became more and more serious. Father Merlier still continued to say nothing. Then, one evening, of his own accord, he brought Dominique to the house, without a word. Françoise was just setting the table. She made no demonstration of surprise; all she did was to add another plate, but her laugh had come back to her, and the little dimples appeared again upon her cheeks. Father Merlier had gone that morning to look for Dominique at his hut on the edge of the forest, and there the two men had had a conference, with closed doors and windows, that lasted three hours. No one ever knew what they said to each other; the only thing certain is that when Father Merlier left the hut he already treated Dominique as a son. Doubtless the old man had discovered that he whom he had gone to visit was a worthy young fellow, even though he did lie in the grass to gain the love of young girls.

All Rocreuse was up in arms. The women gathered at their doors and could not find words strong enough to characterize Father Merlier's folly in thus receiving a ne'er-do-well into his family. He let them talk. Perhaps he thought of his own marriage. Neither had he possessed a penny to his name at the time he married Madeleine and her mill, and yet that had not prevented him from being a good husband to her. Moreover, Dominique put an end to their tittle-tattle by setting to work in such strenuous fashion that all the countryside was amazed. It so happened just then that the boy of the mill drew an unlucky number and had to go for a soldier, and Dominique would not hear of their engaging another. He lifted sacks, drove the cart, wrestled with the old wheel when it took an obstinate fit and refused to turn, and all so pluckily and cheerfully that people came from far and near merely for the pleasure of seeing him. Father Merlier laughed his silent laugh. He was highly elated that he had read the youngster aright. There is nothing like love to hearten up young men.

In the midst of all that laborious toil Françoise and Dominique fairly worshipped each other. They had not much to say, but their tender smiles conveyed a world of meaning. Father Merlier had not said a word thus far on the subject of their marriage, and they had both respected his silence, waiting until the old man should see fit to give expression to his will. At last, one day, toward the middle of July, he had three tables laid on the courtyard, in the shade of the big elm, and had invited his friends of Rocreuse to come that afternoon and drink a glass of wine with him. When the courtyard was filled with people, and every one there had a full glass in his hand, Father Merlier raised his own high above his head and said:

"I have the pleasure of announcing to you that Françoise and this lad will be married in a month from now, on St. Louis' fête-day."

Then there was a universal touching of glasses, attended by a tremendous uproar; everyone was laughing. But Father Merlier, raising his voice above the din, again spoke:

"Dominique, kiss your wife that is to be. It is no more than customary."

And they kissed, very red in the face, both of them, while the company laughed louder still. It was a regular fête; they emptied a small cask. Then, when only the intimate friends of the house remained, conversation went on in a calmer strain. Night had fallen, a starlit night, and very clear; Dominique and Françoise sat on a bench, side by side, and said nothing. An old peasant spoke of the war that the Emperor had declared against Prussia. All the lads of the village were already gone off to the army. Troops had passed through the place only the night before. There were going to be hard knocks.

"Bah!" said Father Merlier, with the selfishness of a man who is quite happy, "Dominique is a foreigner; he won't have to go—and if the Prussians come this way, he will be here to defend his wife."

The idea of the Prussians coming there seemed to the company an exceedingly good joke. The army would give them one good conscientious thrashing, and the affair would be quickly ended.

"I have seen them before, I have seen them before," the old peasant repeated, in a low voice.

There was silence for a little, then they all touched glasses once again. Françoise and Dominique had heard nothing; they had managed to clasp hands behind the bench in such a way as not to be seen by the others, and this condition of affairs seemed so beatific to them that they sat there mute, their gaze lost in the darkness of the night.

What a magnificent, balmy night! The village lay slumbering on either side of the white road as peacefully as a little child. The deep silence was undisturbed save by the occasional crow of a cock in some distant barnyard acting on a mistaken impression that dawn was at hand. Perfumed breaths of air, like long-drawn sighs, came down from the great woods that lay around and above, sweeping softly over the roofs, as if caressing them. The meadows, with their black intensity of shadow, took on a dim, mysterious majesty of their own, while all the springs, all the brooks and watercourses that gurgled in the darkness, might have been taken for the cool and rhythmical breathing of the sleeping country. Every now and then the old dozing mill-wheel seemed to be dreaming like a watch-dog that barks uneasily in his slumber; it creaked, it talked to itself, rocked by the fall of the Morelle, whose current gave forth the deep, sustained music of an organ-pipe. Never was there a more charming or happier nook, never did a deeper peace come down to cover it.

II.

One month later, to a day, on the eve of the fête of Saint Louis, Rocreuse was in a state of alarm and dismay. The Prussians had beaten the Emperor, and were advancing on the village by forced marches. For a week past, people passing along the road had brought tidings of the enemy: "They are at Lormières, they are at Nouvelles"; and by dint of hearing so many stories of the rapidity of their advance, Rocreuse woke up every morning in the full expectation of seeing them swarming down out of Gagny wood. They did not come, however, and that only served to make the affright the greater. They would certainly fall upon the village in the night-time, and put every soul to the sword.

There had been an alarm the night before, a little before daybreak. The inhabitants had been aroused by a great noise of men tramping upon the road. The women were already throwing themselves upon their knees and making the sign of the cross, when some one, to whom it happily occurred to peep through a half-opened window, caught sight of red trousers. It was a French detachment. The captain had forthwith asked for the mayor, and, after a long conversation with Father Merlier, had remained at the mill.

The sun shone bright and clear that morning, giving promise of a warm day. There was a golden light floating over the woodland, while in the low grounds white mists were rising from the meadows. The pretty village, so neat and trim, awoke in the cool dawning, and the country, with its streams and its fountains, was as gracious as a freshly plucked bouquet. But the beauty of the day brought gladness to the face of no one; the villagers had watched the captain, and seen him circle round and round the old mill, examine the adjacent houses, then pass to the other bank of the Morelle, and from thence scan the country with a field glass; Father Merlier, who accompanied him, appeared to be giving explanations. After that the captain had posted some of his men behind walls, behind trees or in hollows. The main body of the detachment had encamped in the courtyard by the mill. So there was going to be a fight, then? And when Father Merlier returned they questioned him. He spoke no word, but slowly and sorrowfully nodded his head. Yes, there was going to be a fight.

Françoise and Dominique were there in the courtyard, watching him. He finally took his pipe from his lips and gave utterance to these few words:

"Ah! my poor children, I shall not be able to marry you today!"

Dominique, with lips tight set and an angry frown upon his forehead, raised himself on tiptoe from time to time and stood with eyes bent on Gagny wood, as if he would have been glad to see the Prussians appear and end the suspense they were in. Françoise, whose face was grave and very pale, was constantly passing back and forth, supplying the needs of the soldiers. They were preparing their soup in a corner of the courtyard, joking and chaffing one another while awaiting their meal.

The captain appeared to be highly pleased. He had visited the chambers and the great hall of the mill that looked out on the stream. Now, seated beside the well, he was conversing with Father Merlier.

"You have a regular fortress here," he was saying. "We shall have no trouble in holding it until evening. The bandits are late; they ought to be here by this time."

The miller looked very grave. He saw his beloved mill going up in flame and smoke, but uttered no word of remonstrance or complaint, considering that it would be useless. He only opened his mouth to say:

"You ought to take steps to hide the boat; there is a hole behind the wheel fitted to hold it. Perhaps you may find it of use to you."

The captain gave an order to one of his men. This captain was a tall, fine-looking man of about forty, with an agreeable expression of countenance. The sight of Dominique and Françoise seemed to afford him much pleasure; he watched them as if he had forgotten all about the approaching conflict. He followed Françoise with his eyes as she moved about the courtyard, and his manner showed clearly enough that he thought her charming. Then, turning to Dominique:

"You are not with the army, I see, my boy?" he abruptly asked.

"I am a foreigner," the young man replied.

The captain did not seem particularly pleased with the answer; he winked his eyes and smiled. Françoise was doubtless a more agreeable companion than a musket would have been. Dominique, noticing his smile, made haste to add:

"I am a foreigner, but I can lodge a rifle bullet in an apple at five hundred yards. See, there's my rifle behind you."

"You may find use for it," the captain drily answered.

Françoise had drawn near; she was trembling a little, and Dominique, regardless of the bystanders, took and held firmly clasped in his own the two hands that she held forth to him, as if committing herself to his protection. The captain smiled again, but said nothing more. He remained seated, his sword between his legs, his eyes fixed on space, apparently lost in dreamy reverie.

It was ten o'clock. The heat was already oppressive. A deep silence prevailed. The soldiers had sat down in the shade of the sheds in the courtyard and begun to eat their soup. Not a sound came from the village, where the inhabitants had all barricaded their houses, doors and windows. A dog, abandoned by his master, howled mournfully upon the road. From the woods and the near-by meadows, that lay fainting in the heat, came a long-drawn, whispering, soughing sound, produced by the union of what wandering breaths of air there were. A cuckoo called. Then the silence became still.

AND ALL AT ONCE, upon that lazy, sleepy air, a shot rang out. The captain rose quickly to his feet, the soldiers left their half-emptied plates. In a few seconds all were at their posts; the mill was occupied from top to bottom. And yet the captain, who had gone out through the gate, saw nothing: to right and left the road stretched away, desolate and blindingly white in the fierce sunshine. A second report was heard, and still nothing to be seen, not even so much as a shadow; but just as he was turning to reenter he chanced to look over toward Gagny and there beheld a little puff of smoke floating away on the tranquil air, like thistledown. The deep peace of the forest was apparently unbroken.

"The rascals have occupied the wood," the officer murmured. "They know we are here."

Then the firing went on, and became more and more continuous between the French soldiers posted about the mill and the Prussians concealed among the trees. The bullets whistled over the Morelle without doing any mischief on either side. The firing was irregular; every bush seemed to have its marksman, and nothing was to be seen save those bluish smoke wreaths that hung for a moment on the wind before they vanished. It lasted thus for nearly two hours. The officer hummed a tune with a careless air. Françoise and Dominique, who remained in the courtyard, raised themselves to look out over a low wall. They were more particularly interested in a little soldier who had his post on the bank of the Morelle, behind the hull of an old boat; he would lie face downward on the ground, watch his chance, deliver his fire, then slip back into a ditch a few steps in his rear to reload, and his movements were so comical, he displayed such cunning and activity, that it was difficult for anyone watching him to refrain from smiling. He must have caught sight of a Prussian, for he rose quickly and brought his piece to the shoulder, but before he could discharge it he uttered a loud cry, whirled completely around in his tracks and fell backward into the ditch, where for an instant his legs moved convulsively, just as the claws of a fowl do when it is beheaded. The little soldier had received a bullet directly through his heart. It was the first casualty of the day. Françoise instinctively seized Dominique's hand, and held it tight in a convulsive grasp.

"Come away from there," said the captain. "The bullets reach us here."

As if to confirm his words a slight, sharp sound was heard up in the old elm, and the end of a branch came to the ground, turning over and over as it fell, but the two young people never stirred, riveted to the spot as they were by the interest of the spectacle. On the edge of the wood a Prussian had suddenly emerged from behind a tree, as an actor comes upon the stage from the wings, beating the air with his arms and falling over upon his back. And beyond that there was no movement; the two dead men appeared to be sleeping in the bright sunshine; there was not a soul to be seen in the fields on which the heat lay heavy. Even the sharp rattle of the musketry had ceased. Only the Morelle kept on whispering to itself with its low, musical murmur.

Father Merlier looked at the captain with an astonished air, as if to inquire whether that were the end of it.

"Here comes their attack," the officer murmured. "Look out for yourself! Don't stand there!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a terrible discharge of musketry ensued. The great elm was riddled, its leaves came eddying down as thick as snow-flakes. Fortunately, the Prussians had aimed too high. Dominique dragged, almost carried, Françoise from the spot, while Father Merlier followed them, shouting:

"Get into the small cellar, the walls are thicker there."

But they paid no attention to him; they made their way to the main hall, where ten or a dozen soldiers were silently waiting, watching events outside through the chinks of the closed shutters. The captain was left alone in the courtyard, where he sheltered himself behind the low wall, while the furious fire was maintained uninterruptedly. The soldiers whom he had posted outside only yielded their ground inch by inch; they came crawling in, however, one after another, as the enemy dislodged them from their positions. Their instructions were to gain all the time they could, taking care not to show themselves, in order that the Prussians might remain in ignorance of the force they had opposed to them. Another hour passed, and as a sergeant came in, reporting that there were now only two or three men left outside, the officer took his watch from his pocket, murmuring:

"Half-past two. Come, we must hold out for four hours yet."

HE CAUSED THE GREAT GATE of the courtyard to be tightly secured, and everything was made ready for an energetic defense. The Prussians were on the other side of the Morelle, consequently there was no reason to fear an assault at the moment. There was a bridge indeed, a mile and a quarter away, but they were probably unaware of its existence, and it was hardly to be supposed that they would attempt to cross the stream by fording. The officer, therefore, simply caused the road to be watched; the attack, when it came, was to be looked for from the direction of the fields.

The firing had ceased again. The mill appeared to lie there in the sunlight, void of all life. Not a shutter was open, not a sound came from within. Gradually, however, the Prussians began to show themselves at the edge of Gagny wood. Heads were protruded here and there; they seemed to be mustering up their courage. Several of the soldiers within the mill brought up their pieces to an aim, but the captain shouted:

"No, no; not yet; wait. Let them come nearer."

They displayed a great deal of prudence in their advance, looking at the mill with a distrustful air; they seemed hardly to know what to make of the old structure, so lifeless and gloomy, with its curtain of ivy. Still they kept on advancing. When there were fifty of them or so in the open, directly opposite, the officer uttered one word:

"Now!"

A crashing, tearing discharge burst from the position, succeeded by an irregular, dropping fire. Françoise, trembling violently, involuntarily raised her hands to her ears. Dominique, from his position behind the soldiers, peered out upon the field, and when the smoke drifted away a little, counted three Prussians extended on their backs in the middle of the meadow. The others had sought shelter among the willows and the poplars. And then commenced the siege.

For more than an hour the mill was riddled with bullets; they beat and rattled on its old walls like hail. The noise they made was plainly audible as they struck the stonework, were flattened and fell back into the water; they buried themselves in the woodwork with a dull thud. Occasionally a creaking sound would announce that the wheel had been hit. Within the building the soldiers husbanded their ammunition, firing only when they could see something to aim at. The captain kept consulting his watch every few minutes, and as a ball split one of the shutters in halves and then lodged in the ceiling:

"Four o'clock," he murmured. "We shall never be able to hold the position."

The old mill, in truth, was gradually going to pieces beneath that terrific fire. A shutter that had been perforated again and again, until it looked like a piece of lace, fell off its hinges into the water, and had to be replaced by a mattress. Every moment, almost, Father Merlier exposed himself to the fire in order to take account of the damage sustained by his poor wheel, every wound of which was like a bullet in his own heart. Its period of usefulness was ended this time for certain; he would never be able to patch it up again. Dominique had besought Françoise to retire to a place of safety, but she was determined to remain with him; she had taken a seat behind a great oaken clothespress, which afforded her protection. A ball struck the press, however, the sides of which gave out a dull hollow sound, whereupon Dominique stationed himself in front of Françoise. He had as yet taken no part in the firing, although he had his rifle in his hand; the soldiers occupied the whole breadth of the windows, so that he could not get near them. At every discharge the floor trembled.

"Look out! look out!" the captain suddenly shouted.

HE HAD JUST DESCRIED A DARK MASS emerging from the wood. As soon as they gained the open they set up a telling platoon fire. It struck the mill like a tornado. Another shutter parted company, and the bullets came whistling in through the yawning aperture. Two soldiers rolled upon the floor; one lay where he fell and never moved a limb; his comrades pushed him up against the wall because he was in their way. The other writhed and twisted, beseeching some one to end his agony, but no one had ears for the poor wretch; the bullets were still pouring in, and everyone was looking out for himself and searching for a loophole whence he might answer the enemy's fire. A third soldier was wounded; that one said not a word, but with staring, haggard eyes sank down beneath a table. Françoise, horror-stricken by the dreadful spectacle of the dead and dying men, mechanically pushed away her chair and seated herself on the floor, against the wall; it seemed to her that she would be smaller there and less exposed. In the meantime men had gone and secured all the mattresses in the house; the opening of the window was partially closed again. The hall was filled with *débris* of every description, broken weapons, dislocated furniture.

"Five o'clock," said the captain. "Stand fast, boys. They are going to make an attempt to pass the stream."

Just then Françoise gave a shriek. A bullet had struck the floor, and rebounding, grazed her forehead on the ricochet. Dominique looked at her, then went to the window and fired his first shot, and from that time kept on firing uninterruptedly. He kept on loading and discharging his piece mechanically, paying no attention to what was passing at his side, only pausing from time to time to cast a look at Françoise. He did not fire hurriedly or at random, moreover, but took deliberate aim. As the captain had predicted, the Prussians were skirting the belt of poplars and attempted the passage of the Morelle, but each time one of them showed himself he fell with one of Dominique's bullets in his brain. The captain, who was watching the performance, was amazed: he complimented the young man, telling him that he would like to have more marksmen of his skill. Dominique did not hear a word he said. A ball struck him in the shoulder, another raised a contusion on his arm. And still he kept on firing.

There were two more deaths. The mattresses were torn to shreds and no longer availed to stop the windows. The last volley that was poured in seemed as if it would carry away the mill bodily, so fierce it was. The position was no longer tenable. Still, the officer kept repeating:

"Stand fast. Another half-hour yet."

He was counting the minutes, one by one. He had promised his commanders that he would hold the enemy there until nightfall, and he would not budge a hair's-breadth before the moment that he had fixed on for his withdrawal. He maintained his pleasant air of good-humour, smiling at Françoise by way of reassuring her. He had picked up the musket of one of the dead soldiers and was firing away with the rest.

There were but four soldiers left in the room. The Prussians were showing themselves *en masse* on the other side of the Morelle, and it was evident that they might now pass the stream at any moment. A few moments more elapsed; the captain was as determined as ever, and would not give the order to retreat, when a sergeant came running into the room, saying:

"They are on the road; they are going to take us in rear."

The Prussians must have discovered the bridge. The captain drew out his watch again.

"Five minutes more," he said. "They won't be here within five minutes."

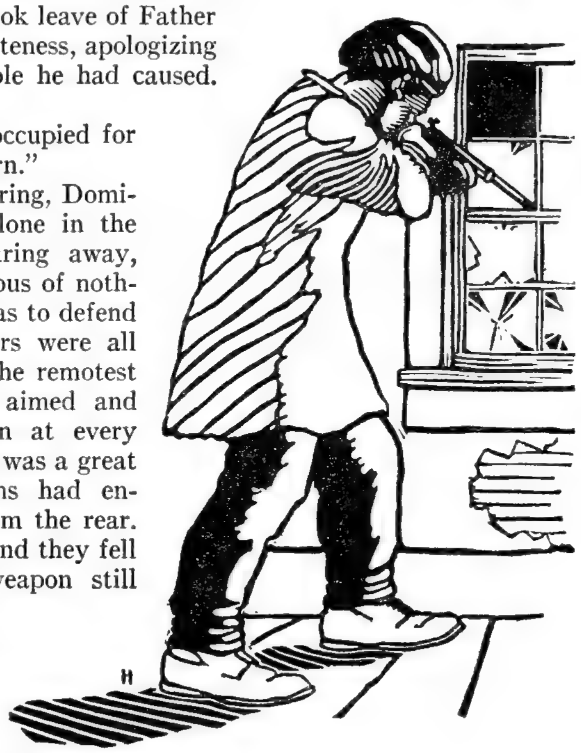
Then exactly at six o'clock he at last withdrew his men through a little postern that opened on a narrow lane, whence they threw themselves into the ditch, and in that way reached the forest of Sauval. The captain took leave of Father Merlier with much politeness, apologizing profusely for the trouble he had caused. He even added:

"Try to keep them occupied for a while. We shall return."

While this was occurring, Dominique had remained alone in the hall. He was still firing away, hearing nothing, conscious of nothing; his sole thought was to defend Françoise. The soldiers were all gone, and he had not the remotest idea of the fact; he aimed and brought down his man at every shot. All at once there was a great tumult. The Prussians had entered the courtyard from the rear. He fired his last shot, and they fell upon him with his weapon still smoking in his hand.

It required four men to hold him; the rest of them swarmed about him, vociferating like madmen in their horrible dialect. Françoise rushed forward to intercede with her prayers. They were on the point of killing him on the spot, but an officer came in and made them turn the prisoner over to him. After exchanging a few words in German with his men he turned to Dominique and said to him roughly in very good French:

"You will be shot in two hours from now."



III.

It was the standing regulation, laid down by the German staff, that every Frenchman not belonging to the regular army, taken with arms in his hands, should be shot. Even the *compagnies franches* were not recognized as belligerents. It was the intention of the Germans, in making such terrible examples of the peasants who attempted to defend their firesides, to prevent a rising *en masse*, which they greatly dreaded.

The officer, a tall, square man about fifty years old, subjected Dominique to a brief examination. Although he spoke French fluently, he was unmistakably Prussian in the stiffness of his manner.

"You are a native of this country?"

"No, I am a Belgian."

"Why did you take up arms? These are matters with which you have no concern."

Dominique made no reply. At this moment the officer caught sight of Françoise where she stood listening, very pale; her slight wound had marked her white forehead with a streak of red. He looked from one to the other of the young people and appeared to understand the situation: he merely added:

"You do not deny having fired on my men?"

"I fired as long as I was able to do so," Dominique quietly replied.

The admission was scarcely necessary, for he was black with powder, wet with sweat, and the blood from the wound in his shoulder had trickled down and stained his clothing.

"Very well," the officer repeated. "You will be shot two hours hence."

Françoise uttered no cry. She clasped her hands and raised them above her head in a gesture of mute despair. Her action was not lost upon the officer. Two soldiers had led Dominique away to an adjacent room, where their orders were to guard him and not lose sight of him. The girl had sunk upon a chair; her strength had failed her, her legs refused to support her; she was denied the relief of tears, it seemed as if her emotion was strangling her. The officer continued to examine her attentively, and finally addressed her:

"Is that young man your brother?" he inquired.

She shook her head in negation. He was as rigid and unbending as ever, without the suspicion of a smile on his face. Then, after an interval of silence, he spoke again:

"Has he been living in the neighbourhood long?"

She answered yes, by another motion of the head.

"Then he must be well acquainted with the woods about here?"

This time she made a verbal answer. "Yes, sir," she said, looking at him with some astonishment.

He said nothing more, but turned on his heel, requesting that the mayor of the village should be brought before him. But Françoise had risen from her chair, a faint tinge of colour on her cheeks, believing that she had caught the significance of his questions, and with renewed hope she ran off to look for her father.

As soon as the firing had ceased Father Merlier had hurriedly descended by the wooden gallery to have a look at his wheel. He adored his daughter and had a strong feeling of affection for Dominique, his son-in-law who was to be; but his wheel also occupied a large space in his heart. Now that the two little ones, as he called them, had come safe and sound out of the fray, he thought of his other love, which must have suffered sorely, poor thing, and, bending over the great wooden skeleton, he was scrutinizing its wounds with a heart-broken air. Five of the buckets were reduced to splinters, the central framework was honeycombed. He was thrusting his fingers into the cavities that the bullets had made to see how deep they were and reflecting how he was ever to repair all that damage. When Françoise found him he was already plugging up the crevices with moss and such *débris* as he could lay his hands on.

"They are asking for you, father," said she.

AND AT LAST SHE WEPT as she told him what she had just heard. Father Merlier shook his head. It was not customary to shoot people like that. He would have to look into the matter. And he re-entered the mill with his usual placid, silent air. When the officer made his demand for supplies for his men, he answered that the people of Rocreuse were not accustomed to be ridden roughshod, and that nothing would be obtained from them through violence; he was willing to assume all the responsibility, but only on condition that he was allowed to act independently. The officer at first appeared to take umbrage at this easy way of viewing matters, but finally gave way before the old man's brief and distinct representations. As the latter was leaving the room the other recalled to ask:

"Those woods opposite, what do you call them?"

"The woods of Sauval."

"And how far do they extend?"

The miller looked him straight in the face. "I do not know," he replied.

And he withdrew. An hour later the subvention in money and provisions that the officer had demanded was in the courtyard of the mill. Night was coming in; Françoise followed every movement of the soldiers with an anxious eye. She never once left the vicinity of the room in which Dominique was imprisoned. About seven o'clock she had a harrowing emotion; she saw the officer enter the prisoner's apartment, and for a quarter of an hour heard their voices raised in violent discussion. The officer came to the door for a moment and gave an order in German which she did not understand, but when twelve men came and formed in the courtyard with shouldered muskets, she was seized with a fit of trembling and felt as if she should die. It was all over then; the execution was about to take place. The twelve men remained there ten minutes; Dominique's voice kept rising higher and higher in a tone of vehement denial. Finally the officer came out, closing the door with a vicious bang, and saying:

"Very well; think it over. I give you until tomorrow morning."

AND HE ORDERED THE TWELVE MEN to break ranks by a motion of his hand. Françoise was stupefied. Father Merlier, who had continued to puff away at his pipe while watching the platoon with a simple, curious air, came and took her by the arm with fatherly gentleness. He led her to her chamber.

"Don't fret," he said to her; "try to get some sleep. Tomorrow it will be light, and we shall see more clearly."

He locked the door behind him as he left the room. It was a fixed principle with him that women are good for nothing, and that they spoil everything whenever they meddle in important matters. Françoise did not lie down, however; she remained a long time seated on her bed, listening to the various noises in the house. The German soldiers quartered in the courtyard were singing and laughing; they must have kept up their eating and drinking until eleven o'clock, for the riot never ceased for an instant. Heavy footsteps resounded from time to time through the mill itself, doubtless the tramp of the guards as they were relieved. What had most interest for her were the sounds that she could catch in the room that lay directly under her own; several times she threw herself prone upon the floor and applied her ear to the boards. That room was the one in which they had locked up Dominique. He must have been pacing the apartment, for she could hear for a long time his regular, cadenced tread passing from the wall to the window and back again; then there was a deep silence; doubtless he had seated himself. The other sounds ceased too; everything was still. When it seemed to her that the house was sunk in slumber she raised her window as noiselessly as possible and leaned out.

Without, the night was serene and balmy. The slender crescent of the moon, which was just setting behind Sauval wood, cast a dim radiance over the landscape. The lengthening shadows of the great trees stretched far athwart the fields in bands of blackness, while in such spots as were unobscured the grass appeared of a tender green, soft as velvet. But Françoise did not stop to consider the mysterious charm of the night. She was scrutinizing the country and looking to see where the Germans had posted their sentinels. She could clearly distinguish their dark forms outlined along the course of the Morelle. There was only one stationed opposite the mill, on the far bank of the stream, by a willow whose branches dipped in the water. Françoise had an excellent view of him; he was a tall young man, standing quite motionless with face upturned toward the sky, with the meditative air of a shepherd.

When she had completed her careful inspection of localities she returned and took her former seat upon the bed. She remained there an hour, absorbed in deep thought. Then she listened again; there was not a breath to be heard in the house. She went again to the window and took another look outside, but one of the moon's horns was still hanging above the edge of the forest, and this circumstance doubtless appeared to her unpropitious, for she resumed her waiting. At last the moment seemed to have arrived; the night was now quite dark; she could no longer discern the sentinel opposite her; the landscape lay before her black as a sea of ink. She listened intently for a moment, then formed her resolve. Close beside her window was an iron ladder made of bars set in the wall, which ascended from the mill-wheel to the granary at the top of the building, and had formerly served the miller as a means of inspecting certain portions of the gearing, but a change having been made in the machinery, the ladder had long since become lost to sight beneath the thick ivy that covered all that side of the mill.

FRANÇOISE BRAVELY CLIMBED OVER the balustrade of the little balcony in front of her window, grasped one of the iron bars and found herself suspended in space. She commenced the descent; her skirts were a great hindrance to her. Suddenly a stone became loosened from the wall and fell into the Morelle with a loud splash. She stopped, benumbed with fear, but reflection quickly told her that the waterfall, with its continuous roar, was sufficient to deaden any noise that she could make, and then she descended more boldly, putting aside the ivy with her foot, testing each round of her ladder. When she was on a level with the room that had been converted into a prison for her lover she stopped. An unforeseen difficulty came near depriving her of all her courage: the window of the room beneath was not situated directly under the window of her bedroom; there was a wide space between it and the ladder, and when she extended her hand it only encountered the naked wall.

Would she have to go back the way she came and leave her project unaccomplished? Her arms were growing very tired; the murmuring of the Morelle, far down below, was beginning to make her dizzy. Then she broke off bits of plaster from the wall and threw them against Dominique's window. He did not hear; perhaps he was asleep. Again she crumbled fragments from the wall, until the skin was peeled from her fingers. Her strength was exhausted, she felt that she was about to fall backward into the stream when at last Dominique softly raised his sash.

"It is I," she murmured. "Take me quick; I am about to fall." Leaning from the window he grasped her and drew her into the room, where she had a paroxysm of weeping, stifling her sobs in order that she might not be heard. Then, by a supreme effort of the will she overcame her emotion.

"Are you guarded?" she asked in a low voice.

Dominique, not yet recovered from his stupefaction at seeing her there, made answer by simply pointing toward his door. There was a sound of snoring audible on the outside; it was evident that the sentinel had been overpowered by sleep and had thrown himself upon the floor close against the door in such a way that it could not be opened without arousing him.

"You must fly," she continued earnestly. "I came here to bid you fly and say farewell."

But he seemed not to hear her. He kept repeating:

"What, is it you, is it you? Oh, what a fright you gave me! You might have killed yourself." He took her hands, he kissed them again and again. "How I love you, Françoise! You are as courageous as you are good. The only thing I feared was that I might die without seeing you again; but you are here, and now they may shoot me when they will. Let me but have a quarter of an hour with you and I am ready."

He had gradually drawn her to him; her head was resting on his shoulder. The peril that was so near at hand brought them closer to each other, and they forgot everything in that long embrace.

"Ah, Françoise!" Dominique went on in low, caressing tones, "today is the fête of Saint Louis, our wedding day that we have been waiting for so long. Nothing has been able to keep us apart, for we are both here, faithful to our appointment, are we not? It is now our wedding morning."

"Yes, yes," she repeated after him, "our wedding morning."

They shuddered as they exchanged a kiss. But suddenly she tore herself from his arms; the terrible reality arose before her eyes.

"You must fly, you must fly," she murmured breathlessly. "There is not a moment to lose." And as he stretched out his arms in the darkness to draw her to him again, she went on in tender, beseeching tones: "Oh, listen to me, I entreat you. If you die, I shall die. In an hour it will be daylight. Go, go at once; I command you to go."

THEN SHE RAPIDLY EXPLAINED her plan to him. The iron ladder extended downward to the wheel; once he got so far he could climb down by means of the buckets and get into the boat, which was hidden in a recess. Then it would be an easy matter for him to reach the other bank of the stream and make his escape.

"But are there no sentinels?" said he.

"Only one, directly opposite here, at the foot of the first willow."

"And if he sees me, if he gives the alarm?"

Françoise shuddered. She placed in his hand a knife that she had brought down with her. They were silent.

"And your father—and you?" Dominique continued. "But no, it is not to be thought of; I must not fly. When I am no longer here those soldiers are capable of murdering you. You do not know them. They offered to spare my life if I would guide them into Sauval forest. When they discover that I have escaped, their fury will be such that they will be ready for every atrocity."

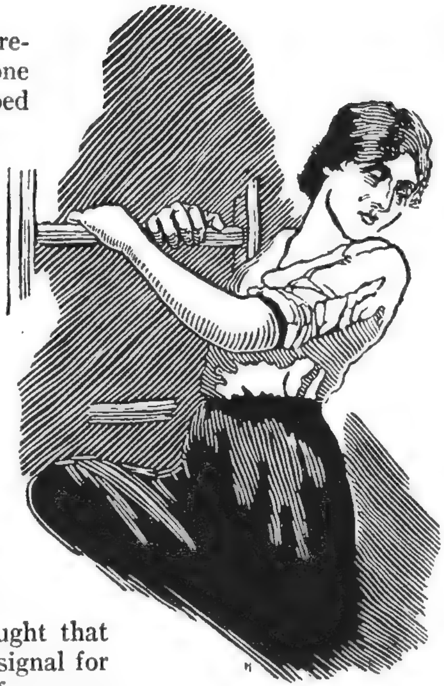
The girl did not stop to argue the question. To all the considerations that he adduced to her, her one simple answer was: "Fly. For the love of me, fly. If you love me, Dominique, do not linger here for a single moment longer."

She promised that she would return to her bedroom; no one should know that she had helped him. She concluded by folding him in her arms and smothering him with kisses, in an extravagant outburst of passion. He was vanquished. He put only one more question to her:

"Will you swear to me that your father knows what you are doing, and that he counsels my flight?"

"It was my father who sent me to you," Françoise unhesitatingly replied.

She told a falsehood. At that moment she had but one great, overmastering longing: to know that he was in safety, to escape from the horrible thought that the morning's sun was to be the signal for his death. When he should be far away, then calamity and evil might burst upon her head; whatever fate might be in store for her would seem endurable, so that only his life might be spared. Before and above all other considerations, the selfishness of her love demanded that he should be saved.



"It is well," said Dominique; "I will do as you desire."

No further word was spoken. Dominique went to the window to raise it again. But suddenly there was a noise that chilled them with affright. The door was shaken violently; they thought that some one was about to open it; it was evidently a party going the rounds who had heard their voices. They stood by the window, close locked in each other's arms, awaiting the event with anguish unspeakable. Again there came the rattling at the door, but it did not open. Each of them drew a deep sigh of relief; they saw how it was. The soldier lying across the threshold had turned over in his sleep. Silence was restored indeed, and presently the snoring began again.

Dominique insisted that Françoise should return to her room first of all. He took her in his arms, he bade her a silent farewell, then helped her to grasp the ladder, and himself climbed out on it in turn. He refused to descend a single step, however, until he knew that she was in her chamber. When she was safe in her room she let fall, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper, the words:

"*Au revoir*. I love you!"

She kneeled at the window, resting her elbows on the sill, straining her eyes to follow Dominique. The night was still very dark. She looked for the sentinel, but could see nothing of him; the willow alone was dimly visible, a pale spot upon the surrounding blackness. For a moment she heard the rustling of the ivy as Dominique descended, then the wheel creaked, and there was a faint splash which told that the young man had found the boat. This was confirmed when, a minute later, she descried the shadowy outline of the skiff on the gray bosom of the Morelle. Then a horrible feeling of dread seemed to clutch her by the throat. Every moment she thought she heard the sentry give the alarm; every faintest sound among the dusky shadows seemed to her overwrought imagination to be the hurrying tread of soldiers, the clash of steel, the click of musket locks. The seconds slipped by, however; the landscape still preserved its solemn peace. Dominique must have landed safely on the other bank. Françoise no longer had eyes for anything. The silence was oppressive. And she heard the sound of trampling feet, a hoarse cry, the dull thud of a heavy body falling. This was followed by another silence, even deeper than that which had gone before. Then, as if conscious that Death had passed that way, she became very cold in presence of the impenetrable night.

IV.

At early daybreak the repose of the mill was disturbed by the clamour of angry voices. Father Merlier had gone and unlocked Françoise's door. She descended to the courtyard, pale and very calm, but when there, could not repress a shudder upon being brought face to face with the body of a Prussian soldier that lay on the ground beside the well, stretched out upon a cloak.

Around the corpse the soldiers were shouting and gesticulating angrily. Several of them shook their fists threateningly in the direction of the village. The officer had just sent a summons to Father Merlier to appear before him in his capacity as mayor of the commune.

"Here is one of our men," he said, in a voice that was almost unintelligible from anger, "who was found murdered on the bank of the stream. The murderer must be found, so that we may make a salutary example of him, and I shall expect you to coöperate with us in finding him."

"Whatsoever you desire," the miller replied, with his customary impassiveness. "Only it will be no easy matter."

The officer stooped down and drew aside the skirt of the cloak which concealed the dead man's face, disclosing as he did so a frightful wound. The sentinel had been struck in the throat and the weapon had not been withdrawn from the wound. It was a common kitchen-knife, with a black handle.

"Look at that knife," the officer said to Father Merlier. "Perhaps it will assist us in our investigation."

The old man had started violently, but recovered himself at once; not a muscle of his face moved as he replied:

"Everyone about here has knives like that. Likely enough, your man was tired of fighting and did the business himself. Such things have happened before now."

"Be silent!" the officer shouted in a fury. "I don't know what it is that keeps me from setting fire to the four corners of your village."

His anger fortunately kept him from noticing the great change that had come over Françoise's countenance. Her feelings had compelled her to sit down upon the stone bench beside the well. Do what she would she could not remove her eyes from the body that lay stretched upon the ground, almost at her feet. He had been a tall, handsome young man in life, very like Dominique in appearance, with blue eyes and yellow hair. The resemblance went to her heart. She thought that perhaps the dead man had left behind him in his German home some sweetheart who would weep for his loss. And she recognized her knife in the dead man's throat. She had killed him.

THE OFFICER, meantime, was talking of visiting Rocreuse with some terrible punishment, when two or three soldiers came running in. The guard had just that moment ascertained the fact of Dominique's escape. The agitation caused by the tidings was extreme. The officer went to inspect the locality, looked out through the still open window, saw at once how the event had happened, and returned in a state of exasperation.

Father Merlier appeared greatly vexed by Dominique's flight. "The idiot!" he murmured; "he has upset everything."

Françoise heard him, and was in an agony of suffering. Her father, moreover, had no suspicion of her complicity. He shook his head, saying to her in an undertone:

"We are in a nice fix now!"

"It was that scoundrel! it was that scoundrel!" cried the officer. "He has got away to the woods; but he must be found, or the village shall stand the consequences." And, addressing himself to the miller: "Come, you must know where he is hiding?"

Father Merlier laughed in his silent way, and pointed to the wide stretch of wooded hills.

"How can you expect to find a man in that wilderness?" he asked.

"Oh! there are plenty of hiding places that you are acquainted with. I am going to give you ten men; you shall act as guide to them."

"I am perfectly willing. But it will take a week to beat up all the woods of the neighbourhood."

The old man's serenity enraged the officer; he saw, indeed, what a ridiculous proceeding such a hunt would be. It was at that moment that he caught sight of Françoise where she sat, pale and trembling, on her bench. His attention was aroused by the girl's anxious attitude. He was silent for a moment, glancing suspiciously from father to daughter and back again.

"Is not that man," he at last coarsely asked the old man, "your daughter's lover?"

Father Merlier's face became ashy pale, and he appeared for a moment as if about to throw himself on the officer and throttle him. He straightened himself up and made no reply. Françoise had hidden her face in her hands.

"Yes, that is how it is," the Prussian continued; "you or your daughter have helped him to escape. You are his accomplices. For the last time, will you surrender him?"

The miller did not answer. He had turned away and was looking at the distant landscape with an air of indifference, just as if the officer were talking to some other person. That put the finishing touch to the latter's wrath.

"Very well, then!" he declared, "you shall be shot in his stead."

And again he ordered out the firing party. Father Merlier was as imperturbable as ever. He scarcely did so much as shrug his shoulders; the whole drama appeared to him to be in very doubtful taste. He probably believed that they would not take a man's life in that unceremonious manner. When the platoon was on the ground he gravely said:

"So, then, you are in earnest? Very well, I am willing it should be so. If you feel you must have a victim, it may as well be I as another."

But Françoise arose, greatly troubled, stammering: "Have mercy, sir; do not harm my father. Kill me instead of him. It was I who helped Dominique to escape; I am the only guilty one."

"Hold your tongue, my girl," Father Merlier exclaimed. "Why do you tell such a falsehood? She passed the night locked in her room, sir; I assure you that she does not speak the truth."

"I am speaking the truth," the girl eagerly replied. "I got down by the window; I incited Dominique to fly. It is the truth, the whole truth."

The old man's face was very white. He could read in her eyes that she was not lying, and her story terrified him. Ah, those children! those children! how they spoiled everything, with their hearts and their feelings! Then he said angrily:

"She is crazy; do not listen to her. It is a lot of trash she is telling you. Come, let us get through with this business."

She persisted in her protestations; she kneeled, she raised her clasped hands in supplication. The officer stood tranquilly by and watched the harrowing scene.

"Mon Dieu!" he said at last, "I take your father because the other has escaped me. Bring me back the other man, and your father shall have his liberty."

She looked at him for a moment with eyes dilated by the horror which his proposal inspired in her.

"IT IS DREADFUL," she murmured. "Where can I look for Dominique now? He is gone; I know nothing beyond that."

"Well, make your choice between them; him or your father."

"Oh, my God! how can I choose? Even if I knew where to find Dominique I could not choose. You are breaking my heart. I would rather die at once. Yes, it would be more quickly ended thus. Kill me, I beseech you, kill me——"

The officer finally became weary of this scene of despair and tears. He cried:

"Enough of this! I wish to treat you kindly; I will give you two hours. If your lover is not here within two hours, your father shall pay the penalty that he has incurred."

And he ordered Father Merlier away to the room that had served as a prison for Dominique. The old man asked for tobacco, and began to smoke. There was no trace of emotion to be descried on his impassive face. Only when he was alone he wept two big tears that coursed slowly down his cheeks. His poor, dear child, what a fearful trial she was enduring!

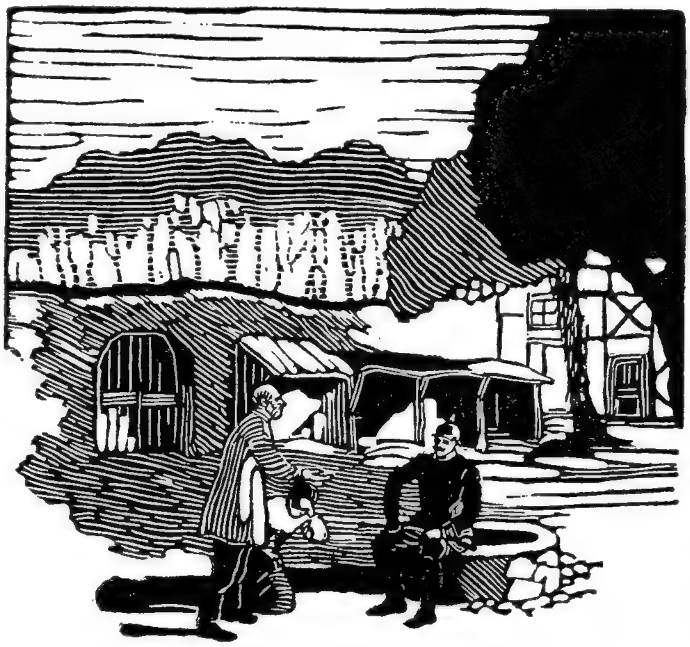
Françoise remained in the courtyard. Prussian soldiers passed back and forth, laughing. Some of them addressed her with coarse pleasantries which she did not understand. Her gaze was bent upon the door through which her father had disappeared, and with a slow movement she raised her hand to her forehead, as if to keep it from bursting. The officer turned sharply on his heel, and said to her:

"You have two hours. Try to make use of them."

She had two hours. The words kept buzzing, buzzing in her ears. Then she went forth mechanically from the courtyard; she walked straight ahead with no definite end. Where was she to go? what was she to do? She did not even endeavour to arrive at any decision, for she felt how utterly useless were her efforts. And yet she would have liked to see Dominique; they could have come to some understanding together, perhaps they might hit on some plan to extricate them from their difficulties. And so, amid the confusion of her whirling thoughts, she took her way downward to the bank of the Morelle, which she crossed below the dam by means of some stepping-stones which were there. Proceeding onward, still involuntarily, she came to the first willow, at the corner of the meadow, and stooping down, beheld a sight that made her grow deathly pale—a pool of blood. It was the spot. And she followed the track that Dominique had left in the tall grass; it was evident that he had run, for the footsteps that crossed the meadow in a diagonal line were separated from one another by wide intervals. Then, beyond that point, she lost the trace, but thought she had discovered it again in an adjoining field. It led her onward to the border of the forest, where the trail came abruptly to an end.

Though conscious of the futility of the proceeding, Françoise penetrated into the wood. It was a comfort to her to be alone. She sat down for a moment, then, reflecting that time was passing, rose again to her feet. How long was it since she left the mill? Five minutes, or a half-hour? She had lost all idea of time. Perhaps Dominique had sought concealment in a clearing that she knew of, where they had gone together one afternoon and eaten hazel-nuts. She directed her steps toward the clearing; she searched it thoroughly. A blackbird flew out, whistling his sweet and melancholy note; that was all. Then she thought that he might have taken refuge in a hollow among the rocks where he went sometimes with his gun, but the spot was untenanted. What use was there in looking for him? She would never find him, and little by little the desire to discover the hiding place became a passionate longing. She proceeded at a more rapid pace. The idea suddenly took possession of her that he had climbed into a tree, and thenceforth she went along with eyes raised aloft and called him by name every fifteen or twenty steps, so that he might know she was near him. The cuckoos answered her; a breath of air that rustled the leaves made her think that he was there and coming down to her. Once she even imagined that she saw him; she stopped with a sense of suffocation, with a desire to run away. What was she to say to him? Had she come there to take him back with her and have him shot? Oh! no, she would not mention those things; she would not tell him that he must fly, that he must not remain in the neighbourhood. Then she thought of her father awaiting her return, and the reflection caused her most bitter anguish. She sank upon the turf, weeping hot tears, crying aloud:

"My God! My God! why am I here?"



It was a mad thing for her to have come. And, as if seized with sudden panic, she ran hither and thither, she sought to make her way out of the forest. Three times she lost her way, and had begun to think she was never to see the mill again, when she came out of the meadow, directly opposite Rocreuse. As soon as she caught sight of the village she stopped. Was she going to return alone? She dared not think.

She was standing there when she heard a voice calling her name, softly:

"Françoise, Françoise!"

And she beheld Dominique raising his head above the edge of a ditch. Just God! she had found him.

Could it be, then, that Heaven willed his death? She suppressed a cry that rose to her lips, and slipped into the ditch beside him.

"You were looking for me?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied bewilderedly, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

"Ah! what has happened?"

She stammered, with eyes downcast: "Why, nothing; I was anxious, I wanted to see you."

Thereupon, his fears alleviated, he went on to tell her how it was that he had remained in the vicinity. He was alarmed for them. Those rascally Prussians were not above their vengeance on women and old men. All had ended well, however, and he added, laughing:

"The wedding will be put off for a week, that's all."

He became serious, however, upon noticing that her dejection did not pass away.

"But what is the matter? You are concealing something from me."

"No, I give you my word I am not. I am tired; I ran all the way here."

He kissed her, saying it was imprudent for them both to talk there any longer, and was about to climb out of the ditch in order to return to the forest. She stopped him; she was trembling violently.

"Listen, Dominique; perhaps it will be as well for you to stay here, after all. There is no one looking for you; you have nothing to fear."

"Françoise, you are concealing something from me."

Again she protested that she was concealing nothing. She only liked to know that he was near her. And there were other reasons still that she gave in stammering accents. Her manner was so strange that no consideration could now have induced him to go away. He believed, moreover, that the French would return presently. Troops had been seen over towards Sauval.

"Ah! let them make haste; let them come as quickly as possible," she murmured fervently.

At that moment the clock of the church at Rocreuse struck eleven; the strokes reached them, clear and distinct. She arose in terror; it was two hours since she had left the mill.

"Listen," she said, with feverish rapidity, "should we need you, I will go up to my room and wave my handkerchief from the window."

AND SHE STARTED OFF HOMEWARD on a run, while Dominique, greatly disturbed in mind, stretched himself at length beside the ditch to watch the mill. Just as she was about to enter the village Françoise encountered an old beggar man, Father Bontemps, who knew everyone and everything in that part of the country. He saluted her; he had just seen the miller he said, surrounded by a crowd of Prussians; then, making numerous signs of the Cross and mumbling some inarticulate words, he went his way.

"The two hours are up," the officer said when Françoise made her appearance.

Father Merlier was there, seated on the bench beside the well. He was smoking still. The young girl again proffered her supplication, kneeling before the officer and weeping. Her wish was to gain time. The hope that she might yet behold the return of the French had been gaining strength in her bosom, and amid her tears and sobs she thought she could distinguish in the distance the cadenced tramp of an advancing army. Oh! if they would but come and deliver them all from their fearful trouble!

"Hear me, sir: grant us an hour, just one little hour. Surely you will not refuse to grant us an hour!"

But the officer was inflexible. He even ordered two men to lay hold of her and take her away, in order that they might proceed undisturbed with the execution of the old man. Then a dreadful conflict took place in Françoise's heart. She could not allow her father to be murdered in that manner; no, no, she would die in company with Dominique rather; and she was just darting away in the direction of her room in order to signal to her *fiancé*, when Dominique himself entered the courtyard.

The officer and his soldiers gave a great shout of triumph, but he, as if there had been no soul there but Françoise, walked straight up to her: he was perfectly calm, and his face wore a slight expression of sternness.

"You did wrong," he said. "Why did you not bring me back with you? Had it not been for Father Bontemps I should have known nothing of all this. Well, I am here, at all events."

V.

IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK. The heavens were piled high with great black clouds, the tail-end of a storm that had been raging somewhere in the vicinity. Beneath the coppery sky and ragged scud the valley of Rocreuse, so bright and smiling in the sunlight, became a grim chasm, full of sinister shadows. The Prussian officer had done nothing with Dominique beyond placing him in confinement, giving no indication of his ultimate purpose in regard to him. Françoise, since noon, had been suffering unendurable agony; notwithstanding her father's entreaties, she would not leave the courtyard. She was waiting for the French troops to appear, but the hours slipped by, night was approaching, and she suffered all the more since it appeared as if the time thus gained would have no effect on the final result.

About three o'clock, however, the Prussians began to make their preparations for departure. The officer had gone to Dominique's room and remained closeted with him for some minutes, as he had done the day before. Françoise knew that the young man's life was hanging in the balance; she clasped her hands and put up fervent prayers. Beside her sat Father Merlier, rigid and silent, declining, like the true peasant he was, to attempt any interference with accomplished facts.

"Oh! my God! my God!" Françoise exclaimed, "they are going to kill him!"

The miller drew her to him, and took her on his lap as if she had been a little child. At this juncture the officer came from the room, followed by two men conducting Dominique between them.

"Never, never," the latter exclaimed. "I am ready to die."

"You had better think the matter over," the officer replied. "I shall have no trouble in finding some one else to render us the service which you refuse. I am generous with you; I offer you your life. It is simply a matter of guiding us across the forest to Montredon; there must be paths."

Dominique made no answer.

"Then you persist in your obstinacy?"

"Shoot me, and let's have done with it," he replied.

Françoise, in the distance, entreated her lover with clasped hands; she was forgetful of all considerations save one—she would have had him commit a treason. But Father Merlier seized her hands, that the Prussians might not see the wild gestures of a woman whose mind was disordered by her distress.

"He is right," he murmured, "it is best for him to die."

The firing-party was in readiness. The officer still had hopes of bringing Dominique over, and was waiting to see him exhibit some signs of weakness. Deep silence prevailed. Heavy peals of thunder were heard in the distance, the fields and woods lay lifeless beneath the sweltering heat. And it was in the midst of this oppressive silence that suddenly the cry arose:

"The French; the French!"

It was a fact; they were coming. The line of red trousers could be seen advancing along the Sauval road, at the edge of the forest. In the mill the confusion was extreme; the Prussian soldiers ran to and fro, giving vent to guttural cries. Not a shot had been fired as yet.

"The French! the French!" cried Françoise, clapping her hands for joy. She was like a woman possessed. She had escaped from her father's embrace and was laughing boisterously, her arms raised high in the air. They had come at last, then, and had come in time, since Dominique was still there, alive!

A crash of musketry that rang in her ears like a thunderclap caused her to suddenly turn her head. The officer had muttered, "We will finish this business first," and with his own hands pushing Dominique up against the wall of a shed, had given the command to the squad to fire. When Françoise turned, Dominique was lying on the ground, pierced by a dozen bullets.

She did not shed a tear; she stood there like one suddenly rendered senseless. Her eyes were fixed and staring, and she went and seated herself beneath the shed, a few steps from the lifeless body. She looked at it wistfully; now and then she would make a movement with her hands in an aimless, childish way. The Prussians had seized Father Merlier as a hostage.

It was a pretty fight. The officer, perceiving that he could not retreat without being cut to pieces, rapidly made the best disposition possible of his men; it was as well to sell their lives dearly. The Prussians were now the defenders of the mill, and the French were the attacking party. The musketry fire began with unparalleled fury; for half an hour there was no lull in the storm. Then a deep report was heard, and a ball carried away the main branch of the old elm. The French had artillery; a battery, in position just beyond the ditch where Dominique had concealed himself, commanded the main street of Rocreuse. The conflict could not last long after that.

Ah! the poor old mill! The cannon-balls raked it from wall to wall. Half the roof was carried away; two of the walls fell in. But it was on the side toward the Morelle that the damage was most lamentable. The ivy, torn from the tottering walls, hung in tatters, *débris* of every description floated away upon the bosom of the stream, and through a great breach Françoise's chamber was visible, with its little bed, the snow-white curtains of which were carefully drawn. Two balls struck the old wheel in quick succession, and it gave one parting groan; the buckets were carried away down stream, the frame was crushed into a shapeless mass. It was the soul of the stout old mill parting from the body.

Then the French came forward to carry the place by storm. There was a mad hand-to-hand conflict with the bayonet. Under the dull sky the pretty valley became a huge slaughter-pen; the broad meadows looked on in horror, with their great isolated trees and their rows of poplars dotting them with shade, while to right and left the forest was like the walls of a tilting-ground enclosing the combatants, and in Nature's universal panic the gentle murmur of the spring and water-courses sounded like sobs and wails.

Françoise had not stirred from the shed where she remained hanging over Dominique's body. Father Merlier had met his death from a stray bullet. Then the French captain, the Prussians being exterminated and the mill on fire, entered the courtyard at the head of his men. It was the first success that he had gained since the breaking out of the war, so, all inflamed with enthusiasm, drawing himself up to the full height of his lofty stature, he laughed pleasantly, as a handsome cavalier like him might laugh. Then, perceiving poor idiotic Françoise where she crouched between the corpses of her father and her intended, among the smoking ruins of the mill, he saluted her gallantly with his sword, and shouted:

"Victory! Victory!"

Madrigal

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
  Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for a constant heart:
For these may fail or turn to ill,
  So thou and I shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
  To doat upon me ever!

John Wilbye.

Drawings by
Constance Garland

William Bacon's Man

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Hamlin Garland

THE YELLOW MARCH SUN lay powerfully on the bare Iowa prairie, where the ploughed fields were already turning warm and brown, and only here and there in a corner or on the north side of the fence did the sullen drifts remain, and they were so dark and low that they hardly appeared to break the mellow brown of the fields.

There passed also an occasional flock of geese, cheerful harbingers of spring, and the prairie-chickens had set up their morning symphony, wide-swelling, wonderful with its prophecy of the new birth of grass and grain and the springing life of all breathing things. The crow passed now and then, uttering his resonant croak, but the crane had not yet sent forth his bugle note.

Lyman Gilman rested on his axe-helve at the woodpile of Farmer Bacon to listen to the music around him. In a vague way he was powerfully moved by it. He heard the hens singing their weird, raucous, monotonous song, and saw them burrowing in the dry chip-dust near him. He saw the young colts and cattle frisking in the sunny space around the straw-stacks, absorbed through his bare arms and uncovered head the heat of the sun, and felt the soft wooing of the air so deeply that he broke into an unwonted exclamation:

"Glory! We'll be seeding by Friday, sure."

This short and disappointing soliloquy was, after all, an expression of deep emotion. To the Western farmer the very word "seeding" is a poem. And these few words, coming from Lyman Gilman, meant more and expressed more than many a large and ambitious spring-time song.

But the glory of all the slumbrous landscape, the stately beauty of the sky with its masses of fleecy vapour, were swept away by the sound of a girl's voice humming "Come to the Saviour," while she bustled about the kitchen near by. The windows were open. Ah! what suggestion to these dwellers in a rigorous climate was in the first unsealing of the windows! How sweet it was to the pale and weary women after their long imprisonment!

As Lyman sat down on his maple log to hear better, a plump face appeared at the window, and a clear, girl-voice said: "Smell anything, Lime?"

He snuffed the air. "Cookies, by the great horn spoon!" he yelled, leaping up. "Bring me some, an' see me eat; it'll do ye good."

"Come an' get 'm," laughed the face at the window.

"Oh, it's nicer out here, Merry Etty. What's the rush? Bring me out some, an' set down on this log."

With a nod Marietta disappeared, and soon came out with a plate of cookies in one hand and a cup of milk in the other.

"Poor little man, he's all tired out, ain't he?"

Lime, taking the cue, collapsed in a heap, and said feebly, "Bread, bread!"

"Won't milk an' cookies do as well?"

He brushed off the log and motioned her to sit down beside him, but she hesitated a little and coloured a little. "Oh, Lime, s'pose somebody should see us?"

"Let 'em. What in thunder do we care? Sit down an' gimme a holt o' them cakes. I'm just about done up. I couldn't 'a' stood it another minute."

She sat down beside him with a laugh and a pretty blush. She was in her apron, and the sleeves of her dress were rolled to her elbows, displaying the strong, round arms. Wholesome and sweet she looked and smelled, the scent of the cooking round her. Lyman munched a couple of the cookies and gulped a pint of milk before he spoke.

"Whadda we care who sees us sittin' side b' side? Ain't we goin' t' be married soon?"

"Oh, them cookies in the oven!" she shrieked, leaping up and running to the house. She looked back as she reached the kitchen door, however, and smiled with a flushed face. Lime slapped his knee and roared with laughter at his bold stroke.

"Ho! ho!" he laughed. "Didn't I do it slick? Ain't nothin' green in *my* eye, I guess." In an intense and pleasurable abstraction he finished the cookies and the milk. Then he yelled:

"Hey! Merry—Merry Etty!"

"Whadda ye want?" sang the girl from the window, her face still rosy with confusion.

"Come out here and git these things."

The girl shook her head, with a laugh.

"Come out an' git 'm, 'r, by jingo, I'll throw 'em at ye! Come on, now!"

The girl looked at the huge, handsome fellow, the sun falling on his golden hair and beard, and came slowly out to him—came creeping along with her hand outstretched for the plate which Lime, with a laugh in his sunny blue eyes, extended at the full length of his bare arm. The girl made a snatch at it, but his left hand caught her by the wrist, and away went cup and plate as he drew her to him and kissed her in spite of her struggles.

"My! ain't you strong!" she said, half ruefully and half admiringly, as she shrugged her shoulders. "If you'd use a little more o' *that* choppin' wood, Dad wouldn't 'a' lost s' much money by yeh."

Lime grew grave.

"There's the hog in the fence, Merry; there's the hog, what's yer dad goin' t' say——"

"About what?"

"About our gitt'n' married this spring."

"I guess you'd better find out what *I'm* a-goin' t' say, Lime Gilman, 'fore you pitch into Dad."

"I *know* what you're a'goin' t' say."

"No, y' don't."

"Yes, but I *do*, though."

"Well, ask me, and see if you're so smart. Jest as like 's not, you'll slip up."

"All right; here goes. Marietty Bacon, ain't you an' Lime Gilman goin' t' be married?"

"No, sir, we ain't," laughed the girl, snatching up the plate and darting away to the house, where she struck up "Weevily Wheat," and went busily on about her cooking. Lime threw a kiss at her, and fell to work on his log with startling energy.

Lyman looked forward to his interview with the old man with as much trepidation as he had ever known, though commonly he had little fear of anything—but a girl.

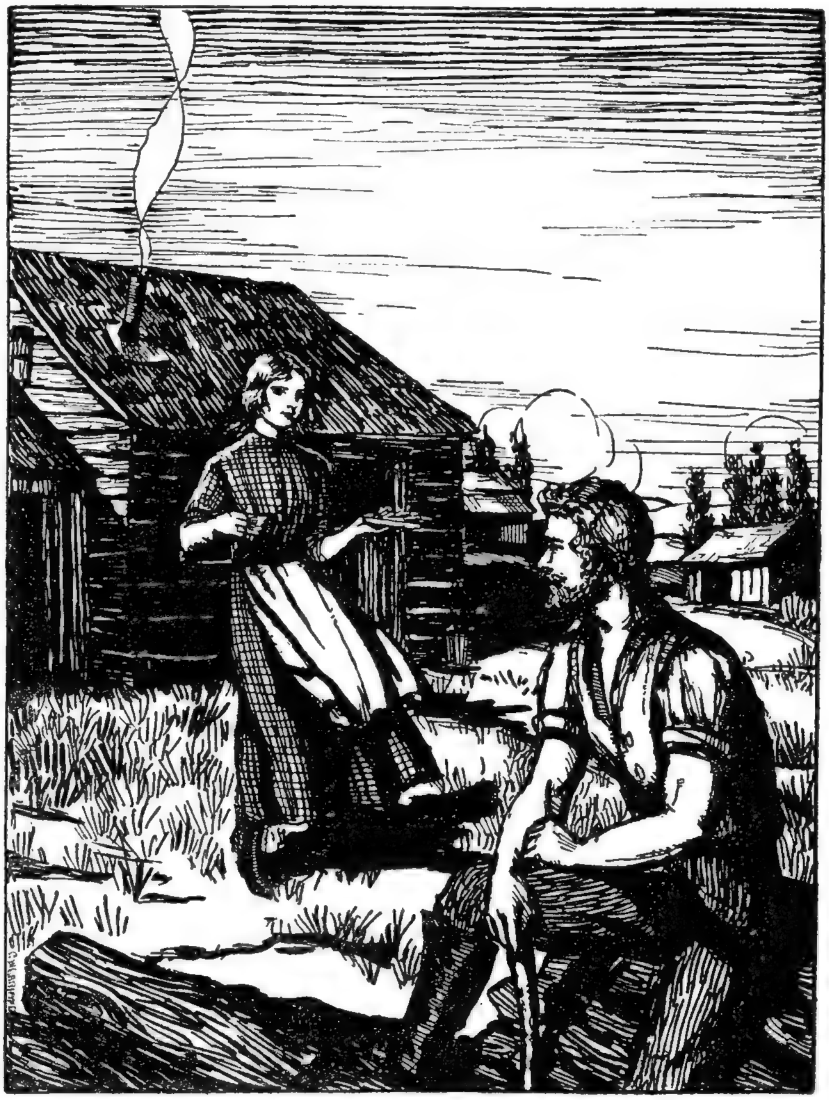
Marietta was not only the old man's only child, but his housekeeper, his wife having at last succumbed to the ferocious toil of the farm. It was reasonable to suppose, therefore, that he would surrender his claim on the girl reluctantly. Rough as he was, he loved Marietta strongly, and would find it exceedingly hard to get along on the farm without her.

Lyman mused on these things as he drove the gleaming axe into the huge maple logs. He was something more than the usual hired man, being a lumberman from the Wisconsin pineries, where he had sold out his interest in a camp not three weeks before the day he began work for Bacon. He had had a nice "little wad o' money" when he left the camp and started for La Crosse, but he had been robbed in his hotel the first night in the city, and was left nearly penniless. It was a great blow to him, for, as he said, every cent of that money "stood fer hard knocks an' poor feed. When I smelt of it I could jest see the cold, frosty mornin's and the late nights. I could feel the hot sun on my back like it was when I worked in the harvest-field. By jingo! It kind o' made my toes curl up."

But he went resolutely out to work again, and here he was chopping wood in old man Bacon's yard, thinking busily on the talk which had just passed between Marietta and himself.

"By jingo!" he said all at once, stopping short, with the axe on his shoulder. "If I hadn't 'a' been robbed I wouldn't 'a' come here—I never'd met Merry. Thunder and jimson root! Wasn't that a narrow escape?"

And then he laughed so heartily that the girl looked



out of the window again to see what in the world he was doing. He had his hat in his hand and was whacking his thigh with it.

"Lyman Gilman, what in the world ails you today? It's perfectly ridiculous the way you yell and talk t' y'rself out there on the chips. You beat the hens, I declare if you don't."

Lime put on his hat and walked up to the window, and, resting his great bare arms on the sill, and his chin on his arms, said:

"Merry, I'm goin' to tackle 'Dad' this afternoon. He'll be settin' up the new seeder, and I'm goin' t' climb right on the back of his neck. He's jest *got* t' give me a chance."

Marietta looked sober in sympathy.

"Well! P'rhaps it's best to have it over with, Lime, but someway I feel kind o' scary about it."

LIME STOOD FOR A LONG TIME looking in at the window, watching the light-footed girl as she set the table in the middle of the sun-lighted kitchen floor. The kettle hissed, the meat sizzled, sending up a delicious odour; a hen stood in the open door and sang a sort of cheery half-human song, while to and fro moved the sweet-faced, lithe, and powerful girl, followed by the smiling eyes at the window.

"Merry, you look purty as a picture. You look just like the wife I be'n a-huntin' for all these years, sure's shootin'." Marietta coloured with pleasure.

"Does Dad pay you to stand an' look at me an' say pretty things t' the cook?"

"No, he don't. But I'm willin' t' do it without pay. I could just stand here till kingdom come an' look at you. Hello! I hear a wagon. I guess I better hump into that woodpile."

"I think so too. Dinner's most ready, and Dad 'll be here soon."

Lime was driving away furiously at a tough elm log when Farmer Bacon drove into the yard with a new seeder in his wagon. Lime whacked away busily while Bacon stabled the team, and in a short time Marietta called, in a long-drawn, musical fashion: "Dinner-r-r!"

After sozzling their faces at the well the two men went in and sat down at the table. Bacon was not much of a talker at any time, and at meal-time, in seeding, eating was the main business in hand; therefore the meal was a silent one, Marietta and Lime not caring to talk on general topics. The hour was an anxious one for her, and an important one for him.

"Wal now, Lime, seedun' 's the nex' thing," said Bacon, as he shoved back his chair and glared around from under his bushy eyebrows. "We can't do too much this afternoon. That seeder's got t' be set up an' a lot o' seed-wheat cleaned up. You unload the machine while I feed the pigs."

Lime sat still till the old man was heard outside calling "Oo-ee, poo-ee" to the pigs in the yard; then he smiled at Marietta, but she said:

"He's got on one of his fits, Lime; I don't b'lieve you'd better tackle him t'day."

"Don't you worry; I'll fix him. Come now, give me a kiss."

"Why, you great thing! You—took——"

"I know, but I want you to *give* 'em to me. Just walk right up to me an' give me a smack t' bind the bargain."

"I ain't made any bargain," laughed the girl. Then, feeling the force of his tender tone, she added: "Will you behave, and go right off to your work?"

"Jest like a little man—hope t' die!"

"Lime!" roared the old man from the barn.

"Hello!" replied Lime, grinning joyously and winking at the girl, as much as to say, "This would paralyze the old man if he saw it."

He went out to the shed where Bacon was at work, as serene as if he had not a fearful task on hand. He was apprehensive that the father might "gig back" unless rightly approached, and so he awaited a good opportunity.

The right moment seemed to present itself along about the middle of the afternoon. Bacon was down on the ground under the machine, tightening some burrs. This was a good chance for two reasons. In the first place, the keen, almost savage eyes were no longer where they could glare on him, and in spite of his cool exterior Lime had just as soon not have the old man looking at him.

Besides, the old farmer had been telling about his "river eighty," which was without a tenant; the man who had taken it, having lost his wife, had grown disheartened and had given it up.

"It's an almighty good chance for a man with a small family. Good house an' barn, good land. A likely young feller with a team an' a woman could do tiptop on that eighty. If he wanted more, I'd let him have an eighty j'inun'——"

"I'd like t' try that m'self," said Lime, as a feeler. The old fellow said nothing in reply for a moment.

"Ef you had a team an' tools an' a woman, I'd jest as lief you'd have it as anybody."

"Sell me your blacks, and I'll pay half down—the balance in the fall. I can pick up some tools, and as for a woman, Merry Etty an' me have talked that over today. She's ready to—ready to marry me whenever you say go."

There was an ominous silence under the seeder, as if the father could not believe his ears.

"What's—what's that!" he stuttered. "Who'd you say? What about Merry Etty?"

"She's agreed to marry me."

"The hell you say!" roared Bacon, as the truth burst upon him. "So that's what you do when I go off to town and leave you to chop wood. So you're goun' to git married, hey?"

He was now where Lime could see him, glaring up into his smiling blue eyes. Lime stood his ground.

"Yes, sir. That's the calculation."

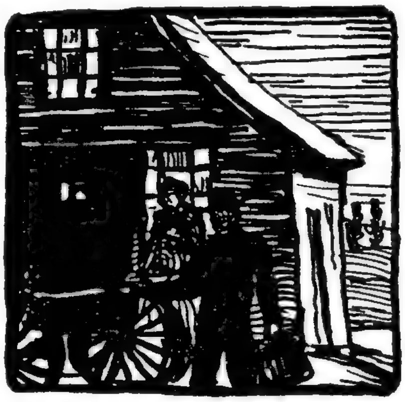
"Well, I guess I'll have somethin' t' say about that," said Bacon, nodding his head violently.

"I rather expected y' would. Blaze away. Your privilege—my bad luck. Sail in, ol' man. What's y'r objection to me fer a son-in-law?"

"Don't you worry, young feller. I'll come at it soon enough," went on Bacon, as he turned up another burr in a very awkward corner. In his nervous excitement the wrench slipped, banging his knuckle.

"Ouch! Thunder—m-m-m!" howled and snarled the wounded man.

"What's the matter? Bark y'r knuckle?" queried Lime, feeling a mighty impulse to laugh. But when he saw the old savage straighten up and glare at him he sobered. Bacon was now in a frightful temper. The veins in his great bare, weather-beaten neck swelled dangerously. His manner was terrifying.



"Jest let me say right here that I've had enough o' you. You can't live on the same acre with my girl another day."

"What makes ye think I can't?" It was now the young man's turn to draw himself up, and as he faced the old man, his arms folded and each vast hand grasping an elbow, he looked like a statue of red granite, and the hands resembled the paws of a crouching lion; but his eyes smiled.

"I don't *think*, I know ye won't."

"What's the objection to me?"

"Objection? Hell! What's the inducement? My hired man, an' not three shirts to yer back!"

"That's another; I've got four. Say, old man, did you ever work out for a living?"

"That's none o' your business," growled Bacon, a little taken down. "I've worked an' scraped, an' got t'gether a little prop'ty here, an' they ain't no sucker like you goun' to come 'long here, an' live off me, an' spend my prop'ty after I'm dead. You can jest bet high on that."

"Who's goin' t' live on ye?"

"You're aimun' to."

"I ain't neither."

"Yes, y'are. You've loafed on me ever since I hired ye."

"That's a——" Lime checked himself for Marietta's sake, and the enraged father went on:

"I hired ye t' cut wood, an' you've gone an' fooled my daughter away from me. Now you just figger up what I owe ye, and git out o' here. Ye can't go too soon t' suit *me*."

Bacon was renowned as the hardest man to handle in Cedar County, and though he was getting old, he was still a terror to his neighbours when roused. He was honest, temperate, and a good neighbour until something carried him off his balance; then he became as cruel as a panther and as savage as a grisly. All this Lime knew, but it did not keep his anger down so much as did the thought of Marietta. His silence infuriated Bacon, who yelled hoarsely:

"Git out o' this!"

"Don't be in a rush, ol' man——"

Bacon hurled himself upon Lime, who threw out one hand and stopped him, while he said in a low voice:

"Stay right where you are, ol' man. I'm dangerous. It's for Merry's sake——'

The infuriated old man struck at him. Lime warded off the blow, and with a sudden wrench and twist threw him to the ground with frightful force. Before Bacon could rise, Marietta, who had witnessed the scene, came flying from the house.

"Lime! Father! What are you doing?"

"I—couldn't help it, Merry. It was him 'r me," said Lime, almost sadly.

"Dad, ain't you got no sense? What 're you thinking of? You jest stop right now. I won't have it."

He rose while she clung to him; he seemed a little dazed. It was the first time he had ever been thrown, and he could not but feel a certain respect for his opponent, but he could not give way.

"Pack up yer duds," he snarled, "an' git off'n my land. I'll have the money for ye when ye come back. I'll give ye jest five minutes to git clear o' here. Merry, you stay here."

The young man saw it was useless to remain, as it would only excite the old man; and so, with a look of apology, not without humour, at Marietta, he went to the house to get his valise. The girl wept silently while the father raged up and down. His mood frightened her.

"I thought ye had more sense than t' take up with such a dirty houn'."

"He ain't a houn'," she blazed forth, "and he's just as good and clean as you are."

"Shut up! Don't let me hear another word out o' your head. I'm boss here yet, I reckon."

Lime came out with his valise in his hand.

"Good-by, Merry," he said cheerily. She started to go to him, but her father's rough grasp held her.

"Set *down*, an' stay there."

Lime was going out of the gate.

"Here! Come and get y'r money," yelled the old man, extending some bills. "Here's twenty——"

"Go to thunder with your money," roared Lime. "I've had my pay for my month's work." As he said that, he thought of the sunny kitchen and the merry girl, and his throat choked. Good-by to the sweet girl whose smile was so much to him, and to the happy noons and nights her eyes had made for him. He waved his hat at her as he stood in the open gate, and the sun lighted his handsome head into a sort of glory in her eyes. Then he turned and walked rapidly off down the road, not looking back.

The girl, when she could no longer see him, dashed away, and, sobbing violently, entered the house.

II

There was just a suspicion of light in the east, a mere hint of a glow, when Lyman walked cautiously around the corner of the house and tapped at Marietta's window. She was sleeping soundly and did not hear, for she had been restless during the first part of the night. He tapped again, and the girl woke without knowing what woke her. Lyman put the blade of his pocket-knife under the window and raised it a little, and then placed his lips to the crack, and spoke in a sepulchral tone, half groan, half whisper:

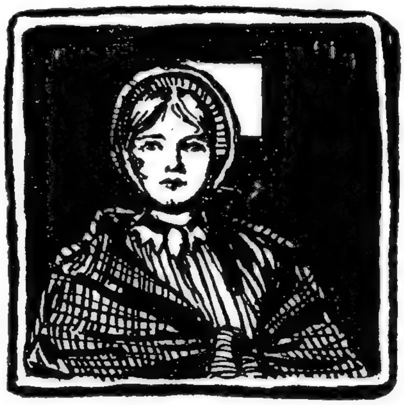
"Merry! Merry Etty!"

The dazed girl sat up in bed and listened, while her heart almost stood still.

"Merry, it's me—Lime. Come to the winder." The girl hesitated, and Lyman spoke again.

"Come, I hain't got much time. This is your last chance t' see me. It's now 'r never."

The girl slipped out of bed, and, wrapping herself in a shawl, crept to the window.



"Boost on that winder," commanded Lyman. She raised it enough to admit his head, which came just above the sill; then she knelt on the floor by the window. Her eyes stared wide and dark.

"Lime, what in the world do you mean——"

"I mean business," he replied. "I ain't no last year's chicken; I know when the old man sleeps soundest." He chuckled pleasantly.

"How 'd y' fool old Rove?"

"Never mind about that now; they's something more important on hand. You've got t' go with me. You've got to."

She drew back. "Oh, Lime, I can't!"

He thrust a great arm in and caught her by the wrist.

"Yes, y' can. This is y'r last chance. If I go off without ye t'night, I never come back. What makes ye gig back? Are ye 'fraid o' me?"

"N-no; but—but——"

"But what, Merry Etty?"

"It ain't right to go an' leave Dad all alone. Where y' goin' t' take me, anyhow?"

"Milt Jennings let me have his horse an' buggy: they're down the road a piece, an' we'll go right down to Rock River and be married by sun-up."

The girl still hesitated, her firm, boyish will unwontedly befogged. Resolute as she was, she could not at once accede to his demand.

"Come, make up your mind soon. The old man 'll fill me with buck-shot if he catches sight o' me." He drew her arm out of the window and laid his bearded cheek to it. "Come, little one, we're made for each other; God knows it. Come! It's him 'r me."

The girl's head dropped, consented.

"That's right! Now a kiss to bind the bargain. There! What, cryin'? No more o' that, little one. Now I'll give you jest five minutes to git on your Sunday-go-t'-meetin' clo'es. Quick, there goes a rooster. It's gittin' white in the east."

The man turned his back to the window and gazed at the western sky with a wealth of unuttered and unutterable exultation in his heart. Far off a rooster gave a long, clear blast—would it be answered in the barn? Yes; some wakeful ear had caught it, and now the answer came faint, muffled, and drowsy. The dog at his feet whined uneasily as if suspecting something wrong. The wind from the south was full of the wonderful odour of springing grass, warm, brown earth, and oozing sap. Overhead, to the west, the stars were shining in the cloudless sky, dimmed a little in brightness by the faint silvery veil of moisture in the air. The man's soul grew very tender as he stood waiting for his bride. He was rough, illiterate, yet there was something fine about him after all, a kind of simplicity and a gigantic, leonine tenderness.

He heard his sweetheart moving about inside, and mused: "The old man won't hold out when he finds we're married. He can't get along without her. If he does, why, I'll rent a farm here, and we'll go to work housekeepin'. I can git the money. She shan't always be poor," he ended, and the thought was a vow.

The window was raised again, and the girl's voice was heard low and tremulous:

"Lime, I'm ready, but I wish we didn't——"

He put his arm around her waist and helped her out, and did not put her down till they reached the road. She was completely dressed, even to her hat and shoes, but she mourned:

"My hair is every-which-way; Lime, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lime laughed. "Oh, we'll stop at Jennings's and fix up. Milt knows what's up, and has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead toward the north, and, with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and laughed.

III

AT ABOUT THE TIME the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barn-yard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lime and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water-bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked with his knuckles as he had done for years in precisely the same fashion.

Rap—rap—rap. "Hello, Merry! Time t' git up. Broad daylight, an' birds a-singun'."

Without waiting for an answer he went out to the barn and worked away at his chores. He took such delight in the glorious morning and the turbulent life of the farmyard that his heart grew light and he hummed a tune which sounded like the merry growl of a lion. "Poo-ee, poo-ee," he called to the pigs as they swarmed across the yard.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yourn is clear money. One of ye shall go t' buy Merry a new dress," he said as he glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stovepipe. "Merry 's a good girl; she's stood by her old pap when other girls 'u'd 'a' gone back on 'im."

While currying horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'nough t' marry yet—and, besides, I need her."

After finishing his chores, as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen—to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere, and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin'. Poor gal! Mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently, at the door.

"Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again and got no reply, and, with a white face and shaking hand, he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twitching lips.

"She's left me! She's left me!"

For a long half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and felt no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, fled in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden again, and he rose stiffly. His native stubborness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared, as best he could, a breakfast, and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl, when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew, for he had been sitting two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice and Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, Pap! How you makin' out with break——" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"Poor ol' Pap! Merry couldn't leave you. She's come back to stay as long as he lives."

The old man remained cold and stern. His deep voice had a relentless note in it as he pushed her away from him, noticing no one else.

"But how do you come back t' me?"

The girl grew rosy, but she stood proudly up.

"I come back the wife of a *man*, Pap; a wife like my mother, an' this t' hang beside hers"; and she laid down a rolled piece of parchment.

"Take it an' go," growled he; "take yer lazy lubber an' git out o' my sight. I raised ye, took keer o' ye when ye was little, sent ye t' school, bought ye dresses, —done everythin' fer ye I could, 'lowin' t' have ye stand by me when I got old,—but no, ye must go back on yer ol' pap, an' go off in the night with a good-f'r-nothin' houn' that nobuddy knows anything about—a feller that never done a thing for ye in the world——"

"What did you do for mother that she left *her* father and mother and went with you? How much did you have when you took her away from her good home an' brought her away out here among the wolves an' Indians? I've heard you an' her say a hundred times that you didn't have a chair in the house. Now, why do you talk so t' me when I want t' git—when Lime comes and asks for me?"

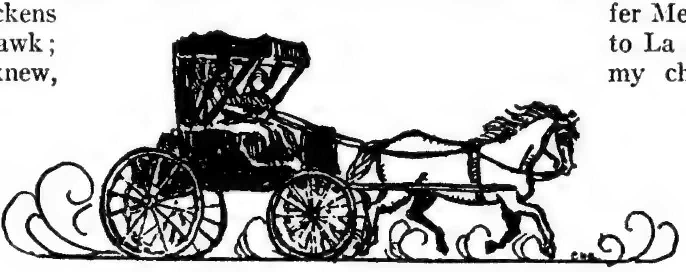
The old man was staggered. He looked at the smiling face of John Jennings and the tearful eyes of Mrs. Jennings, who had returned with Lyman. But his heart hardened again as he caught sight of Lime looking in at him. His absurd pride would not let him relent. Lime saw it, and stepped forward.

"Ol' man, I want t' take a little inning now. I'm a fair, square man. I asked ye fer Merry as a man should. I told you I'd had hard luck, when I first came here. I had five thousand dollars in clean cash stole from me. I hain't got a thing now except credit, but that's good fer enough t' stock a little farm with. Now, I wan' to be fair and square in this thing. You wan' to rent a farm; I need one. Let me have the river eighty, or I'll take the whole business on a share of a third, an' Merry Etty and I to stay here with you jest as if nothin' 'd happened. Come, now, what d' y' say?"

There was something winning in the sturdy bearing of the man as he stood before the father, who remained silent and grim.

"Or if you don't do that, why, there's nothin' left fer Merry an' me but to go back to La Crosse, where I can have my choice of a dozen farms. Now, this is the way things is standin'. I don't want to be underhanded about this thing——"

"That's a fair offer,"



said Mr. Jennings in the pause which followed. "You'd better do it, neighbour Bacon. Nobuddy need know how things stood; they were married in my house—I thought that would be best. You can't live without your girl," he went on, "any more 'n I could without my boy. You better——"

The figure at the table straightened up. Under his tufted eyebrows his keen gray eyes flashed from one to the other. His hands knotted.

"Go slow!" went on the smooth voice of Jennings, known all the country through as a peacemaker. "Take time t' think it over. Stand out, an' you'll live here alone without chick 'r child; give in, and this house'll bubble over with noise and young ones. Now is short, and forever's a long time to feel sorry in."

The old man at the table knitted his eyebrows, and a distorted, quivering, ghastly smile broke out on his face. His chest heaved; then he burst forth:

"Gal, yank them gloves off, an' git me something to eat—breakfus' 'r dinner, I don't care which. Lime, you infernal idiot, git out there and gear up them horses. What in thunder you foolin' round about hyere in seed'n'? Come, hustle, all o' ye!" And they all shouted in laughter, while the old man strode unsteadily but resolutely out toward the barn, followed by the bridegroom, who was still laughing—but silently.

Ethics in a Business Suit

GIVE EAR, O YE SALESMEN!

O you who go selling your wares in the street, when a stranger comes and asks you: What do you want for this? you say: I want thirty soldi. But of a fellow citizen you don't ask more than twenty. Nor do I accuse shopkeepers only. The countryman is just as bad when he gets the chance. . . . Sometimes, for instance, a peasant with a load of wood meets a stranger, and the stranger says to him: What do you want for that wood? He stands still in the road and says: Oh, you don't really want to buy it. Yes, I do, says the stranger. What's the price? Well, these are very fine logs, these are. What do you want for them? Eh, it's a good long way I've had to carry them. Yes, but what is the price of them, tell me? You wouldn't see logs like this every day; these were cut in May; they're fine and dry now. (And still he won't tell how much he asks.) Well, but how much do you ask for them? The peasant says: That load's worth seven soldi. But even when he does reply he doesn't ask an honest figure.

Ah, me, as I go among you, looking at you one by one, I find you all on tiptoe to make more money than your rightful dues. But this I say to you. Under no circumstances is it right to sell a thing for more to one and less to another. You should sell it for the same to him who knows its value and to him who does not.

Examples of San Bernardino of Siena (1380-1444). ADA HARRISON.

THERE ARE MANY LIKE HIM

A transportation company operating street cars and 'busses in a large city, rejected the claim of a woman for injuries allegedly sustained while alighting from a 'bus. The case was taken to court, where the woman stated she had been thrown from the floor of the 'bus clear to the ground, by a sudden start of the car, the fall causing her to cut her knee to the bone.

The transportation company had witnesses who testified that the woman had fallen down after walking three steps from the 'bus, and proved conclusively that she had not been confined to bed, that her knee had not been injured, and that she was perjuring herself.

The jury nevertheless brought in a verdict for $1,500 against the transportation company.

A few days after the trial, an employe of the company chanced to talk to a respected citizen who had been a member of the jury, and who calmly stated: "Oh, the street car company has plenty of money. They need to get 'stung' once in a while—and I had a claim rejected by them once."

L. A. H.

—But Ladies Prefer Brunettes

Drawings by George de Zayas, from "How to Get Rid of a Woman" (Bobbs-Merrill)

God made brunettes,
A silversmith made blondes,
God made brunettes.
Let him have a blonde who wishes,
I like brunettes.
Old Spanish Song [McMahon].

THE ROMANTIC JULIO DESNOYERS

She considered him the most distinguished man on board because he was accustomed to taking champagne with all his meals. He was of medium height, a decided brunette, with a small foot, which obliged her to tuck hers under her skirts, and a triangular face under two masses of hair, straight, black and glossy as lacquer, the very opposite of the type of man about her. *Mare Nostrum.* Blasco Ibañez.

He had an almost swarthy complexion, with full lips, badly moulded, though red and smooth, above which a sooty fur represented for the present the dense black moustache that was to be. Yet, despite the touches of barbarism in his contours, there was a singular force in the gentleman's face, and in his bold rolling eye.
Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Thomas Hardy.

MADAME BOVARY'S LOVER

Her tenderness, in fact, grew each day with her repulsion to her husband. The more she gave up herself to the one, the more she loathed the other. Never had Charles seemed to her so disagreeable, to have such stodgy fingers, such vulgar ways, to be so dull as when they found themselves together after her meeting with Rudolphe. Then, while playing the spouse and virtue, she was burning at the thought of that head whose black hair fell in a curl over the sunburnt brow, of that form at once so strong and elegant, of that man, in a word, who had such experience in his reasoning, such passion. *Madame Bovary.* Gustave Flaubert.

He had black hair, a long black beard, and long black fingernails.
The Beloved Vagabond. William J. Locke.

JANE EYRE CAPITULATES

Half reclined on a couch appeared Mr. Rochester, his foot supported by the cushion. The fire shone full on his face. I knew my traveler with his broad and jetty eyebrows; his square forehead, made squarer by the horizontal sweep of his black hair. I recognized his decisive nose, more remarkable for character than beauty; his full nostrils, denoting, I thought, choler; his grim mouth, chin and jaw—yes, all three were very grim and no mistake. . . .

He had been looking two minutes at the fire, and I had been looking the same length of time at him, when turning suddenly, he caught my gaze fastened on his physiognomy.

"You examine me, Miss Eyre," said he; "do you think me handsome?"

I should, if I had deliberated, have replied to this question by something conventionally vague and polite; but the answer somehow slipped from my tongue before I was aware: "No, sir."

A few weeks later:

My master's colourless, olive face, square, massive brow, broad and jetty eyebrows, deep eyes, strong features, firm, grim mouth—all energy, decision, will—were not beautiful, according to rule; but they were more than beautiful to me. They were full of an interest, an influence that quite mastered me—that took my feelings from my own power and fettered them in his. I had not intended to love him; the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of him, it spontaneously revived, green and strong! He made me love him without looking at him. *Jane Eyre.* Charlotte Brontë.

THE DARKLY FASCINATING MAHMOUD BAROUDI

He was remarkably well dressed in clothes which must have been cut by an English tailor, and which he wore with a carelessness almost English, but also with an easy grace that was utterly foreign. Thin, with mighty shoulders and an exceptionally deep chest, it was obvious that his strength must be enormous. His neck looked as powerful as a bull's, and his rather small head was poised upon it with a sort of triumphant boldness. His hair was black and curly, his nose straight, with wide and ardent nostrils. Under a small but dense moustache his lips were thick and rather pouting. His chin, thrust forward slightly in a manner almost aggressive, showed the dusk of close-shaven hair. The tint of his skin, though dark, was clear—had even something of delicacy. . . .

For years she had dominated men. This man could dominate her. He knew it.

Bella Donna. ROBERT HICHENS

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra" by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

The Lady of Shalott. TENNYSON.

INTRODUCING THE INCOMPARABLE SHEIK

She urged the horse on with all her power, but perceptibly he was slowing up. She flashed another backward look. The Arab was close behind her—closer than she had been aware. She had a momentary glimpse of a big white figure, dark piercing eyes, and white gleaming teeth, and passionate rage filled her. With no thought of what the consequences of retaliation might be, with no thought at all beyond a wild desire to rid herself of her pursuer, driven by a sudden madness which seemed to rise up in her and which she could not control, she clutched her revolver and fired twice, full in the face of the man who was following her. He did not even flinch, and a low laugh of amusement came from him. And at the sound of his laugh Diana's mouth parched suddenly, and a cold shiver rippled across her spine. A strange feeling that she had never experienced before went through her. She had missed again as she had missed this morning. How, she did not know; it was inexplicable, but it was a fact, and a fact that left her with a feeling of powerlessness. She dropped the useless revolver, trying vainly to force her horse's pace, but inch by inch the fiery chestnut that the Arab was riding crept up alongside. She would not turn to look again, but glancing sideways she could see its small, wicked-looking head, with flat-laid ears and vicious, bloodshot eyes, level with her elbow. For a moment or two it remained there, then with a sudden spurt the chestnut forged ahead, and as it shot past it swerved close in beside her, and the man, rising in his stirrups and leaning towards her, flung a pair of powerful arms around her, and, with a jerk, swung her clear of the saddle and on to his own horse in front of him. His movement had been so quick she was unprepared and unable to resist. For a moment she was stunned, then her senses came back to her and she struggled wildly, but, stifled in the thick folds of the Arab's robes, against which her face was crushed, and held in a grip that seemed to be slowly suffocating her, her struggles were futile. The hard, muscular arm around her hurt her acutely, her ribs seemed to be almost breaking under its weight and strength, it was nearly impossible to breathe with the close contact of his body. She was unusually strong for a girl, but against his steely strength that held her she was helpless. . . . "Lie still, you little fool!" he snarled with sudden vehemence, and with brutal hands he forced her to obey him, until she wondered if he would leave a single bone unbroken in her body, till further resistance was impossible. Gasping for breath she yielded to the strength that overpowered her, and ceased to struggle. . . Diana's eyes passed over him slowly till they rested on his brown, clean-shaven face, surmounted by crisp, close-cut brown hair. It was the handsomest and cruelest face that she had ever seen.

The Sheik. E. M. HULL.

"THE DARLING" FEELS THE CHARM OF A BLACK BEARD

He walked to her gate with Olenka and then he said good-bye and went on. She heard his solemn, dignified voice all day, and whenever she shut her eyes she saw his dark beard. She liked him. And apparently he took an interest in her. Not very long after he walked home with her, an older woman whom she barely knew came in to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she sat down she began to talk of what an excellent, reliable man Pustalov was and how glad any woman should be to get him for a husband. And Pustalov himself came three days later. He did not stay more than ten minutes, and he said very little, but Olenka fell so much in love with him that she did not sleep at all, and the next morning she sent for the match-making lady. The marriage was arranged at once, and the wedding followed.

The Darling. ANTON CHEKHOV.

"Thou shalt tell me of this youth. Did he ride a milk-white steed?"

"Yes; a high, proud one; not a single black hair on him; its mane swam in the wind; and its trappings were of scarlet and gold."

"A goodly youth with spurs; was he not?"

"Yes; his hair was black as the wing of the night raven. He had a noble air, and oh! an eye that takes your breath."

"It is young Lord Lovel."

SUSAN E. WALLACE.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

Although of a paleness that was almost livid, this man had a remarkably handsome face; his eyes were penetrating and sparkling; a nose, quite straight and projecting direct from the brow, gave out the Greek type in all its purity, while his teeth, as white as pearls, were set off to admiration by the black moustache that encircled them.

The Count of Monte Cristo. ALEXANDER DUMAS.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent.

ROBERT BURNS.

NOT QUITE A GENTLEMAN—BUT SUCH NICE BLACK WHISKERS

Mr. Salteena was an elderly man of 42 and was fond of asking people to stay with him. He had quite a young girl staying with him of 17 named Ethel Monticue. Mr. Salteena had dark short hair and moustache and whiskers which were very black and twisty. . . . One morning Mr. Salteena came down to breakfast and found Ethel had come down first, which was strange. Is the tea made Ethel he said rubbing his hands. Yes said Ethel and such a quear shaped parcel has come for you Yes indeed it was a quear shaped parcel it was a hat box tied down very tight and a letter stuffed between the string. Well well said Mr. Salteena parcels do turn quear I will read the letter first and so saying he tore open the letter and this is what it said

MY DEAR ALFRED:

I want you to come for a stop with me so I have sent you a top hat wraped up in tishu paper inside the box. Will you wear it staying with me because it is very uncommon. Please bring one of your young ladies whichever is the prettiest in the face.

I remain Your truely, BERNARD CLARK.

Well said Mr. Salteena I shall take you to stay Ethel and fancy him sending me a top hat. Then Mr. S. opened the box and there lay the most splendid top hat of a lovly rich tone rarther like grapes with a ribbon round compleat. Well, said Mr. Salteena peevishly, I don't know if I shall like it, the bow of the ribbon is too flighty for my age. Then he sat down and eat the egg which Ethel had so kindly laid for him. After he had finished his meal he got down and began to write to Bernard Clark; he ran up stairs on his fat legs and took out his blotter with a loud sniff and this is what he wrote

MY DEAR BERNARD:

Certainly I shall come and stay with you next Monday I will bring Ethel Monticue commonly called Miss M. She is very active and pretty. I do hope I shall enjoy myself with you. I am fond of digging in the garden and I am parshial to ladies if they are nice I suppose it is my nature. I am not quite a gentleman but you would hardly notice it but can't be helped anyhow. We will come by the 3-15.

Your old and valud friend, ALFRED SALTEENA.

The Young Visiters. DAISY ASHFORD.

BROM BONES—UNCOUTH, BUT FASCINATING

The most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade of the name of Abraham—or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom—Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones.—This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and, though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes.
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. WASHINGTON IRVING.

His form was taller than Virginia's, his complexion browner, his nose more aquiline, and his black eyes might have glowed with a little pride if the long, penciled lashes had not so much softened them.
BÉRNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

DON JUAN—AFTER A SHIPWRECK

. . . Still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk and weak;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weighed upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.
And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.
Don Juan. LORD BYRON.

Vronski was a medium-sized, firmly built, dark-complexioned man, with a good-natured, handsome, extremely calm, and firm face. In his face and figure, from the close-cropped black hair and freshly shaven chin, to the broad, brand-new uniform, everything was simple and at the same time elegant.
Anna Karenina. TOLSTOY.

RIVALS FOR DARK-HAIRED TOM JONES'S AFFECTIONS

Jones had not been long gone before Lady Bellaston cried, "Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow; I wonder who he is; for I don't remember ever to have seen his face before."

"Nor I neither, madam," cries Sophia. "I must say he behaved very handsomely in relation to my note."

"Yes; and he is a very handsome fellow," said the lady; "don't you think so?"

"I did not take much notice of him," answered Sophia, "but I thought he seemed rather awkward and ungenteel than otherwise."

"You are extremely right," cries Lady Bellaston; "you may see, by his manner, that he hath not kept good company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your note and refusing the reward, I almost question whether he is a gentleman.—I have always observed there is something in persons well born which others can never acquire.—I think I will give orders not to be at home to him."

"Nay, sure, madam," answered Sophia, "one can't suspect after what he hath done; besides, if your ladyship observed him, there was an elegance in his discourse, a delicacy, a prettiness of expression that, that——"

"I confess," said Lady Bellaston, "the fellow hath words—And indeed, Sophia, you must forgive me, indeed you must."

"I forgive your ladyship!" said Sophia.

"Yes, indeed you must," answered she, laughing; "for I had a horrible suspicion when I first came into the room—I vow you must forgive it; but I suspected it was Mr. Jones himself."

"Did your ladyship, indeed?" cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a laugh.

"Yes, I vow I did," answered she. "I can't imagine what put it into my head; for, give the fellow his due, he was genteelly dressed; which, I think, dear Sophia, is not commonly the case with your friend. . . ."

"I thought," says Sophia, "your ladyship had allowed him to be handsome——"

"Whom, pray?" cried the lady hastily.

"Mr. Jones," answered Sophia;—and immediately recollecting herself, "Mr. Jones!—no, no; I ask your pardon;—I mean the gentleman who was just now here."

"Oh, Sophy! Sophy!" cries the lady; "this Mr. Jones, I am afraid, still runs in your head."

"Then, upon my honour, madam," said Sophia, "Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me as the gentleman who just now left us."

The History of Tom Jones. HENRY FIELDING.

The Tenth Muse: Advertisa

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

NOTICE

I have opened my Justice of the Peace office over the Keep-U-Neat shop. All business placed in my hands will receive careful attention.

To those needing household help, call me and I will assist you in getting good help. Those wanting positions may call at my office and leave applications. To those that are going to get married, see me beforehand.

J. N. Brown, J. P.

Clarksville (Ark.) Herald-Democrat.

Ladies' Separate Skirts; all wood; all sizes; selling out now at only

$1.44

Harrisburg (Va.) Daily News Record.

LOST—Pair of pants. Liberal reward. Return 328 Bourbon.

New Orleans (La.) Times-Picayune.

Wish to secure position for young woman as governess or companion, to teach French and German; speaks English, European, and American; references. Phone Pelham 1490J.

New Rochelle (N. Y.) Standard-Star.

To those who have owed me for two or three years and have paid no attention to statements of account sent: If you do not come in soon there will be a man around who will do business with you.

Fair warning? Dr. D. B. Craig.

Kansas paper.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

The death rate is higher than that of the rest of the State, though there is no resident physician.

St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.

E. L. Brown, owner of the building at 2300 North B Street, occupied by the Wolverton Grocery company, will be remodeled at a cost of $1,000. Work includes the installation of plate glass windows and steel I-beams.

Fort Smith (Ark.) Southwest American.

HON. T. BURROWS BORN IN
AUTOS CAUGHT IN RUTS

Headline in Ottawa (Can.) Citizen.

The bride wore a gown of white taffeta with a pointed skirt filled with insects.

Portland (Ore.) News.

The bill will include $800,000 for the institution for the feeble winded at Apple Creek.

Tiffin (Ohio) Daily Advertiser.

No lives were lost but several were endangered before police guarded the road to prevent automobilists from crossing the 75-foot stretch of deep, rapidly moving water. Other local livers rose several feet above their normal height.

Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

Who am I? Who is my bother-in-law?

New Rochelle (N. Y.) Standard-Star.

A. K. Parlor had four truck loads of fat hogs delivered to Enid Sunday evening. One of the men driving one truck went into the ditch and such a squealing time you never heard of before.

Enid (Okla.) Events.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Stewart are living at Mackinaw City for the summer as Mrs. Stewart is working on the road hauling gravel.

Ludington (Mich.) Daily News.

Bill Snider and family at Calvery is moving to Eckmansville this week. The neighbors are sorry to lose such a neighbor but hope they are bettering themselves.

Hillsboro (Ohio) News Herald.

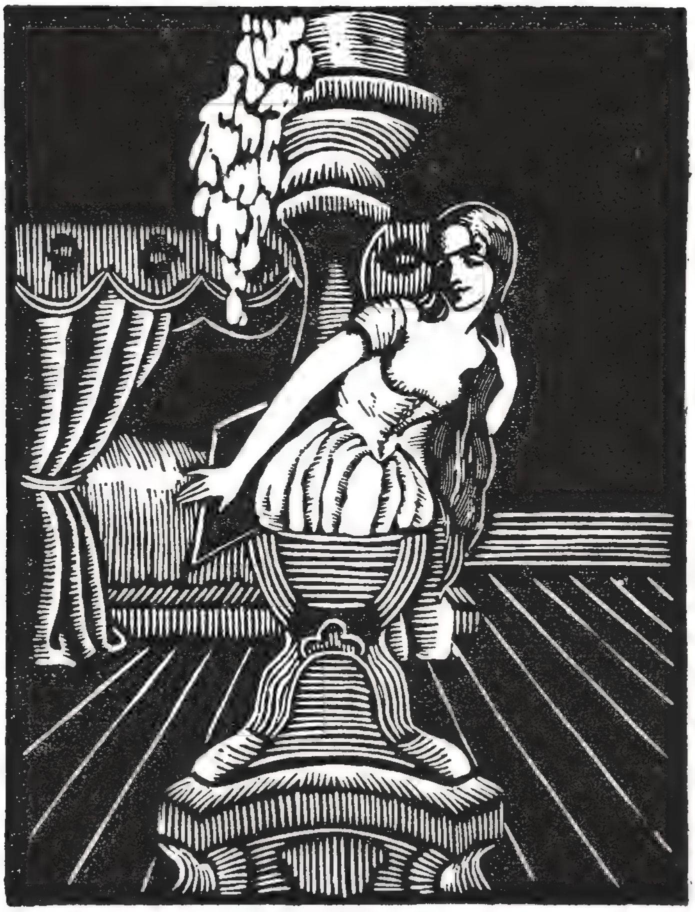
CAMP FIRE GIRLS TO
HAVE CHEST DISPLAYS

Headline in Berkley (Calif.) Gazette.

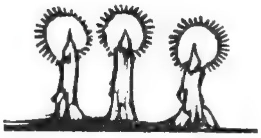
For the first time in many weeks, Clarence B. Wootten again showed his smiling face down-town in Kerman. Mr. Wootten has been seriously ill for some time, and still carries his right eye in a sling.

Kerman (Calif.) News.

An Old Albanian Folk Tale



In the night, while the prince slept, the girl came out from the candlestick



The Candlestick

Translated by PAUL FENIMORE COOPER

There was a king who had a wife and a daughter. The wife was taken sick and there was no curing her. When she felt that the time of death was near, she called her husband and said to him, "Order the shoemaker to make me a pair of shoes neither too large nor too small. Let him come and take my measure, so the shoes will fit my feet. After I die, order a servant to go from town to town with the shoes, and take the girl that they fit perfectly, for your wife."

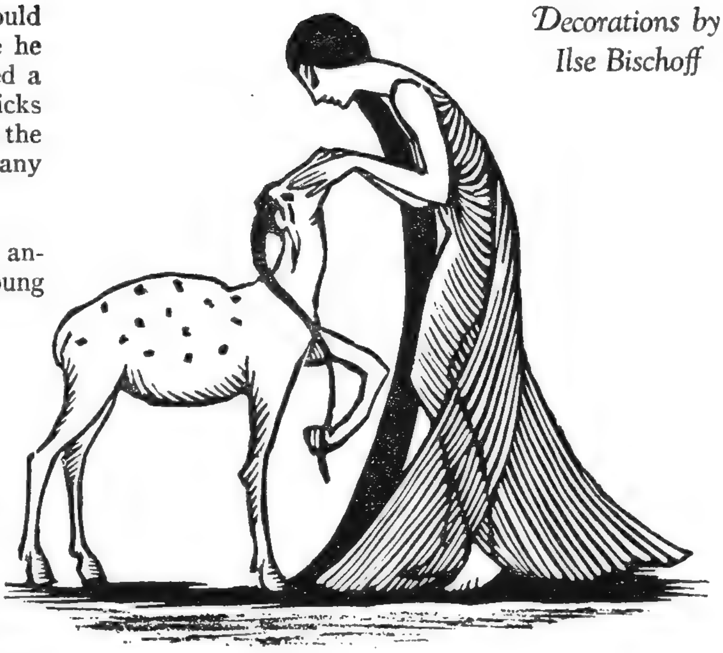
After his wife died, the king sent a servant off with the shoes, but the servant found no one, neither woman nor girl, whom the shoes fitted. Afterwards he returned to the king and said, "No girl could be found whom the shoes fitted; either they were too large or too small."

One day the daughter of the king put on the shoes to see if they fitted her, but not with any wish that her father would marry her. When she put them on, they fitted exactly. At that moment it happened that her father called to her to bring him a drink of water. She hurried to take it to him without taking off the shoes, because she never thought that the king would marry his own daughter. The king, when he saw that the shoes fitted her exactly, said, "I wish to make you my wife, since the shoes fit you so well. Because your mother said at the time of her death, 'Whatever woman or girl these shoes fit, you marry that one.' "

The girl said, "I shall marry you, provided you have two candlesticks made as tall as I am and very large. And have them made so that they open and shut with a screw."

The king fulfilled her wish, and in two or three days he sent her the finished candlesticks. She took them and crawled inside of one. After a while the king went to get her to marry her; but he could not find her anywhere, for he never thought she could hide in a candlestick. Thereupon, angry because he could not marry his daughter, the king summoned a public crier and said to him, "Take these candlesticks and sell them, and whatever price you get, keep the money for yourself. I do not wish to see them any longer."

Decorations by Ilse Bischoff



WHILE THE CRIER was going from one town to another to sell the candlesticks, he saw a young prince sitting in a window watching what was going on in the street. And the prince spoke to the crier and said, "How many piasters do you want for those candlesticks?"

"As many as your highness wishes to give," said the crier.

So the prince threw out a purse of gold, took the candlesticks, and put them in the room where he slept.

This young prince was betrothed to the daughter of a king, and he was in the habit of eating at night when he woke up. For this purpose he had put in his room a single plate on which were many kinds of food. In the night, while he slept, the girl came out from the candlestick and began to taste all the foods. After she had tasted each kind, she washed her hands, went over and stroked the prince's hands, and then hid again in the candlestick. The prince woke up. He went to eat, and he noticed that the food had been touched. Also he saw the water where she had washed her hands.

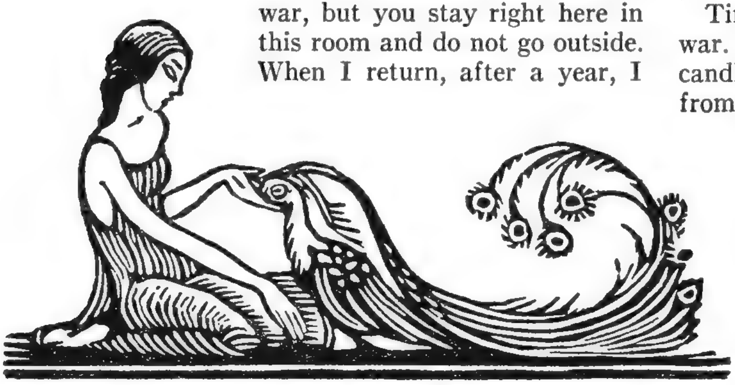
In the morning he said to the servants, "Is it you who have touched the food? Or was it perhaps a cat that came into the room?"

"No," they said. "No cat has been in the room; and we are surprised at the question you put to us."

After that he said, "Then watch out, for it is possible that the cat came in without your seeing it." But the night following, to his surprise, he found the food had again been touched.

Not knowing what it meant, on the third night he stayed awake and pretended to be sleeping. The girl came out from the candlestick, went to eat the food, and, after she had tasted it, went over to stroke the prince's hands. He woke up and said, "Then it's you who eat my food? I, although I am betrothed, will marry you, because you are so beautiful." And he married her without any wedding feast.

The time came for the prince to go to war. He said to his wife, "I am going to war, but you stay right here in this room and do not go outside. When I return, after a year, I expect to find you here. Before I go, I shall tell the servants to bring you bread and meat and whatever else you wish. But you must stay hidden in the candlestick, so no one can see you." And he went off to fight.



ONE DAY THE PRINCE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW came to see her son-in-law's room, because she was going to give him her daughter. When she came to the room, as the girl had not closed the door, she found her there and said to her, "What are you doing here in my son-in-law's room?" Then, in her anger, she ordered the servants to take the girl and throw her out into a place where there were nettles, so she would be stung and scratched until she could not get up and go away, but would die there.

An old woman came to that place to collect nettles for a dish. She said to the girl, "What are you doing here?"

The girl said, "My enemies have thrown me here out of jealousy, so I will die. I beg you to take me to your house; and I will do your work for you, because you are old."

The old woman said, "I could not take you to my house, because I am poor."

"What does that matter?" said the girl. "Where you live, I can also live."

Time passed and the prince came home from the war. He waited for his wife to come out of the candlestick, but she was not there. He became sick from grief over the loss of his wife. In his sickness he was taken with a longing for vegetables. He ordered his servants to send a public crier from town to town to order vegetables brought to him. After some people had brought them, the old woman came with vegetables, but her vegetables had been cut up by the young girl, who had put her wedding ring in with them. When the prince ate them, he found the ring and knew to whom it belonged.

He said to the old woman, "Tomorrow morning I shall go to your house."

"If it please your highness," she said. "But my house is not fit for you, because I am poor."

In the morning he went to her house and searched everywhere to find what he was looking for. After a while, as he looked, he noticed a kneading-trough turned upside down near the wall. He said to the old woman, "What's under that?"

The old woman said, "There, my son, are some young chickens that have just hatched. Pray take care not to injure them, because they are very small."

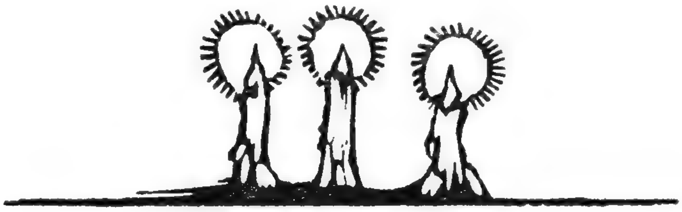
"I won't harm them," he said. "But I want to see them."

He turned the trough over, and there he saw the girl. He said to her, "What are you doing here? I told you to take care not to go outside."

Then she told him such-and-such and such-and-such. "Your mother-in-law threw me out into the nettles. This old woman found me and took me to her house and became a mother and father to me. I cut up the vegetables that she sent, according to the order you gave out, and put my ring in with them. I beg of you to be good to this old woman, because she has saved me from death." Then the prince gave a thousand piasters to the old woman and took his wife.

After a little while, when he went home, he called his mother-in-law and said to her, "Because of what you have done to this girl, I at this moment break my promise of marriage with your daughter, and I shall not marry her."

And thereupon, he publicly declared the young girl to be his wife.



Green Noise

Adapted by G. A. Miloradovitch from the Russian of Nikolai A. Nekrassov

LISTEN to the Spring noise,
The green noise,
The Spring noise
Of young, green leaves that shiver
All a-quiver in the Spring!
Do you hear the clear noise,
The sheer noise,
The Spring noise
Of ice-freed rivers fleeing
In the freeing of the Spring?

Listen to the glad noise,
The mad noise,
The Spring noise
Of forest wooers singing
In the swinging green of Spring!
I could not hear the green noise,
The clean noise,
The Spring noise
Of rustle, love and flowing
In the growing green of Spring.

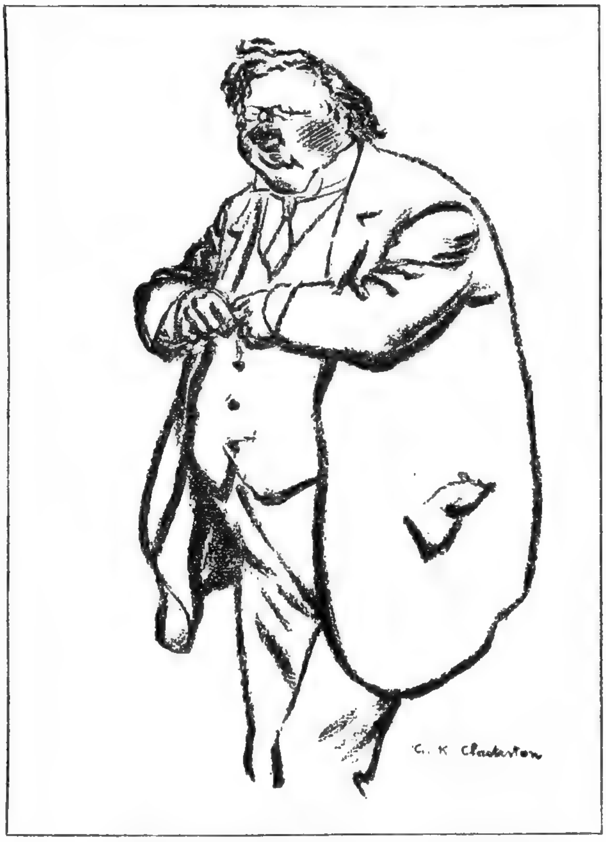
For my heart was hard with hate,
Marred with hate!
Spring—and hate?
Hate of love that had betrayed me
And made me hate in Spring!
But at last the ice-bound,
The hard ground
The bare ground
Melts beneath the spraying
Of the swaying rains of Spring.

Will I, then, forgive you?
Live with you?
Forgive you?
Ah, what is my forgiving?
God is giving us the Spring!
Listen to the green noise,
The clean noise,
The Spring noise
Of all that's freed and flowing
Growing young and clean in Spring!

Looking Literary

By ALEXANDER BLACK

Faithfully
Alexander Black

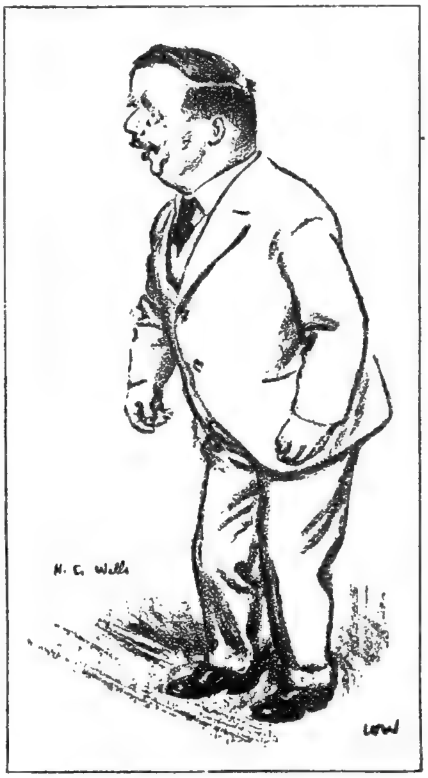


Caricatures on this page, 90, and 91, by Low, from "Lions and Lambs."
[Harcourt, Brace & Co.]

IN THE COURSE OF ONE of his dissections Henry James expresses a disenchantment the like of which, it is to be feared, has come to many another. "It was a truth," he says, "of which I had for some time been conscious that a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution."

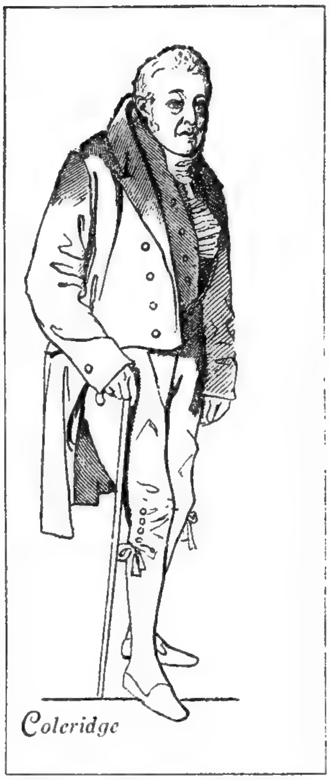
Such a disenchantment may well be gradual and reluctant, for even the most sordid science seems to foster an expectation that phenomena will, in some recognizable degree, look the part. To be sure, we may early encounter the shock of discovering that Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, had no heroic proportions, that they were little men, as men go; but history and poetry alike see to it that these figures are invested with abundantly identifying marks of greatness. We may have learned, then, to spare mere stature, dubiously as we may have done it in the case of the fighters, without altogether giving up hope that the natural lapse may be corrected in later evidences.

Mr. Howells has commented somewhere upon the popular attitude of mind as illustrated in the familiar remark, "I thought he was taller." That the marked man should be discovered not to be tall is, unquestionably, a fact perennially disappointing, even after something like resignation has been acquired. A stunted hero retains the capacity to give us a pang, even when he is not making Wagnerian love to a towering Brünnehilde.



This attitude of mind is evidently not essentially vulgar or even juvenile. Writers of eminence have not been immune from the habit of halting before brevity of stature in other writers, for example, even when the discoverers are not so candid as Carlyle, who quite inevitably pounced upon De Quincey as "one of the smallest men you ever in your life beheld," and found Macaulay "a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty." The rather brutal tautology in Macaulay's description had, of course, collateral provocation. You will guess what it was. Margaret Fuller, whom the caustic philosopher in Cheyne Walk set down as "a strange, lilting, lean old maid," remarked that "the worst of Carlyle is that you can't interrupt him." Macaulay, who was a pretty good torrent himself, with plenty, as Emerson put it, of "fire, speed, fury, talent, and effrontery," tried the impossible, and got all three adjectives. How much worse Miss Fuller might have fared is to be judged from Carlyle's memorandum that she was "not nearly such a bore as I expected."

Thus it was inevitable that George Ticknor should observe that Schlegel was a "short, thickset little gentleman," and that he should be relieved, apparently, to find Goethe "something above middle size." To be only "something above middle size" seems but vaguely alleviating, yet it serves the purpose of rescue



Coleridge

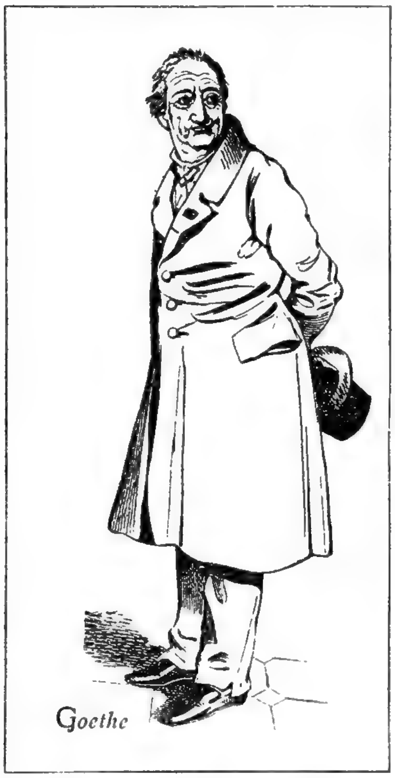
from the class that is more sharply noted. If Chesterfield, for instance, could have grown perhaps a couple of inches further, Thackeray's picture of him as "a little, beetle-browed, hook-nosed, high-shouldered gentleman" would have been shaven of at least its most accusatory term. And the term often is an implement of resentment. Naturally the Goncourts mentioned that Saint-Beuve (whom they did not like) was small and of the provincial librarian type. Lamb was irritated when he picked out a London contemporary as "a middle-sized man both in nature and in understanding." Of course, even face-to-face, opportunity does not always assure conclusive estimate. Miss Hawkins says that Walpole was tall; Pinkerton as flatly declares that he was short, though both agree that he walked as if the floor were wet.

And here is our great difficulty when it comes to calling up images of the literary great by the agency of personal testimony. "Figure," says Carlyle, "a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange, brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of gray hair, and you have some faint idea of Coleridge."

Not so faint an idea, perhaps, if we went no farther. But how shall we reconcile the Carlylean brutality with Wordsworth's portrait of the "wrapt one with the god-like forehead, the heaven-eyed creature"? It is such disparities that might well drive us to a Cubism which forgot the outward and visible sign altogether, and showed us Genius in a geometrical litter.

YET IT IS JUST THESE OUTWARD and visible signs that are least likely to go unsought and unmentioned. Neither nicety nor ardour of description has ever seemed certain to insure forgetfulness of the outward shell. No adversities of contact deter us from eagerly reading descriptions which may disturb, or from writing the same sort of thing to jostle some one else's preconceptions. Sometimes, it is true, the meeting or the description may be pleasantly, or at least interestingly, corrective. "Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures," writes Professor Ticknor, after his meeting with Byron, "it is round and open and smiling; his eyes are light and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking." But we shall meet our shock, you may be sure, before we have gone far. We shall have idealized a Fielding, then wince to learn that "a few pensive lines about the nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been there." We shall have been holding fast to some proper sort of reverence for Doctor Johnson, then run across a description of the spectacle he presented at dinner. Indeed, the anguish of discovering that our giant is not tall will pale before vastly more distressing readjustments. It has been said with some air of authority that Æsop was "so repulsive that his master's wife could not stand his presence in the house."

The instinct by which we go on hoping, if not expecting, to objectify our ideals and our prejudices cannot be wholly sentimental. Though we may be piqued by the paradoxes, surely there is something elementally practical in this expectation that "looking the part" will, in some final and utterly verifying instance, become a fact. Despite Macbeth, there must be an art "to find the mind's construction in the face"—an art questioned, to be sure, when it is made a profession, yet not one at all in contempt when it is practiced in the connoisseur spirit. Nothing in post-Darwinian science seems to scold us for the expectation.



Goethe

Moreover, since life so persistently imitates art, we must take into account that faces may endeavour to look as they are expected to look. If Epictetus was serious in saying that "we ought not even by the aspect of the body to scare the multitude from philosophy," it need not be entirely fanciful to suspect that exponents of literature have felt the same obligation. Indeed, Mr. Zangwill dares assert that Tennyson "dressed for the part almost as well as Beerbohm Tree could have done."

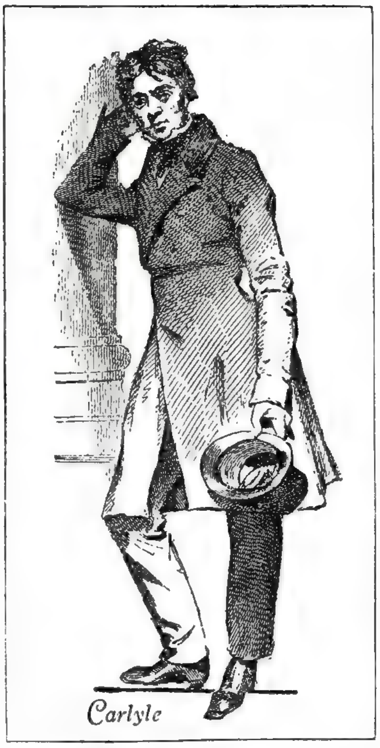
This influence of the multitude is to be reckoned with. Max Müller, who was astonished that English universities should try to develop manliness without duelling, admitted that in German universities "pistol duels are usually preferred by theological students, because they cannot easily get a living if the face is scarred all over." While Epictetus, like the clergyman, was influenced with regard to the "aspect of the body" by the conditions surrounding the delivery of philosophy in person, and while the literary man is not commonly a man of the forum, the chance that the writer may hide behind his book grows daily smaller. The psychological century is the most pictorial of all. No one who is not an habitually prudent anchorite can be sure of escaping publication on the screen.

Epictetus did not specifically insist that the philosopher should look like a philosopher. Max Müller has not said that the clergyman must look like a clergyman, but the multitude will, you may be sure, go on matching the mask to the fact. Gil Blas found Doctor Sangrado to have "a medical face." Lucky Doctor Sangrado, to fulfill all logical requirements and escape the halting obscurations! Shakespeare, living before photography, is assumed to have looked properly poetical, and thus avoids infinite explanation of one sort at least. Nowadays, shouldered by the camera, the painter must be so literal that we cannot hope to beg the question. Even Futurism does not sweeten the details.

"He does not look like a literary man." There you have it, much reiterated, in newspaper descriptions, in "literary gossip," current and between stiff covers. How he should look, to look literary, we never are told. How he does look, now that he does *not* look literary, we are informed in countless phrases.

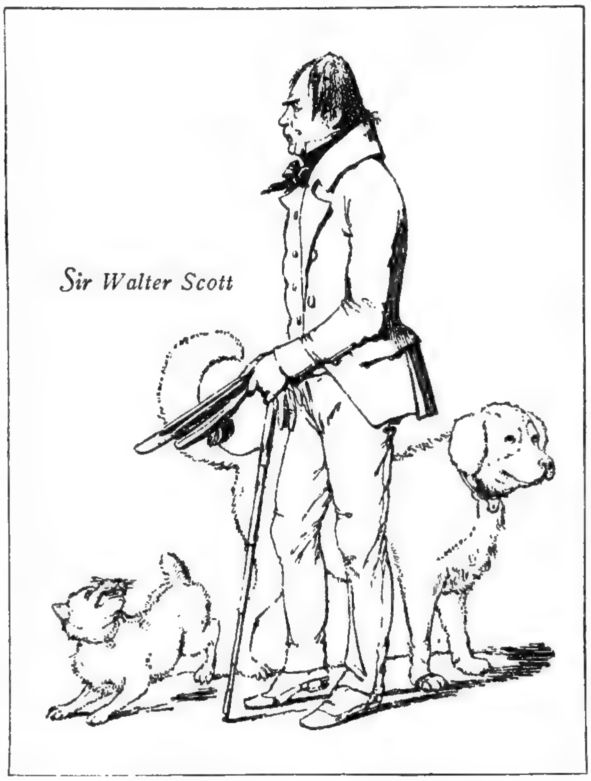
IN EARLIER TIMES it was different. There can be no pretense that genius ever advertised itself by infallible signs; but there were good old days when you were supposed to recognize a poet as quickly as you would a policeman. This must have been a great comfort. If you doted on poets you could be grateful for the label that made it easy to pick them out. If you disliked poets, or if you were merely cool about them, you might be equally grateful. The long hair was an immense help to the imagination—to the poet's, I have no doubt, as well as to the spectator's. It became a sign, and much of humanity joins the Tammany chieftain in welcoming the "symblem."

The danger always was—and it came in for remark long before Mr. James's skepticism as to the "public institution" — that ample locks and a Byronic collar could be acquired by persons who were not literary at all, much less poets or real Parnassian toffs of any sort. Nature will have its joke, and men will connive. If no one could be so great as Daniel Webster looked, I have no doubt that no one could be so transcendently literary as some of the counterfeits have succeeded in looking.



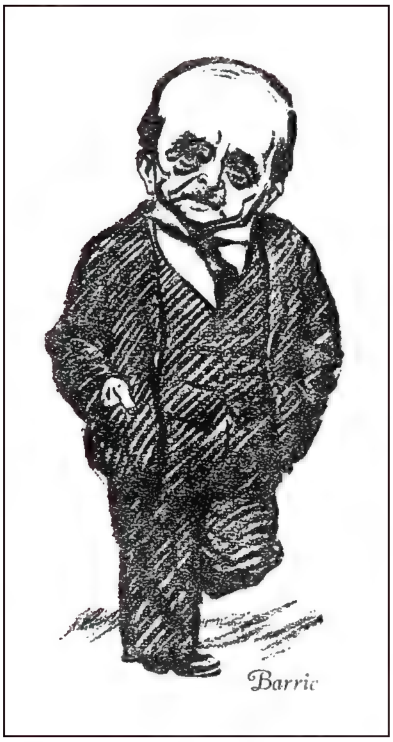
Carlyle

But this does not change the fact that, though the poet, for example, might not be standardized, there was a standardized expectation with regard to him. There are a thousand descriptions which prove the existence of an accepted mould for the literary personality, though most description goes by resentment of variation. Goldsmith reminded Miss Reynolds of "a low mechanic," particularly of "a journeyman tailor." Rogers was never forgiven for being ugly; so gracious an observer as Mr. Whipple saw "something withered and ghastly in his appearance." The same writer was quite sure that Lewes was "one of the homeliest men in Great Britain." Miss Evans said that he looked like a "miniature Mirabeau," though she afterward (that was a richly significant afterward for both!) admitted that "he is much better than he seems." De Quincey was well enough pleased with the head of Wordsworth, but Lamb's head, he declared, "was absolutely truncated in the posterior region—sawn off, as it were, by no mean sawyer."



Sir Walter Scott

Tennyson was an instance of the popularly acceptable type. Mrs. Carlyle, who evidently regarded him as extraordinarily handsome, discerned "something of the gypsy" in his appearance, and for her this was "perfectly charming." Comments on the impressiveness of Tennyson recall the ardour of Pope in ascribing to Wycherley "the true nobleman look." But of all handsome authors our own Motley appears to have been most fervently described. Lady Byron declared that he more resembled her husband than any person she had ever met. To Wendell Phillips this was not praise enough, for he insisted that Motley was handsomer than Byron. Bismarck, who met the American at Göttingen University, says that Motley's "most striking



feature" was his "uncommonly large and beautiful eyes," and that he "never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies."

However we may hesitate to commit ourselves to any theory of form, there can be no doubt that Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, Longfellow, Bryant, and Doctor Hale all visualize well—quite as well, perhaps, as Daudet or Flaubert, or, for that matter, Balzac. Lowell always seemed to me to look a good deal more literary than his portraits.

When we turn to the later type it is difficult not to feel that the last vestiges of human picturesqueness are slipping. For the Delilah of uniformity has shorn the world. Can the august modern author feel the complacency of Mr. Pepys when he had used his new "razer" after a week of lying fallow? "How ugly I was yesterday," he bursts forth in his diary, "and how fine today!" If a literary man delays having his hair cut until his family has begun to cut him, he may experience the emotion of virtuous accomplishment when the thing is done. But his soul knows that he was not merely procrastinating. Some subtle emanation from sacred tradition had the effect of checking him. Perhaps the idea of a *Zeitgeist* with scissors actually made him shrink.

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously maned authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long-haired actors. The long-haired musician is still with us, though he is no longer imperative. Individual age has here a potent influence—age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter-of-fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during the middle years, or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.

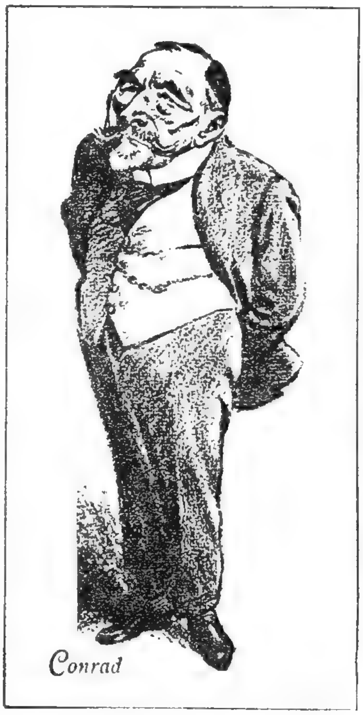
Those of us who feel bereaved by the departure of the distinguishing aureole from the head of the type will linger sentimentally among memories inspired by Mark Twain, by George Meredith, by Parke Godwin, by Donald G. Mitchell, by Joaquin Miller, as well as by the bearded ones, like Fields and Alden and Scudder and Stedman and John Fiske. It may be that my impression of John Fiske's head was affected by the bigness of the man, but surely that head was more than ordinarily vikingesque. Beecher one day called to a person in his audience to join him on the platform. "Come up here, you shaggy man!" was his challenge. It was Edward Eggleston. But, alas! Eggleston trimmed that splendid mane in his twilight years—a calamity as profound, it seemed to me at the time, as if old Walt had trimmed his.

It might, then, be urged that a change of fashion has made identification of the literary man a nicer, a more exacting matter, though this would be to affront the tradition that there really is, in the strict sense, a literary face. But it does not at all explain why literary men so frequently (as I have suggested) look specifically like something else.

Close upon thirty years ago one critical commentator noted that Ibsen "did not look like a poet," but "like a prosperous railroad president." It was earlier, I think, that I read of George William Curtis as looking "the beau ideal of the English country gentleman." One of William James's pupils insisted that he looked "more like a sportsman than a professor." Mr. Davis described Coppée, seen at the Grand Prix, as "suggesting a priest or a tragic actor." James Payn looked "more like a prosperous physician than author."

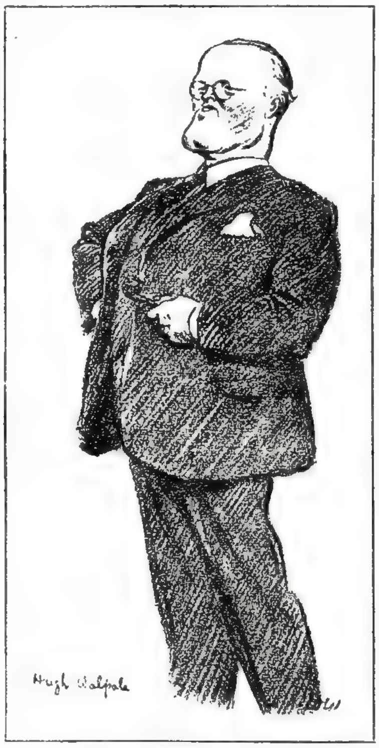
Again "prosperous," mark you. There is something in that which should, perhaps, be examined. Mr. Howells in his sixties was not so often described as looking like a "prosperous banker" as he was, say, a score of years earlier. Evidently the phrase had had its day. Authorial prosperity had become trite. Yet what other prosperous thing *can* you look like after you have looked like a prosperous banker? Most of us would be willing to stop there.

And having ventured among the moderns, I may note that later evidences are strangely puzzling. John Burroughs and Doctor Mitchell may seem to touch the traditions. So do Barrie and Conrad and Galsworthy. Bliss Perry, Robert Frost, Brander Matthews and Hamlin Garland I have never hesitated to include in the group. Stevenson quite filled all reasonable expectations. Yeats runs true to form. But Kipling and Hardy and Hewlett we are likely at any moment to see designated merely as typifying what Henley, in the case of Thackeray, called "the gentlemanly interests." Photographers being

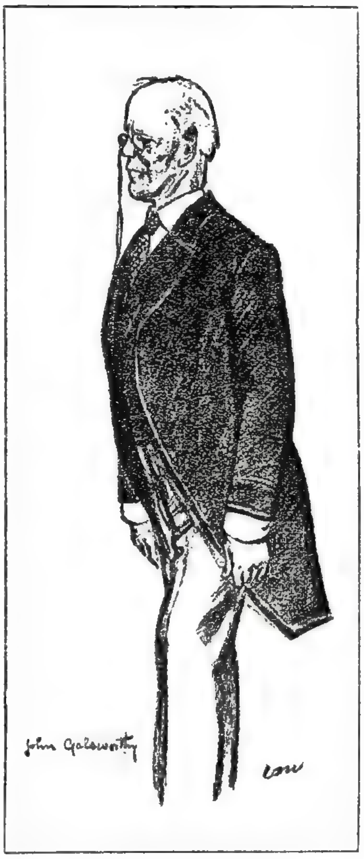


perverse as paragraphers, Chesterton's portraits often make him resemble Dumas. Personal meeting brings contradiction, if not a sense of paradox. (I should like to have verified, in person, the extraordinary face of Nietzsche.) Chesterton has no more the traditional look than Hugh Walpole or Wells or Mencken. Unless there is to be a new standardization, I see no hope for anything better than one of those distressing descriptive evasions in the matter of Swinnerton, for example, or Dreiser or Tarkington or Huneker.

OF COURSE THERE IS ALWAYS the chance that the lack is not of a "serene Olympian beauty," as in the case of Goethe, but of some one to say it—that these disenchanted times are deprived not only of make-up and stage properties and some reasonableness of lighting, but of the essential spectator reverence. There can be little satisfaction in looking literary if there is no one to notice — if there is no one even to *think* that impudent, "Excuse me, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" If the passion of curiosity that once led to dainty inquiries about quill pens and writing paper may seem to have been frustrated by habits of dictating to a nice girl with a white nose, or of ecstatically tapping a typewriter, and if asking for an authorial curl is made unthinkable by a cropped condition of the literary cranium, it would be fatuous to deduce too much from any such coincident situtation. It is more than probable that there would be people to look literary—quite archaically literary—if there appeared to be anyone to enjoy it. Even "literary" writing is open to caustic suspicion. Perhaps one of the first effects of a genuine class consciousness in the literary is a wish to participate, to avoid being coddled as a parasitic class, to escape the sinister luxury of being kept. One might build up any sort of conclusion from such fantastic speculation—as that, for example, the literary are in rebellion. To be in rebellion they ought to be different, and to be different they would have to be more like other people. And so on.



Parallel considerations intrude upon any backward glance at the superstition as to the feminine literary type, a subject which I modestly avoid except for a parenthetical allusion. It is notorious that the feminine literary type was once traced by its clothes. Evidently tradition had furnished no other absurdity to go on. If the clothes were antiquated, particularly if they did not fit, the lady was literary. Short hair was the subject of remark; but short hair did not mean that she was literary. It meant simply that she was emancipated, which was quite another matter. Being emancipated could be established by saying so; whereas being literary involved objective testimony. Happily, these ribaldries are obsolete. Now that literary women are quite commonly fashionable (fancy a hobbled blue-stocking!), only a supreme audacity of analysis is likely to find courage or get a hearing.



Indeed, one must feel that the whole question of looking literary takes on a delicate hazard. It may be that only a proper committee might determine the ethics and incidental subtleties of the situation. I could fancy such a committee (the chair reserving its *ex-officio* privileges). It would consist, let us say, of Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Mencken, Miss Lowell, Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Hergesheimer, Mr. Gorky, and Mr. Lawrence (Mr. Cannan or Mr. Cabell as alternate). Mr. Shaw I should exclude as one of those forward-looking reactionaries that are hard to adjust in a committee room. If the committee ridiculed its obligations we should gain some good stuff. If it arose fervently to the great opportunity, we should acquire a stabilizing codex. If we were told that for good and all we must abandon, as bad sociology, Hogarth's aspiration to "see the manners in the face," our duty would be plain. It would be equally plain if we were enjoined to regard a new and nicer formula of effect and of identification. Sentiment and Science would sit at the committee-room door with a nervous patience until the verdict came. Literary History would be at a little distance, its robes jealously close, and displaying a cultivated and superior frown.

There is a time when nothing may be said, a time when something may, but no time when all things may. *An Old Monkish Proverb.*

Monsieur Donaque

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Arthur Train

Monsieur René Donaque was a slender little man with small hands and feet and a patent-leather face that never cracked. Few of the inhabitants of Paris ever saw him—but then, to be sure, he was rarely there. Nobody knew him. Officially he was designated as A124, and as such figured in the confidential reports of the French Secret Service. He may have had wife and children and a comfortable bourgeois little *foyer* somewhere in the suburbs—say at St. Cloud—but if he did, he kept it to himself. For silence to Monsieur Donaque was indeed golden, and silence was what made him the most valuable and at the same time the most expensive man in the service.

Whenever any particularly unusual situation arose which required governmental observation or action, the inspector would summon one of his *sous*-lieutenants and inquire, "Where is A124?" And the subordinate would reply, "Do you not recall, Monsieur le Directeur, he is at Vladivostok?"—or Nairobi or Quebec, as the case might be. And M. le Directeur would twirl his official mustache and remark, "*Mais oui,* whom the devil then shall I send?" To which the subordinate would inevitably reply that he had no idea, and the whole matter would end either in sending nobody at all or in flashing a code message summoning M. Donaque to return.

Flippancy aside, Donaque was one of those extraordinary men who exert a pronounced influence upon the life of their time without ever acquiring a personality. The nearest Donaque ever came to being described in the public press was when he was referred to occasionally in some prominent case as "an agent of the Secret Service."

Even the officials themselves knew him only as A124, and the secret records of the Bureau alone held the roster of his achievements. No living man other than Donaque himself could have told what mysteries he had solved, what murderers he had run to earth, what assassinations he had prevented, save that most of the successes of the department were his own. The natural result of this was that, when once Donaque had taken up a case, the entire resources of the government were at his command and remained so until he was through with them.

His ability, as in most similar instances, lay chiefly in his powers of observation. His father had been a clown in the Hippodrome and his mother a lady's maid, and they had compromised between a career for him on the sawdust and one below stairs by apprenticing him at the age of eight to a celebrated professor of legerdemain, who, in the fashion of Hermann the Elder, trained René's memory by conducting him through the rue de Rivoli and insisting upon his recollecting all that he saw in the shop windows. As time went on he did, in fact, remember everything. At twelve he was a proficient assistant of his master. At fifteen he began to give exhibitions of his own. And at seventeen he disappeared.

The cause of this disappearance was simply that, by virtue of his appointment by an astute Chief of Bureau, he passed out of private and into public life—or, to speak more accurately, he surrendered the publicity which he had theretofore enjoyed as a private individual for the exceedingly private career offered him by a public position. At any rate, he ceased to exist. All that remained was an "intelligent force"—at the most, a shadowy form flickering in the middle distance like the ghostly hand at one of Palladino's *séances*. As a physical entity he had steel-gray eyes, muscles like whalebone, a good-natured, rather flattish nose, a broad, spraying mustache, and weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds. Incidentally, he had red hair. A smart piano tuner or an aristocratic winder of clocks might have called him brother. In point of truth, he was one of the great men of France.

Donaque lived in a house without a number, in a street without a name, for his apartments were on the top story of an interior building which he reached through a secret entrance at the back of an apothecary's in the rue Montesquieu. The apothecary was, in fact, one of his agents and acted as an unofficial concierge. The lower floors of the interior building were given over to various industries directed by Donaque himself. In one of them was an expert photographer who devoted himself to experimenting with telescopic apparatus, huge enlargements of microscopic impressions, and the radioactive effect of various elements through opaque solids upon the photographic plate. Just now he was devoting his attention chiefly to polonium, under the personal observation of Donaque, who (under the name of Blatt) was a student of the Curies, and who corresponded with them *via* Berlin under the pseudonym of Professor Adolph Lydenburg.

For when Donaque was not working, he was studying. No one, least of all his associates, suspected that the red-headed young man in student's garb, who spoke French with such a Low German accent and who carried his books in a water-proof satchel and his lunch in a paper bag, was the most dreaded detective in France. Yet it was so. Chemistry, pathology, bacteriology, and the higher mathematics were his tools, and he kept them sharp and free from rust. It was Donaque who had detected the bacillus of cerebrospinal meningitis in the remains of the breakfast of which the novelist Poulettiaire had partaken before his death in the apartment of Mlle. Hutchins, the American music-hall singer. And it was Donaque who had hypnotized her into confessing the connection of youthful Professor Otho Harrington with the crime. He had his own laboratories in the rue Montesquieu, and through his special services to the government of Austria he had been able to secure a full grain of radium from the Joachimsthal Mine.

In the twenty years during which he had been in the governmental employ, Donaque had become rich—not in the pursuit of his profession, which yielded him but a paltry forty thousand francs per annum, but by means of the by-products of secret and novel information which his activities had disclosed to him. Thus he had made a modest fortune by accidentally discovering that he could artificially age wine by suspending in the cask a glass tube containing a small amount of radium chlorid. And this industry he secretly carried on in a large establishment just inside the walls of Paris under the name of "Clement et Cie." Most of the money he expended in individual scientific research.

"In the old days," he had said to Dupré, his assistant, on one of those rare occasions when he said anything, "men killed each other with battle-axes or by tiles thrown from the roofs of houses—you recall the death of Pyrrhus, I observe. Today the only dangerous criminals are those who avail themselves of the weapons afforded by the recent discoveries of science. What France, what any nation has most to fear, is the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth in noonday, either of natural origin or artificially stimulated. The individual, save for the knife of the Apache, has more to fear from electricity than from any form of open violence. The only crimes that are not puerile are those which utilize the unknown for their accomplishment."

The rooms given over to Donaque's private use indicated nothing as to his personal tastes or character. His bedroom contained only an iron cot, his dressing-room but a mammoth chest of drawers marked with various letters, and his library naught but a long table set between two windows which overlooked the city, and on which stood four telephones: the first connected directly with the Ministry of War, the second with the Prefecture of Police, the third with the various floors and offices of his own establishment, and the last with the general telephonic system of Paris. At the farther end of the room stood a wireless apparatus connected with a pole upon the roof. A map of the world, showing all railroad and steamship lines, a shelf of automatic firearms, and a case containing row upon row of tiny vials completed the furnishing of the apartment. A bright red rug covered the floor.

In this most extraordinary establishment the casings of the doors and windows were of steel, rows of electric buttons lined the panels, and a silence reigned comparable only to that of a country cemetery. Not a single note of luxury was to be seen; no photograph of friend, no trophy of the chase, no souvenir of travel adorned the walls. It was the office of a man always on duty.

ON THE EVENING OF WHICH we write, Donaque, at about ten o'clock, entered the apothecary's and passed without stopping through a small door in the extreme rear into a tiny electric elevator. This started of its own accord and automatically came to a gentle stop when it had reached the level of his apartments, the door of which was opened by some process inexplicable to the ordinary observer, and Donaque was in his home, fortress, office—what you will. A cornice-light filled the room with a gentle glow, while a green-shaded lamp on the table served for reading purposes.

Dupré came from an adjoining room and relieved his master of his hat and Inverness coat.

"The Prefect of Police desires you to speak to him at once," said the assistant. "These papers came five minutes ago by the pneumatic tube from the Bureau."

He laid a heavily sealed blue packet upon the table beneath the lamp. Donaque lit a cigarette and tore it open unceremoniously.

"By courtesy of the Ministry of the Interior you have been assigned to investigate the recent death of M. Faubert at the château of the so-called Baroness Berlitz at Neuilly-le-Réal," it began. He ran his eyes hurriedly, but carefully, over the remainder of the note. It was signed by the Chief of the Bureau of Secret Service.

"Dupré," he said, without further inspection of the papers.

"Yes, Monsieur;" returned the assistant, instantly on his toes.

"Bring me the clippings from my files relating to the death of M. Faubert—also the papers concerning the history of one Louise Berlitz, otherwise known as Fräulein Schmidt, of Vienna and Berlin. I leave for Neuilly-le-Réal on the first morning train. Valise No. 5 will do—no, No. 7. Give me pocket case No. 2 containing the ethodes. Yes, you will accompany me. Kindly notify the Prefect of Police and apologize for my failing to speak to him myself."

Without further ado Donaque threw off his clothes, glanced at his weight upon a self-registering pair of scales made in Indianapolis, U.S.A., and, taking up a book, threw himself upon his cot and read himself to sleep.

The early morning train from the Gare du Nord carried with it in a second-class compartment a red-haired man of between thirty-five and forty years of age, who was engaged in devouring a huge package of clippings. Beside him sat a gentleman of far more distinguished appearance, who was none other than Dupré, his assistant. As neither was known, neither was in the slightest degree disguised. Donaque might easily have passed for an Irish, English, or German newspaper correspondent, while his associate resembled, as much as anybody, M. Renaud of the Chicago Opera Company. On the shelf above them rested a valise (No. 7), bearing the name J. Katz, Leipsic. Donaque, riding backward, perused his clippings for upward of eighty kilometres before raising his eyes. Dupré slept peacefully. Across the aisle a little German professor in horn spectacles gazed out of the window and fidgeted. He had been up since three o'clock so as to be sure not to miss the train. He caught Donaque's eye and brightened.

"You are from Leipsic, I see," began the professor.

"Yes," answered Donaque.

The professor felt encouraged. Dupré opened his eyes and immediately closed them again. After a pause the professor made another start.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he remarked, fumbling in a large green wallet. "Herr Professor Karl Schwintz of Heidelberg." He produced a stained *carte de visite,* which he tendered to Donaque, who took it without comment.

"I am honoured, Herr Professor," replied the detective in flawless German. "I carry my own name on my pack." He lifted his eyes.

"A very flat country!" continued the professor after a pause. Donaque vouchsafed no reply.

"There is much that is creditable in its scholarship, however," the professor added authoritatively.

"Yes?" returned Donaque quietly.

"The discoveries of Mme. Curie, for instance, will ever be a glory to France. It is not likely that the Fatherland will—but who can say? Yet the discovery of radium has revolutionized the fundamental conceptions of science."

Donaque looked interested, and the professor, glorying in a listener, proceeded to deliver one of his lectures. Radium, he was rejoiced to inform Herr Katz, was one of the epoch-making discoveries of the world. Its energy was inexhaustible. A single ounce of it—could it be obtained—would drive a battleship at forty miles an hour—forever. In it had been discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Its rays were so powerful that an appreciable quantity could not be held in the hand without inflicting painful burns. You could cure cancer with it!

"Marvelous!" said Donaque.

Yes, it was even so! returned the enthusiast. There was only about an ounce and a half of the element actually reduced to possession in the entire world. Most of it was owned in Austria, where the government had ruthlessly preëmpted the pitchblende deposits. They would not sell it to even the scientists. What a pity! The professor had been trying to buy some in Paris. He had saved twenty-five hundred marks and wished to purchase for experimental purposes a tiny pinch of it, but no, Mme. Curie would not sell a particle of the strength he desired for less than five thousand francs! So he was returning disappointed. The tears almost came into the old gentleman's watery eyes. Did Herr Katz have any conception of the extraordinary speed at which the rays traveled—ten thousand miles a second?

"You are thinking of the cathode ray," quietly interrupted Donaque. "The velocity of the Beta particle of radium is one hundred and seventy thousand miles per second. However, your enthusiasm deserves some encouragement. When you return to Heidelberg drop a line to this gentleman"—he scribbled a name on the back of the professor's card—"and perhaps he can do something for you. I am getting out here. Good day!"

THE MATTER THAT Donaque had been delegated to investigate was one which had aroused the curiosity of all France. Fräulein Schmidt had appeared in Paris a few years before and dazzled society no less by her brilliant wit than by her beauty. Rumours of a somewhat highly-coloured past had before long, however, led the more decorous to close their doors to her; but she had continued to have a salon of her own, which was thronged by the cleverest and most distinguished men of the day. Presently she had married Valentin, a very rich banker. The union seemed happy, but suddenly her husband had fallen a victim to a mysterious disease and had died.

After a period suitable for mourning, Madame Valentin returned to the world and again gathered around her a brilliant circle. Her entertainments were the talk of society, her dinners astonished even the gourmets of Paris, and her lavishness of expenditure created a furore of excitement. She became the most celebrated woman of the period—a de Staël and a Récamier in one. Wines were named after her. Racing stables wore her colours. Even the President of the Republic was whispered to be among her admirers.

And then quite unexpectedly she married again—this time a Baron Berlitz, a Jewish gentleman who had made a fortune in American copper stocks, annexed a title, and started on his way to renown, *via* Maxim's and Longchamps. He had purchased for his bride a wonderful old château, refurnished it entire, executed a will in her favour, and had then, like his unfortunate predecessor in the lady's affections, most considerately died—of paralysis, it was said. The coincidence did not pass without considerable comment.

On the return to Paris of the Baroness Berlitz, the attitude of society toward her changed. She was as brilliantly charming as ever, her banquets were as exquisite, her face and figure in half mourning even more alluring, her *ménage* as distinguished, but something was altered. An unseen filament of cloud shadowed her sun. There were those who said that it presaged her social eclipse. These, however, were wrong. Though she shone with a difference, she shone in much the same orbit. Men no longer spoke of her as a possible *parti,* but perhaps as a mistress. And as if she desired to compensate herself for the undeniable loss of her previous popularity, she plunged into a riot of extravagance that made Paris gasp, used as it was to American multi-millionaires. It seemed incredible that even the fortune of a Berlitz could stand the drain—and just about this time the Minister of Finance entered the running.

M. Faubert was an immensely popular man. Risen from the people, he had won his spurs as an orator for the extreme Left, and had then with great foresight organized a party of his own which could not be said to be Left, Right, or in the Middle. It was exactly what was needed at the moment, and M. Faubert became, in due course, although by training a wine merchant, the head of the national resources. He had been a jovial, brusque, loud-voiced man of hearty middle age, who brooked no interference with his policies, and prided himself upon his indifference to conventions. In a month after her recrudescence, his attentions to the widow Berlitz had become the subject of widespread gossip. They were inseparable—driving, attending the opera, dining at the restaurants, always together. It was not exactly a scandal; it was simply a matter of public interest. They had been seen at the races on Monday last, dined at the Hotel Continental on Tuesday—and on Friday morning Paris awoke to learn that M. Faubert had died quietly, if unexpectedly, at the château of Madame the Baroness Berlitz at Neuilly-le-Réal on the preceding evening, of paralysis.

On Friday morning Donaque had been called back from London. It was now Saturday noon.

Among the papers contained in the blue envelope which Dupré had handed to him the evening before was a document entitled "Preliminary Report of Secret Inquest upon the death of M. Faubert." It was typewritten upon thin sheets just as it had been taken hot from the wire an hour or two before. This formed the basis of the information upon which Donaque was ordered to act. But its details were meager enough. A bare half-dozen witnesses summoned by the mayor of Neuilly-le-Réal had testified in substance that M. Faubert, who had been visiting at the Château Berlitz (a fact unknown either to his official *confrères* or his family) had been found dead in his bed on Thursday morning by the valet who had gone to wake him. He was fully dressed, as if he had lain down for a moment before preparing to retire, and there was nothing to indicate whereof he had died. He had dined with the Baroness the evening before and had seemed in excellent health and spirits.

The valet's name was Bertrand, and he had been the chief witness. The others consisted of Pierre Fragonard, the butler; Jules Tonnetti, a constable who had taken charge of the body prior to the inquest; Marie Reddon, a *femme de chambre;* and Edmond Pepin, the local doctor, who deposed that there was no mark of violence upon the body and that death had occurred from natural causes, to wit, instantaneously, from paralysis.

ARRIVING AT NEUILLY-LE-RÉAL, Donaque went at once to the rooms of the inn which Dupré had engaged for him by wire the preceding evening. Having freshened his appearance, he ordered a light lunch, sent for the head of the local constabulary, and from him learned what he already knew relative to the inquest. The only additional fact which he acquired was that the body of M. Faubert had been sent to Paris for burial.

Donaque transferred a few small articles from the valise to his pockets, instructed his valet to be at the inn door with a trap at half-past six, and, after ascertaining the whereabouts of the château, lit a cigarette and started for a walk. Three miles below the village he came upon the wall that bounded the estate and ran parallel to the road. A little farther on, he saw towers rising through the oaks on a slight elevation above the river. Soon he came to an iron gateway and a porters' lodge. He kept on up the hill that corresponded with the plateau upon which stood the château.

PRESENTLY HE CAME to an open field from which a flock of crows, cawing disgustedly, arose at his approach. This he crossed, and gained the crest of the hill, where a huge oak topped the others. He swung himself up through the branches until he could look over the intervening trees. Below him, not more than a quarter of a mile away, lay the château, in the centre of a level lawn that reached at least a hundred yards in each direction. A speck of white fluttered under one of the trees. From his pocket Donaque drew a minute pair of field-glasses, which he focused carefully. Through them he could see plainly a woman, dressed in flimsy summer garments, who wandered in and out among the tree-trunks. Presently a man appeared on the lawn and beckoned to her. Both then entered the house.

Donaque telescoped his glasses and descended from his perch. He had seen enough for the time being. The prefect had said that there were no guests at the château at the time of the Minister's demise, yet obviously there was one there now. He strolled leisurely back to the village.

One feature of the case still called for some attention. Two witnesses had not been summoned to testify at the inquest—Madame the Baroness Berlitz herself, and the undertaker. The first he would interview in due course, during his investigation proper. The other he would see now. Perhaps he would add nothing; perhaps—you never could tell! It took only a moment's inquiry to ascertain that the undertaker and the sexton of the village church were one and the same functionary—an aged gentleman with silvery hair and a voluble if not silver tongue. Donaque found him sitting upon a bench, smoking his afternoon pipe.

"Have I the honour to be addressing His Excellency the Mayor?" inquired Donaque, approaching him by a flank movement.

The old sexton bridled with pleasure. No, he protested, he was *not* the mayor (thanking the gentleman all the same)—he had no such luck! He was simply a humble servant of the church and its children—a sexton.

Donaque accepted the proffered seat at the old man's side and gently drew him on. Presently, quite by chance, they were discussing the sudden death of M. Faubert. The sexton with pride told how he had visited the château and had personally prepared the body for shipment to Paris. He had had a guard, too—a gendarme, all the time. It was no small affair, that!

"What was the name of the gendarme?" inquired Donaque.

"Tonnetti," answered the sexton. "There he is now, the lazy lout, on that corner, over there. You see, the way it was, was this: I had just had my coffee when Mathilde, my wife, cries out that some one is coming.

So I rush to the door and who is there but M. Bertrand, the valet. 'M. Faubert is dead,' says he, 'and you must come to lay him out.' 'Alack!' I answered, 'and what did he die of?'—for, to tell you the truth, I had no idea that the gentleman in question was the great Minister of Finance. 'Some sudden shock,' he replied. 'It is inexpressibly sad.' So I put on my hat and jumped into the trap with him. On the way we stopped at the mayor's house and told him, and he sent Jules to wait there, until some of the proper officials might arrive—such as the coroner and his physician.

"Well, you may be sure that by that time I was highly excited; but I kept my wits together and presently we were driving up the great avenue to the château. But you should see those oaks, my friend! They are wonderful! A servant in livery opened the door and conducted us up the marble stairs to a magnificent *chambre de luxe,* where lay M. Faubert, the distinguished statesman. He reclined upon the bed, his head slightly to the left. M. Bertrand raised the shutters, which had been closed out of respect for the deceased, and asked to be excused. Jules, there, sat like a great ox on the couch and constantly repeated the words *'Magnifique! Extraordinaire!'* as if he might never be in such a place again.

"So I busied myself at my work, and, do not laugh, M'sieu—but observe how close, after all, are the great and lowly—'on the turf and under the turf' all men are equal. Well, as I was saying, M. Faubert was fully dressed in elegant clothes—clothes for evening such as are worn in the great cities—with a fine white waistcoat; but there was one little thing he had not—what do you suppose, eh? Will you believe me, M'sieu, when I tell you (but it is a fact) that the great M. Faubert had no button in the back of his collar! I glanced about on the floor and upon the cabinets, but there was none. So in a moment of inspiration I removed my own—a modest one of bone such as you may buy for a sou—and put it on him! And now the great statesman is to be buried in the old sexton's bone collar-button! Which all goes to prove, does it not, that all men are created equal?"

THE LONG SHADOWS of the oaks reached across the lawn, and the weather-vanes upon the towers swam in the last glimmering shafts of the setting sun when Donaque drove up the graveled drive to the massive carved door of the château.

"Madame denies herself to everybody," declared the liveried lackey who responded to Donaque's summons in a manner ill concealing a congenital insolence. It did not escape Donaque, who had instantly taken the fellow's measure. He scribbled something upon a card and half threw it at the lackey.

"Take that to your mistress and be quick about it!" said he. A few minutes later the servant reappeared.

"Madame la Baronne will see Monsieur," he announced, opening wide the door and hurrying to remove Donaque's valise from the trap.

The latter followed the man up a flight of winding marble steps, above which floated the tattered banners of ancient France. Through mullioned windows the parti-coloured lights of sunset illuminated their stained but vividly glowing reds and purples. At the head of the staircase they came to the door of a huge salon with polished floor and exquisite furniture of the period of the last Louis. The candles were already lighted in the sconces, and in the conflicting light Donaque could see a woman with masses of yellow hair reclining in a *chaise longue* upon a rug made of the skin of a polar bear.

Donaque entered unannounced.

The woman raised a pair of dark gray eyes and shot a penetrating look across the room—the look of a woman harassed by nervousness or fear, yet mistress of herself and of the situation.

"Enter, Monsieur. To what, may I ask, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" she asked coldly.

Donaque approached to within a dozen paces and bowed courteously.

"The Republic, Madame, is deeply afflicted at the loss of so useful a public servant as M. Faubert."

The Baroness made a gesture of impatience.

"And am I to suffer intrusion and annoyance, in consequence, for the next six months?" she demanded.

Donaque shrugged his shoulders. It might have been out of sympathy—the gesture might have carried other implications.

"The Republic, Madame, is deeply interested in the manner of his death."

The woman started in spite of herself.

"Does the Minister of War suspect that violence was committed? How ridiculous! The inquest has disposed of all such foolish suspicions. There is no one here——"

She stopped abruptly, and her eyes searched his face.

"Yes, Madame, you have seen me before. Perhaps Madame can recollect."

For a moment the Baroness hesitated. "You are mistaken," she answered deliberately. "I have not the honour of Monsieur's acquaintance."

"A thousand pardons, Madame!" replied Donaque, as if pained at the necessary contradiction. "At the Hotel d'Espagne, in the year 1898, I had the pleasure of attending for a day Fräulein Lena Schmidt, or Henchel, as I believe you then were."

Her face paled almost imperceptibly under the candle-light. "May I ask your business?" she inquired carelessly.

"An agent of the Secret Service of France," he answered. "I am known by various names. Herr Vogel, I believe I called myself at Vienna when we last met. That will do as well as any."

"Vogel?" she repeated, as if endeavouring to evoke some shape out of the gray mists of the past. "Vogel?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What do you want with me?" she cried.

"I must know how M. Faubert met his death."

Her lids drooped over her gray eyes. "Yes? And how will you proceed?"

"By the ordinary methods of investigation."

Her jeweled fingers played lightly on the inlay of the table beside her. "I am at your service, Monsieur."

Donaque bowed. "It will be necessary, and I trust not embarrassing, that I pay Madame the Baroness a short visit."

"What!" she demanded incredulously. "Here? Absurd!"

"It must be so, Madame," he returned. "Otherwise——" He paused meaningly.

"It will save Madame much inconvenience," he concluded gently.

The Baroness laughed. "Monsieur, you—the Republic of France does me too much honour!"

"I beg of Madame not to be displeased," petitioned Donaque.

"And if I refuse?"

"Paris."

The Baroness paused for a full half-minute. "I prefer Neuilly," she smiled through her pallor. "What are Monsieur's wishes?"

"To pass the next few hours precisely as did M. Faubert before he died!" announced Donaque sharply.

The Baroness gave an enigmatical smile. "As Monsieur wishes!"

She touched a china bell upon the tripod at her elbow, and the lackey entered. "Monsieur will remain here for the night. Send for Bertrand."

For the space of three minutes Donaque and the woman eyed each other narrowly. At the end of that time a handsome, bronzed, broad-shouldered man in the dress of a valet entered.

"Show Monsieur to the chamber occupied by M. Faubert last Wednesday night," said the Baroness in a peculiar voice, the timbre of which aroused long-forgotten memories in Donaque. "M'sieu will dress for dinner? Yes.—Bertrand, see that Monsieur is properly taken care of."

Donaque gave her a low bow. "Madame is too kind!" he smiled. "May I ask if you have other guests staying with you?"

The Baroness shook her head. "I am alone, Monsieur."

Bertrand conducted Donaque up another flight of stairs and down a hall to the huge bedchamber described by the old sexton. The sun had sunk behind the trees, and in the recesses of the room a silvery dusk had already gathered; but the valet touched a button near the door and flooded them with the light of a multitude of electric lamps. The chief object of furniture was a magnificent Louis XIV. canopied bed.

"The bath is here, Monsieur," said the valet, with a slightly Teutonic accent, opening a door near the head of the bed.

Donaque nodded. He was less interested in the toilet arrangements than in the man himself, for to the detective's observant eye he was no more a valet than an ass masquerading in a lion's skin. If this man were, in fact, a servant, he was one accustomed to the unusual occupations of tennis, hunting, and other forms of outdoor sport. He could never have acquired such a tan below-stairs.

"You are a Frenchman?" suddenly inquired Donaque.

"Yes," replied the man uneasily—"Alsace."

His bearing and demeanour were not unlike those of a man accustomed to be waited on himself, and his lowering brows and coal-black eyes indicated a temper less usual in a servant than a master.

"What time is dinner?" asked Donaque, throwing himself into a big chair and taking a cigarette from his pocket with a deliberation of which the ostensible valet took no advantage to offer him a light.

"In three-quarters of an hour, M'sieu."

"I will rest here," said Donaque. "You need not remain."

"I will then fetch Monsieur's valise," answered Bertrand. He bowed slightly and left the room, leaving the door open.

Donaque watched his shadow vanish down the hallway. Then he sprang from his chair and minutely examined the great bed in which M. Faubert had breathed his last. Next he ran his fingers over the panels of the walls, peered into the vases, of which there were several, shook the folds of the hangings, and took a rapid survey of the bathroom. His entire inspection did not occupy more than three minutes, and he had regained his chair and remained there motionless for a full quarter of an hour more before the valet's footfalls echoed on the stairs.

IN HIS RIGHT HAND he carried Donaque's valise, but its weight was hardly enough to account for the tiny drops gathered upon his brow or the nervousness of his steps. Fear and animal hate struggled for supremacy in his eyes. Something had occurred during his absence to unsteady his nerves. Donaque had expected that it would occur. Yet he had not expected that the signs of it would be so obvious. That the Baroness should seize her opportunity was only natural, however, and only by giving her the opportunity in question could he hope to learn her secret. He was deliberately staking his life in order that he might discover how she would attempt to take it.

But to Donaque this was part of the game. Therein lay the humour of his request "to pass the next few hours precisely as did M. Faubert before he died," and her direction to Bertrand to "see that Monsieur is properly taken care of." Donaque, lazily smoking his cigarette, with an open novel in his lap, was waiting with lynx-like intensity to see in just what manner he was going to be "cared for."

Bertrand laid the valise upon the bed and, opening it, commenced to lay out in an orderly manner Donaque's evening clothes. The detective appeared to resume the reading which he had momentarily interrupted to toss the valet the key of the valise.

"Monsieur will bathe?" inquired the latter.

"Yes," answered Donaque, without raising his eyes.

Bertrand moved to the adjoining bathroom and turned on the water. Behind, upon the bed, lay, neatly arranged, Donaque's underclothes, socks, trousers, waistcoat, collar, tie, and shirt. Bertrand returned and fumbled with the shirt. His fingers seemed to be all thumbs, but finally he inserted the collar-button in the back and fastened thereto the collar. Donaque arose slowly from where he was sitting and closed the door of the chamber, as if to insure the privacy necessary for dressing; but before his hand left the knob his fingers deftly turned the key in the lock and removed it. Then he sauntered toward the bed.

"I observe," he remarked carelessly, nursing his mustache with one hand, "that you have presented me with a collar-button." Bertrand gave an involuntary start and tried ineffectually to speak.

"I—" he stammered at last, avoiding the eyes of Donaque—"Monsieur had no button in his collar, and I took the liberty of offering him one of my own."

"Very kind of you," replied Donaque, taking up the shirt and examining the humble implement in question. It was a sufficiently ordinary-looking affair, and differed from those which one purchases in the shops only in that it seemed to be made of silver instead of brass plated with gold.

"Very kind of you, indeed," repeated the detective. "But I am unaccustomed to collar-buttons of silver—in fact, I am rather eccentric in my manner of dress, and have a pronounced penchant for buttons of brass. No doubt you have another, eh? Would it be asking too much to request you, for instance, to remove the one you have on and exchange it for this?" Bertrand turned pale under the tan. He seemed to be stifling.

"Certainly, if Monsieur will be so kind as to permit me to remove the one now in the shirt, I will fetch him another button from my room." Donaque smiled.

"You would not care to wear this one yourself?" he asked mockingly. "Does it by any chance resemble the one worn by M. Faubert on the night of his death?"

He detached it from the neckband of the shirt and held it before the eyes of the valet, who with an oath leaped to one side and struck the object from Donaque's fingers.

"Pig of a Frenchman!" he gasped and, springing to the door, tried to open it. Then, for the first time realizing that his escape was barred, he gave vent to a snarl of rage and faced Donaque defiantly, his face transformed into that of a handsome beast.

"Come, my friend," said Donaque soothingly. "Do not resort to violence. The only question between us is whether or not you will go with me quietly."

For answer Bertrand suddenly extinguished the lights. For a moment the two held their breath in silence. The curtains had been drawn, and the darkness of night was in the room—a darkness heavy, thick, oppressive as that of a jungle. Yet in the darkness one solitary gleam of light was visible—a pale, bluish glow like a bead of phosphorus in the wake of a boat's stern—from beneath a table in a distant corner of the great room. Donaque knew that the man's first thought would be to regain possession of the fantastic instrument of death to which the ingenuity of his mistress had resorted, a means undemonstrable without the implement itself—the collar-button of M. Faubert! For a moment the silence was unbroken save for the heavy breathing of the valet; then Donaque heard the nap of the carpet softly stir under stealthly, cat-like footsteps. Bertrand was moving toward the bead of light. Donaque silently crept in the same direction, keeping pace with the almost noiseless noise of the other's feet.

They had now covered the length of the room, and the shape of the button as it lay upon its side under the table was distinctly visible. Donaque, by some exteriorized power of sense, felt the valet stoop and stretch his arm toward the spot of light. This was the moment for him to act. Silently Donaque sprang, his fingers clutching for Bertrand's throat. At the same moment his head came in contact with an intervening object which fell with a crash, carrying him with it. For an instant he lay half stunned. The sound of heavy breathing and of scrambling feet told him that Bertrand had secured the prize. The next move of the valet would be to make good his escape—through the window, probably.

In an instant Donaque was on his feet again, creeping toward the windows. He could no longer hear or see anything. He stopped and peered through the darkness. At the same instant, not three feet from him and at about the same distance from the floor, suddenly reappeared a bluish blur of light. Slowly it moved in a horizontal direction across the room. Donaque's pulse quickened as he realized that the valet, in his excitement, had forgotten the penetrating quality of the rays of radium. Two feet above the glow Donaque knew were Bertrand's shoulders; above them was Bertrand's head—the man was at his mercy.

Measuring his distance, Donaque darted behind the valet and, getting a strangle-hold upon his neck, pressed a tiny sphere of glass to the man's nose and mouth, cracking it to flinders, as he did so, between his fingers. A sharp, pungent odour pierced the air as with a knife, and Bertrand collapsed without a struggle.

A moment later, in the white light of the electric lamps, Donaque examined his victim curiously as he snapped a pair of slender chains upon the man's wrists and ankles and thrust a gag made of a bath-towel into his mouth. The little ethode had done its work well and quickly—more accurately and usefully than any firearm. He had taken his man alive—so much more business-like than putting the final quietus upon him and by an enforced silence destroying his usefulness forever.

"As I expected!" muttered Donaque, as his fingers came in contact in another of the valet's pockets with a tiny case of lead, the interior of which bore the imprint of a collar-button. The detective placed the button inside it and, closing the case, concealed it carefully in an inside pocket of his coat. No rays, however powerful, could penetrate that magic wall of lead. The giant was chained and helpless until Donaque should see fit to release him. The genie was in his bottle. And that genie was worth, in the specie of France, exactly sixty thousand francs!

He dragged Bertrand to the foot of the bed and tied him there, helpless, with its linen sheets. The little clock of Dresden on the mantel struck the quarter. Donaque was beginning to feel hungry. The water was still running in the bathroom. The valet remained unconscious. Glancing first at the door, the detective unconcernedly removed his clothes and took a bath, after which he dried himself luxuriously upon the remaining bath-towel, and donned his evening clothes.

Then he repacked his valise, placed it outside, and, locking the door of the chamber, thrust the key into his pocket.

"I trust Bertrand has made you quite comfortable?" asked the Baroness, as she indicated the seat opposite her own at the great table in the dining-room a few moments later.

The detective raised his glass to his lips. "He was more than attentive," he replied.

Donaque ate with a good appetite, enjoying the deftness and rapidity of the service, and the daintiness of the china and table linen. Such things outside his own business appealed to him. Likewise he gave his unstinted admiration to the subtle beauty of the woman before him, the perfect outline of whose features was just beginning to show the fulness of maturity. Her self-control was superb; yet now and then she betrayed a nervousness which he fully appreciated. She was wondering, watching, waiting for him to show some sign of the deadly effect of the genie in the bottle. Fish followed soup, and an entrée the fish. The best of French and German wines filled the glasses at his elbow, and no restaurant of Paris could have surpassed this strange meal in culinary perfection. The Baroness talked lightly of the country round, the history of the château—even of M. Faubert, praising his great qualities of mind and spirit. The dessert was removed, and a serving man passed coffee and liqueurs, with slender Persian cigarettes. His hostess placed one between her lips, lighted it, and with elbows on the table sent a challenging glance through the smoke to the man sitting so calmly opposite her.

"And, so far, are you satisfied with the manner in which M. Faubert spent his last evening upon earth?" she asked.

"Truly, after such a banquet, with so charming and beautiful a hostess, one would choose either to live on forever in her company or—to die leaving the memory of it undisturbed," answered Donaque.

The Baroness laughed, flattered at a compliment even from a police official. Moreover, the grotesque and bitter humour of the situation—for Donaque—appealed to her. Before midnight he would be no longer to be feared.

"It is always thus, my friend, is it not?" said she. "Eat, drink, and enjoy yourself, for tomorrow you die."

Donaque read her thoughts. Inside his mask he, too, was laughing. "So soon?" he smiled.

"Perhaps," she answered, with half-closed eyes. "If not," she added, "we might be friends."

For a moment the detective made no reply. Then he laid down his cigarette and leaned forward. "Madame," said he abruptly, "have you continued your investigations into the mysteries of radium?"

"I?" she cried. "Radium?"

"Yes, Madame," returned Donaque. "I had always supposed that you had the great fortune to possess a considerable quantity of that invaluable element. Am I not correct?"

The eyes of the Baroness narrowed to mere slits, and involuntarily she placed her left hand upon her breast. "Why do you ask me that?" she demanded.

"Because," returned Donaque, "I have found it important in my profession to acquaint myself with some accuracy as to the whereabouts of such amounts of the element as may be available. For instance, I note that as Lena Schmidt you twice purchased during the year 1899 as much as a quarter grain through Dublatz of Leipsic. That is no inconsiderable quantity. A few years later my records show that half a grain came into your possession through your acquaintance with Dr. Giesel. Within eighteen months I am informed you secured an entire grain from the Austrian government by means of the intermediation of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs and the influence of no less a person than M. Faubert himself."

THE CIGARETTE DROPPED from the delicate fingers of the Baroness Berlitz, and a dusky pallor spread across her face. The gleam in her eyes changed from that of the tigress to that of a frightened fox. But Donaque appeared to be deep in his own thoughts.

"You and I know the wonderful qualities of this mysterious element; yet it is strange how little the world at large is acquainted with its almost supernatural powers—its terrible effect upon the human body, for example, when placed in juxtaposition with a vital part. I have often wondered at the infrequency with which it has been used as a means to take human life, for it leaves no trace behind it. Only one case I know—that of a dentist who filled his victim's tooth with a composition containing radium bromide. The man died in horrible agony within a few days—yet no doctor suspected the cause of the frightful abscess which formed upon his jaw."

Donaque stopped and shot a glance across the table at the Baroness, who sat rigid, her teeth fastened in her lower lip, her bosom heaving rapidly.

"How easy it would be," continued Donaque relentlessly, "to cause death by inducing a person to wear near his spinal cord some little object containing a couple of grains of radium—say a collar button?"

The Baroness uttered a gasping cry and pressed her hands to her temples.

"Like this," he added taking from his pocket the leaden case and laying it open upon the table. "Like this."

The woman sprang to her feet, overturning several of the glasses and gazing wildly at Donaque.

"Bertrand!" It was a low cry for help.

"Bertrand!" she repeated, her face ashen.

"He will not come, Madame!" said Donaque gravely. "But perhaps you will go to *him?* Is it asking too much?" She stared at him helplessly.

"This evening I have been your guest. I must beg the privilege of returning your hospitality. I must request you to become for a little time the guest of the Republic of France. Tomorrow morning the newspapers will print the news that there is a shortage in the accounts of the Ministry of Finance amounting to five million francs. Are you ready to go, Madame?"

A look of despair crossed her face, and her lips framed the noiseless word, "Where?"

"To Paris, Madame," answered Donaque.

Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

ISADORA'S YOUNG HUSBAND

While living quietly in London, one day out of a clear sky I received a wireless, "If you would save my life and reason meet me in Paris. Arriving *George Washington.* Love, Isadora." . . . The boat train arrived at 8:30, and almost the first to descend, majestic and glorious, was Isadora. She folded me in her arms, repeating frantically, "Mary, Mary, oh, Mary, at last you have come to save me. I knew you would.

"Now don't try to understand anything. I will explain later. Only, whatever you do, forget that I'm the great artist. I'm just a nice intelligent person who appreciates the great genius of Sergei Yessenin. He is the artist; he, the great poet." Naturally this made me laugh. . . .

"Well, darling," I replied, "produce this wonderful genius. Where is he?"

"Just a moment," Isadora replied. "Don't be impatient. You can't hurry a Russian. They are fetching him out." I asked, "Is he ill?"

"Not exactly," said Isadora. "But he dislikes greatly getting off trains. You must remember he's a very, very great genius, and the guards are coaxing him off." Isadora tried to keep serious, then the most extraordinary thing happened. Four guards appeared, lifting and pulling what seemed like an enormous bundle of elegant furs. They righted the object, which took the form of a man, plus an enormously high fur hat, which made him seem very tall and ferocious. . . . I also discovered that this bundle had two twinkling little eyes that shot fire.

Isadora was beaming with delight, as she was never sure how Sergei would receive anyone, and now a scene had been averted.

The Untold Story. MARY DESTI.

THIS THING CALLED MOTHER LOVE

"I don't think Nora's insincere. I don't think she ever is, not even when she says her heart is broken, but I'm not sure she isn't our enemy."

"Oh, Sue! don't say that!" Ted protested, deeply shocked. "Nora loves us."

"I know she does," Sue admitted. "That's why she may be our enemy. I don't understand it, but I think she'd ruin our lives and fool herself into believing she had saved us from something awful. . . . She'd give her right arm . . . both arms . . . to help any of us, but if we don't look out she's going to take our lives in exchange." *A Dead Man Dies.* PERCY MARKS.

THE TERRIBLE SIREN IN WALL STREET

Conservative brokers were suspicious of the "Lady Brokers" (Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Mrs. Tennessee Claflin), or the "Bewitching Brokers," as they often were called. But when they opened their office at 44 Broad Street, every financial house sent a representative to call. Vanderbilt's power was behind them. Newspapers cooed over their beauty and charm; reporters described their dark blue empress walking-dresses, and noted the gold pens behind lovely ears. They were the first female brokers in the world; they were beautiful; they were a sensation. Crowds followed them through the streets. Visitors besieged them; they had to put a sign on the wall: "All gentlemen will state their business and then retire at once."

The women who drove downtown in their carriages used the rear entrance to Victoria Woodhull's private office, which was separated from the front by a richly carved walnut partition, topped with ornamented glass. They might find her at a green baize covered walnut desk, eating early strawberries sent in by some friend on the Street; or happily pasting newspaper clippings about the "Queens of Finance" in a scrapbook. Sometimes Buck Claflin sat beside her, an incongruous figure, in high leather boots, with his beard trimmed to a point, a malign representation of "Uncle Sam." But everyone admired Victoria's bright face lit by such soft blue eyes. They were charmed by her flute-like voice, and none failed to find her energy infectious. She vitalized everyone who met mer.

The Terrible Siren. EMANIE SACHS.

JOHN WESLEY HAS THE LAST WORD

"On Thursday, the 20th May (1742), I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell, and then rode on till I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him. He was quite uneasy to know 'whether I held the doctrines of the decrees as he did'; but I told him over and over: 'We had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another.' And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares, and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him 'No. I am John Wesley himself.' Upon which . . . he would gladly have run away outright, but being the better mounted of the two I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to show him his heart till we came into the street of Northampton."

John Wesley. ARNOLD LUNN.

THE CURSE OF ISRAEL

In the Synagogue at Amsterdam they lighted candles veiled in black, and against this impious transgressor and scorner of sacred rites (Uriel Acosta) they pronounced the ancient formula of Excommunication. In all its primitive brutality, it is as follows:

"Let him be excommunicated according to the judgment of the Lord of Lords, in both tribunals, the higher and the lower. Let calamities fall upon him. Let his house become the dwelling place of dragons. Let his star become dimmed by the clouds, and turn furious, terrible and cruel against him. Let his gold and his silver be taken from him. Let his wife be given to others, that they may live with her! May he be accursed by the mouth of Addirion and Achtariel, Gabriel and Seraphim, Raphael and Macharetieh. May he fall and never rise. Let him not be buried in the sepulchre of Israel. May he ever remain excommunicated, and may this act become his heritage. And may peace and the benediction of the Lord descend upon all Israel."

And then, at the end of the ceremony, the candles were blown out to signify that the cursed one was to be forever without the light of heaven.

The Chosen People.
JEROME AND JEAN THARAUD.

NEW YORK CITY

Richer than Carthage, craftier than Tyre,
O slender city, bosomless and tall,
O mightiest of cities, thou wilt fall
Like all great towns that sank to dust and mire,
Thou wilt not, like poor Troy, die by fire,
Yet silence will slip around thee like a shawl
And peace will grow about thee for a wall
And crimson rust will be thy funeral pyre.

Above the valley of Wall Street rides the moon,
Frosting the silver mansions to pale ghosts.
It seems already ages since loud hosts,
Impetuous traders, trafficked here this noon.
And thus the lonely roofs of Karnak stand,
Washed by white moonlight in an empty land.

My Horses are Grasshoppers.
GORDON LAWRENCE.

BAUDELAIRE'S HOME LIFE

One of the things that especially aggravated him in his mistress was, that she did not admire him, that she would have thrown his manuscripts into the fire if that would have brought her more money than letting them be published. For Jeanne, indeed, her lover was a failure. And there were days when she told him so, when she in her turn was weary of that continual penury that prevented her even from buying the small pieces of finery she took a fancy to.

And further, Baudelaire loved conversation, and it was impossible for him to exchange a word with this creature, not merely on literary matters but even on the most commonplace political topics. Jeanne was literally not interested in anything, and she had no wish to learn anything, though the poet had at many different times suggested that he should give her lessons.

This savage, too, was cunningly and subtlely spiteful. She poisoned the cat that was Baudelaire's only diversion at home; and brought dogs into his lodgings because she knew that the sight of them made him feel ill.

Baudelaire, Flower of Evil.
FRANÇOIS PORCHÉ (MAVIN).

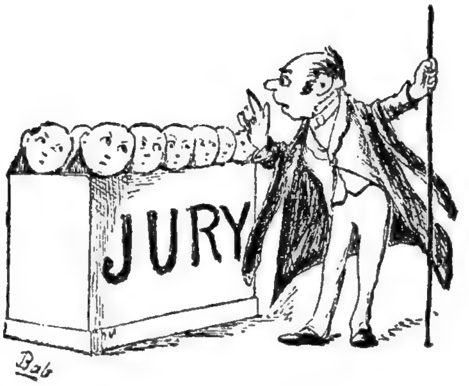
THE DOUBLE-CROSSERS

They were cheap managers:
Lice of the ring.
God help the fighters on their string!
They framed 'em,
Set 'em up,
Double crossed.

No matter who won—
They never lost.
Conscience?
So has a snake got hips!
Cohn and MacPhail—
The perfect Gyps.

The Set Up. JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH.

[THE GOLDEN BOOK *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*]



Illustrations by "Bab"
(W. S. Gilbert)

Trial by Jury

By W. S. GILBERT

W S Gilbert.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ
THE LEARNED JUDGE
COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF
THE DEFENDANT
FOREMAN OF THE JURY
USHER
THE PLAINTIFF
BRIDESMAIDS, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, ETC.

SCENE—*A Court of Justice.*

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, *and* JURYMEN *discovered with* USHER.

Chorus

Hark, the hour of ten is sounding!
Hearts with anxious fears are bounding
Hall of Justice crowds surrounding,
Breathing hope and fear—
For today in this arena,
Summoned by a stern subpœna,
Edwin, sued by Angelina,
Shortly will appear.

(*The* USHER *marshals the* JURY *into Jury-box.*)

USHER— *Solo*

Now, Jurymen, hear my advice—
All kinds of vulgar prejudice
I pray you set aside:
With stern judicial frame of mind,
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried.

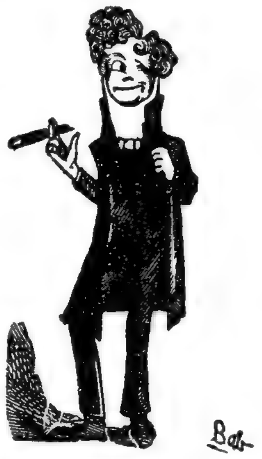
Chorus

From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried.

(During Choruses, USHER *says, fortissimo, "Silence in Court!")*

USHER—

Oh, listen to the plaintiff's case:
Observe the features of her face—
The broken-hearted bride.
Condole with her distress of mind—
From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!



Chorus

From bias free, etc.

USHER—

And when amid the plaintiff's shrieks,
The ruffianly defendant speaks—
Upon the other side;
What *he* may say you needn't mind—
From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried.

Chorus

From bias free, etc.

(*Enter* DEFENDANT.)

DEFENDANT— *Recitative*

Is this the Court of the Exchequer?

ALL—

It is!

DEFENDANT (*aside*)—

Be firm, my moral pecker,
Your evil star's in the ascendant!

ALL—

Who are you?

DEFENDANT—

I'm the defendant!

Chorus of JURYMEN *(shaking their fists)*—

Monster, dread our damages!
We're the jury,
Dread our fury!

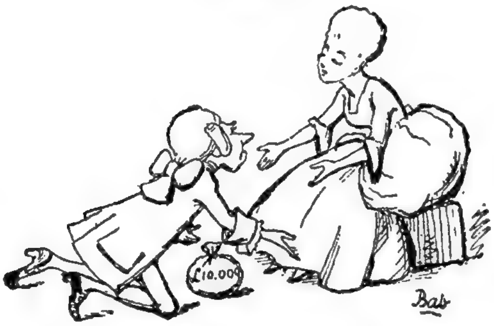
DEFENDANT—

Hear me, hear me, if you please,
These are very strange proceedings—
For, permit me to remark,
On the merits of my pleadings,
You're at present in the dark.

(DEFENDANT *beckons to* JURYMEN—*they leave the box, and gather round him as they sing the following)*—

Ha! ha! ha!
That's a very true remark—
On the merits of your pleadings,
We're entirely in the dark!
Ha! ha!—ha! ha!

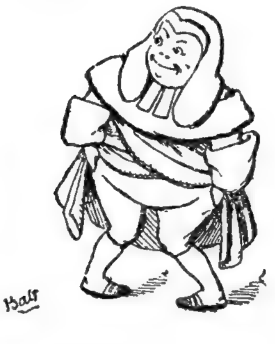
DEFENDANT— *Song*
When first my old, old love I knew,
My bosom swelled with joy;
My riches at her feet I threw—
I was a love-sick boy!
No terms seemed too extravagant
Upon her to employ—



I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,
Just like a love-sick boy!
But joy incessant palls the sense;
And love, unchanged, will cloy,
And she became a bore intense
Unto her love-sick boy!
With fitful glimmer burnt my flame,
And I grew cold and coy,
At last, one morning, I became
Another's love-sick boy!

Chorus of JURYMEN *(advancing stealthily)*—
Oh, I was like that when a lad;
A shocking young scamp of a rover!
I behaved like a regular cad;
But that sort of thing is all over.
I'm now a respectable chap,
And shine with a virtue resplendent,
An therefore I haven't a scrap
Of sympathy with the defendant!
He shall treat us with awe,
If there isn't a flaw,
Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!
Trial-la-law—Trial-la-law!
Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!

USHER— *Recitative*
Silence in Court, and all attention lend.
Behold your Judge! In due submission bend!



(Enter JUDGE *on Bench.)*
Chorus
All hail, great Judge!
To your bright rays
We never grudge
Ecstatic praise.
All hail!
May each decree
As statute rank,
And never be
Reversed in banc.
All hail!

JUDGE— *Recitative*
For these kind words accept my thanks, I pray!
A Breach of Promise we've to try today;
But firstly, if the time you'll not begrudge,
I'll tell you how I came to be a judge.

ALL—
He'll tell us how he came to be a judge!

JUDGE—
Let me speak.

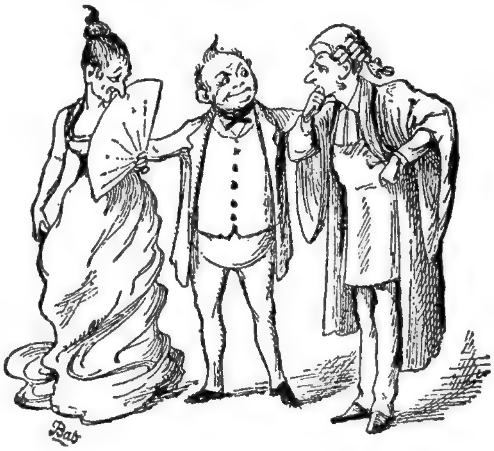
ALL—
Let him speak.

JUDGE—
Let me speak.

ALL—
Let him speak. Hush! hush!! hush!!!
(fortissimo) He'll tell us how he came to be a judge!

JUDGE— *Song*
When I, good friends, was called to the bar,
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as many young barristers are,
An impecunious party:
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby.
Chorus
A couple of shirts, etc.

JUDGE—
In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I should never hit on a chance
Of addressing a British jury—
But I soon got tired of third-class journeys
And dinners of bread and water;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.
Chorus
So he fell in love, etc.



JUDGE—
The rich attorney he jumped with joy,
And replied to my fond professions:
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy,
"At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.
"You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,
"And a very nice girl you'll find her!
"She may very well pass for forty-three
"In the dusk, with a light behind her!"
Chorus
"She may very well," etc.

Judge—
The rich attorney was good as his word:
The briefs came trooping gayly,
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves who could my fees afford
Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations.
Chorus
And many a burglar, etc.

Judge—
At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—
An incubus then I thought her,
So I threw over that rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.
The rich attorney my character high
Tried vainly to disparage—
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
This breach of promise of marriage!
Chorus
And now if you please, etc.

Judge—
For now I am a Judge!
All—
And a good Judge too!
Judge—
Yes, now I am a Judge!
All—
And a good Judge too!
Judge—
Though all my law is fudge,
Yet I'll never, never budge,
But I'll live and die a Judge!
All—
And a good Judge too!
Judge *(pianissimo)*—
It was managed by a job!
All—
And a good job too!
Judge—
It was managed by a job!
All—
And a good job too!
Judge—
It is patent to the mob,
That my being made a nob
Was effected by a job.
All—
And a good job too!

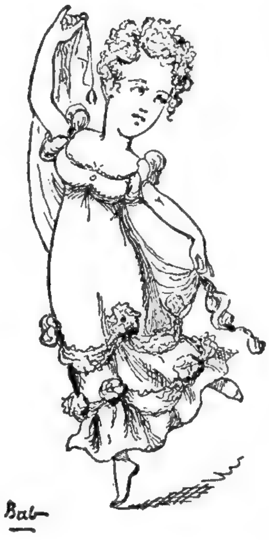
(Enter Counsel for Plaintiff.)

Counsel— *Recitative*
Swear thou the Jury!

Usher—
Kneel, Jurymen, oh! kneel!

(All the Jury *kneel in the Jury-box and so are hidden from audience.)*

Usher—
Oh, will you swear by yonder skies,
Whatever question may arise
'Twixt rich and poor—'twixt low and high,
That you will well and truly try?



Jury *(raising their hands, which alone are visible)*—
To all of this we make reply,
By the dull slate of yonder sky:
That we will well and truly try.

(All rise with the last note, both hands in air.)

Usher— *Recitative*
This blind devotion is indeed a crusher—
Pardon the tear-drop of the simple Usher!
(He weeps.)

Counsel— *Recitative*
Call the plaintiff!

Usher— *Recitative*
Oh, Angelina! Angelina!! Come thou into Court.

(Enter the Bridesmaids, *each bearing two palm branches, their arms crossed on their bosoms, and rose-wreaths on their arms.)*

Chorus of Bridesmaids.
Comes the broken flower—
Comes the cheated maid—
Though the tempest lower,
Rain and cloud will fade!
Take, oh maid, these posies:
Though thy beauty rare
Shame the blushing roses,
They are passing fair!
Wear the flowers till they fade:
Happy be thy life, oh maid!

(The Judge, *having taken a great fancy to* First Bridesmaid, *sends her a note by* Usher, *which she reads, kisses rapturously, and places in her bosom.)*

Angelina— *Solo*
O'er the season vernal,
Time may cast a shade;
Sunshine, if eternal,
Makes the roses fade!
Time may do his duty;
Let the thief alone—
Winter hath a beauty
That is all his own.
Fairest days are sun and shade:
I am no unhappy maid!

(By this time the Judge *has transferred his admiration to* Angelina.)

Chorus of Bridesmaids.
Comes the broken flower, etc.

(During Chorus Angelina *collects wreaths of roses from* Bridesmaids *and gives them to the* Jury, *who put them on, and wear them during the rest of the piece.)*

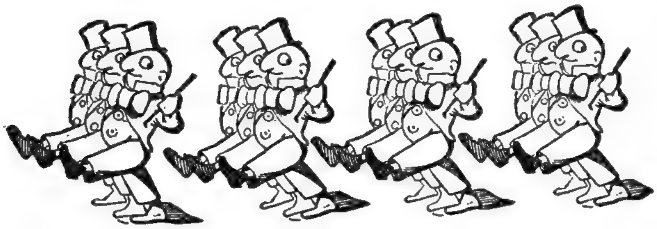
Judge *(to* Associate)—
Oh, never, never, never, since I joined the human race,
Saw I so exquisitely fair a face.

The Jury *(shaking their forefingers at* Judge)—
Ah, sly dog! Ah, sly dog!

Judge *(to* Jury)—
How say you, is she not designed for capture?

Foreman *(after consulting with the* Jury)—
We've but one word, my lord, and that is—Rapture!

Plaintiff (*curtseying*)—
Your kindness, gentlemen, quite overpowers!
The Jury—
We love you fondly, and would make you ours!



The Bridesmaids *(shaking their forefingers at the* Jury)—
Ah, sly dogs! Ah, sly dogs!
Counsel for Plaintiff—
Recitative
May it please you, my lud!
Gentlemen of the Jury!
Aria
With a sense of deep emotion,
I approach this painful case;
For I never had a notion
That a man could be so base,
Or deceive a girl confiding,
Vows, *etcetera,* deriding.
All—
He deceived a girl confiding,
Vows, *etcetera,* deriding.
(Plaintiff *falls sobbing on* Counsel's *breast, and remains there.*)

Counsel—
See my interesting client,
Victim of a heartless wile!
See the traitor all defiant
Wear a supercilious smile!
Sweetly smiled my client on him,
Coyly woo'd and gently won him!
All—
Sweetly smiled, etc.
Swiftly fled each honeyed hour
Counsel—
Spent with this unmanly male!
Camberwell became a bower,
Peckham an Arcadian Vale,
Breathing concentrated otto!—
An existence *à la* Watteau.

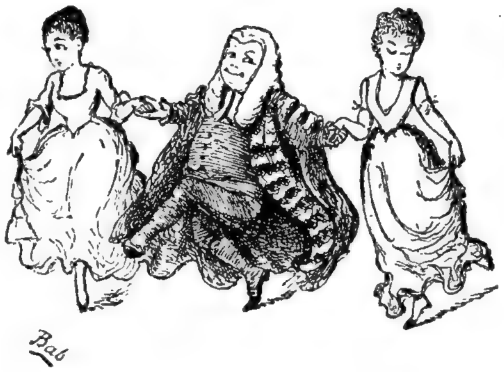
All—
Bless us, concentrated otto! etc.

Counsel (*coming down with* Plaintiff, *who is still sobbing on his breast*)—
Picture, then, my client naming
And insisting on the day:
Picture him excuses framing—
Going from her far away;
Doubly criminal to do so,
For the maid had bought her *trousseau!*

All—
Doubly criminal, etc.

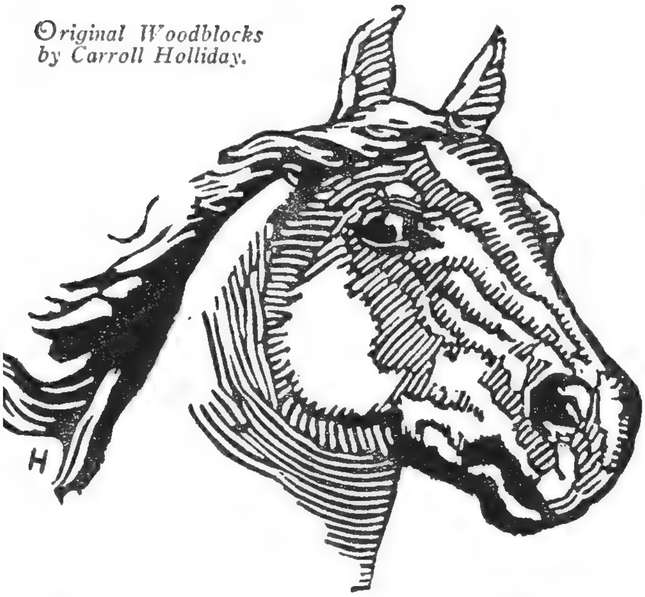
Counsel (*to* Plaintiff, *who weeps*)—
Cheer up, my pretty—oh, cheer up!
Jury—
Cheer up, cheer up, we love you!
(Counsel *leads* Plaintiff *fondly into Witness-box; he takes a tender leave of her and resumes his place in Court.*)
(Plaintiff *reels, as if about to faint.*)
Judge—
That she is reeling
Is plain to me!
Foreman—
If faint you're feeling,
Recline on me!
(*She falls sobbing on to the* Foreman's *breast.*)
Plaintiff (*feebly*)—
I shall recover
If left alone.
All (*shaking their fists at* Defendant)—
Oh, perjured lover,
Atone! atone!
Foreman—
Just like a father
I wish to be. (*Kissing her.*)
Judge (*approaching her*)—
Or, if you'd rather,
Recline on me!
(*She staggers on to bench, sits down by the* Judge, *and falls sobbing on his breast.*)
Counsel—
Oh! fetch some water
From far Cologne!
All—
For this sad slaughter
Atone! atone!
Jury (*shaking fists at* Defendant)—
Monster, monster, dread our fury,
There's the Judge, and we're the Jury
Defendant— *Song*
Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray,
Though I own that my heart has been ranging
Of nature the laws I obey,
For nature is constantly changing.
The moon in her phases is found,
The time and the wind and the weather,
The months in succession come round,
And you don't find two Mondays together.
Consider the moral, I pray,
Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,
Who loves this young lady today,
And loves that young lady tomorrow.
Bridesmaids (*rushing forward, and kneeling to* Jury)—
Consider the moral, etc.
You cannot eat breakfast all day,
Nor is it the act of a sinner,
When breakfast is taken away,
To turn your attention to dinner;
And it's not in the range of belief,
That you could hold him as a glutton,
Who, when he is tired of beef,
Determines to tackle the mutton.
But this I am ready to say,
If it will appease her sorrow,

I'll marry one lady today,
And I'll marry the other tomorrow.
BRIDESMAIDS *(rushing forward as before)*—
But this he is ready to say, etc.
JUDGE— *Recitative*
That seems a reasonable proposition,
To which I think your client may agree.
ALL—
Oh, Judge discerning!
COUNSEL—
But, I submit, my lord, with all submission,
To marry two at once is Burglaree!
(*Referring to law book*)
In the reign of James the Second,
It was generally reckoned
As a very serious crime
To marry two wives at one time.
(*Hands book up to* JUDGE, *who reads it.*)
ALL—
Oh, man of learning!
Quartette
JUDGE—
A nice dilemma we have here,
That calls for all our wit:
COUNSEL—
And at this stage it don't appear
That we can settle it.
DEFENDANT—
If I to wed the girl am loth
A breach 'twill surely be!
PLAINTIFF—
And if he goes and marries both
It counts as Burglaree!
ALL—
A nice dilemma, etc.



PLAINTIFF *and* DEFENDANT— *Duet*
PLAINTIFF *(embracing* DEFENDANT *rapturously)*—
I love him—I love him—with fervour unceasing,
I worship and madly adore;
My blind adoration is always increasing,
My loss I shall ever deplore.
Oh, see what a blessing—what love and caressing
I've lost, and remember it, pray,
When you I'm addressing, are busy assessing
The damages Edwin must pay.
DEFENDANT *(repelling her furiously)*—
I smoke like a furnace—I'm always in liquor,
A ruffian—a bully—a sot.
I'm sure I should thrash her—perhaps I should kick her,
I am such a very bad lot!
I'm not prepossessing, as you may be guessing,
She couldn't endure me a day!
Recall my professing when you are assessing
The damages Edwin must pay!
(She clings to him passionately; he drags her round stage, and flings her to the ground.)
JURY—
We would be fairly acting,
But this is most distracting!
JUDGE— *Recitative*
The question, gentlemen, is one of liquor;
You ask for guidance—this is my reply:
If he, when tipsy, would assault and kick her,
Let's make him tipsy, gentlemen, and try!
COUNSEL—
With all respect
I do object!
ALL—
With all respect
We do object!
DEFENDANT—
I don't object!
ALL—
We do object!
JUDGE *(tossing his books and papers about)*—
All the legal furies seize you!
No proposal seems to please you,
I can't stop up here all day,
I must shortly go away.
Barristers, and you, attorneys,
Set out on your homeward journeys;
Put your briefs upon the shelf,
I will marry her myself!
(He comes down from Bench to floor of Court. He embraces ANGELINA.)
Finale
PLAINTIFF—
Oh, joy unbounded!
With wealth surrounded,
The knell is sounded
Of grief and woe.
COUNSEL—
With love devoted
On you he's doted:
To castle moated
Away they go!
DEFENDANT—
I wonder whether
They'll live together
In marriage tether
In manner true?
USHER—
It seems to me, sir,
Of such as she, sir,
A judge is he, sir,
A good judge too.
Chorus.
It seems to me, sir, etc.
JUDGE— Oh, yes, I am a Judge.
ALL— And a good Judge too!
JUDGE— Oh, yes, I am a Judge.
ALL— And a good Judge too!
JUDGE—
Though homeward as you trudge,
You declare my law is fudge,
Yet of beauty I'm a judge.
ALL— And a good judge too!

[JUDGE *and* PLAINTIFF *dance back on to the Bench—the* BRIDESMAIDS *take the eight garlands of roses from behind the* JUDGE'S *desk (where one end of them is fastened) and draw them across floor of Court, so that they radiate from the desk. Two plaster Cupids in bar wigs descend from flies. Red fire.*]


Original Woodblocks by Carroll Holliday.

Vlad's Son

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Konrad Bercovici

It was my father's boast that he had half of Europe at his feet. A flat-bottomed rowboat or a spacious log raft was always moored to an iron ring embedded in the rock on which we built our home on the shore of the Danube. And every good Rumanian holds that the Danube is half of Europe.

Back of the house rolled an undulating stretch of pasture-ground, in which roamed the cattle of the village. It was the common pasture-ground of the community. The cows came there from miles away early every morning, and returned home by themselves in time for the evening's milking. Watch-dogs, sure-footed and heavy-coated, did their hereditary duty without anyone's paying any special attention to them. Food they had in plenty; the slaughter-house was not far from the pasture.

Twice every year the same stretch did duty as fair-grounds. Early every spring, even before the snow had melted, tents and shanties were put up, and for fully ten days before Easter the peasants of our village and the surrounding villages, with their women and children, were in the *khan*—the inn—from early morning to late at night.

At the close of the fair there was not a red copper left in the district. Most of the money had gone to foreign lands. From the Tartars the Rumanian peasants bought young long-horn oxen; from the Russians, furs; long-haired, heavy-mustached Hungarians from Budapest and short-sighted Germans from Leipsic sold them plows and cultivators, and, coming from far America, a Yankee salesman sold brightly coloured harvesting-machines, binders and mowers, which attracted considerable attention, not only for themselves but because they were brought from America—from far away, from so far away. . . . This alone gave them a romantic glamour in the eyes of the Rumanians.

The spring fair was the buying-fair, but in the fall, after the cattle were stabled, the wheat threshed and the corn put away in the cribs, the fair-grounds were given over to the selling of the products of the land—wheat, rye, corn, honey, sheep, pigs, cows, and horses. The peasants brought all they had to the *yarmarock*. The money thus obtained for their products in those ten days was all the income for the year. And those ten days and the ten days after and more, if the summer had been a good one and prices decent, were days of great gayety, with the never-ending music of the *tziganes* and the never-ending flow of newly pressed wine oozing from the wooden wine-press directly into the earthen pitcher, and never-ending dancing, singing, and shouting. Not a day passed without a wedding. It was the month of *Sfintu Dumitru*, the month during which nearly all the weddings of the rural districts of Rumania take place.

The yearly fall fair of Cerna Voda was one of the best known in Rumania. The gypsies swarmed in from all sides. Horse-trading tribes came in their high-wheeled wagons drawn by small Moldavian ponies; coppersmith tribes came on foot, the men carrying the kettles and tongs on their backs, and the women in gayly coloured dresses embroidered in gold and silver holding the small children on their shoulders and balancing the family belongings, the blankets and the quilts on their heads; while the older children, half-naked and barefooted, marched in droves back of the tribe. Gypsy musicians played the violin and the flute on the road as they marched, quarreling, fighting and holding musical contests under the blue sky on the edge of a forest, with their bare feet dangling in the water of some lake or brook.

And one must not forget the blond Slovaks and Croats, as they came in their furred pants and long sheepskin coats, with heavy rolls of steel and copper wire dangling on their shoulders, working as they walked, twisting the wires into all sorts of useful things—rat-traps, sieves, rings, dog-collars and clothes-pins, calling out their wares to the empty space by sheer force of habit; docile and patient beasts of burden, known never to grumble, never to rest; in one year traversing Rumania from one end of the Carpathian Mountains to the other, and in the following year all the length of the Danube to where the river falls into the Black Sea; lying down to sleep where the night overtook them, in the dust of the road in summer and in hastily built snow-huts in the winter.

To the people of Cerna Voda, in fact to the whole population of the Dobrudja, Vlad's gypsy tribe was one of the best known. All his people—men, women, and children—were never referred to by their names. The peasants merely designated them as a Vlad man or a Vlad woman.

Vlad, the chief, was the ruler; his word was law for the four-score and more people composing his tribe. And before his wrath they all trembled, and the strongest of them was cowed by just one glance from Vlad's lone, big dark eye.

The gypsy chief was a tall, straight, well-built man of fifty with long red hair and beard, with a thin black mustache hardly covering a high overlip under a well-lined nose. As lithe and noiseless as a panther in his gait, quiet-spoken, calm, he gave the impression of the born ruler of men, the man who dictated life and death.

He never bartered. But before any deal was closed by any of his men he was consulted, and his word was the last. His knowledge of horses was uncanny, and the peasants were convinced that he could speak to a horse in its language and order it to do just what he wanted.

It was known also that Vlad was the best horse-thief, and because he had never been caught he was held in great respect. No matter how well a horse was guarded, if Vlad had taken a fancy to it the animal disappeared from the stable. And once gone, it was gone forever. And because Vlad stole only the best, it was a compliment to the owner when the lone-eyed, red-headed gypsy chief stole the animal.

THAT YEAR HAD BEEN A GREAT ONE for farmers on the shore of the Danube. There had been plenty of seasonal rain, and when the wheat was ready to be harvested, the sun baked the ground dry. The sheaves had never been heavier; the corn, too, had yielded more than in any other year.

Because of droughts in other places, grain prices were so high that after the fall fair was over each peasant had more money in his pockets than he had ever had before. There were not enough musicians to play at all the weddings that took place, and each wedding feast lasted at least three days. The *tziganes,* the musicians, *lautars,* worked themselves to death, snatching bits of sleep on their feet as they played the interminable walzes and *doinas* for the joyous youths.

In the thick of this joy, on a Friday, Vlad's tribe arrived from the Black Sea. Much to the chagrin of his son, Radu, who was in love with Anica, the daughter of an innkeeper of Cerna Voda, the chief had miscalculated the time and the tribe was too late for the fair. But because men and beasts were tired, Vlad decided to pitch camp on the fair-grounds and rest. They had with them some very fine horses and some black sheep they had brought from Astrakhan to sell for breeding.

The peasant youth had arranged a horse-race for the following Sunday. Among the riders was Tudor, the mayor's son, on a little chestnut filly of his. She was the pride of the village. Mara, the filly, won the race before she started from the post. If the others partook in the race at all, it was to see how far behind the filly they could run.

The eyes of everyone were on the little animal, which stowed away space and air, and seemed, with her outstretched neck and fuming nostrils, to be thirsty for more and more space to conquer.

After the race was over the whole village surrounded Tudor and his horse. The men shook hands with the young man, the women covered him with flowers, and the young girls braided coloured ribbons taken from their own hair into the mane of the little filly. Vlad, the gypsy, stood at a distance, outside the circle of Tudor's friends.

From the instant his eye had taken in the sweep of the little mare's shape he had thought of nothing else. He had never owned a horse he liked so well. Not even that black stallion, Stica, for whom the whole tribe mourned when he died.

Vlad had thought Stica to be his last love, that his heart would never more go out to a horse, and suddenly that little filly caught his eye and awoke his inherent slumbering passion—a passion which only those of gypsy blood can understand.

Unable to hold out any longer, the gypsy chief approached the beaming Tudor, and throwing his arm round the horse's neck he brought out the right hand from his pocket full of gold, and said:

"Take it all, and give me the horse, Tudor, son of Miron." Tudor trembled as he pushed away the handful of gold.

"This horse is not for sale, man. Take your gold away and don't tempt me."

The offer of a handful of gold was a great compliment, coming as it did from Vlad, the best horseman in Rumania, but the boy loved the horse and he knew that the innkeeper's daughter, Anica, would never forgive him if he ever parted with Mara. He knew how passionately she loved the horse, and he also knew that if she had consented to marry him instead of Radu, Vlad's son, it was only because he was the owner of Mara.

"This horse is not for sale, Vlad," he repeated again and again, as he pushed the proffered gold away.

The gypsy, still with his left arm round Mara's neck, called to one of his men and spoke a few words to him in his own language. The man dashed away to the chief's tent. The peasants watched the transaction. Vlad fixed his lone eye on Tudor, and the boy fidgeted with the fringes of his red sash and repeated:

"It's not for sale, Vlad. It's not for sale. You don't understand, Vlad. I can't sell this horse."

The gypsy messenger returned with two leather pouches, holding one in each hand. Vlad called Tudor nearer to him.

"Open your hands, boy," he called out, and as Tudor did so he poured gold-pieces from the pouch into the cupped palms.

"Is that enough?" he asked, when one of the pouches was empty.

Tudor raised his eyebrows and looked at the peasants who stood with mouths agape at the sight of so much gold. No one said a word. Tudor was vacillating, when he suddenly saw Anica coming on a run from the inn.

Flushed, perspiring, the clean-limbed, dark-eyed daughter of a gypsy woman and a Rumanian father rushed up to the boy and with her breath still hot she asked: "You did not, did you?"

His hands were full of gold and Vlad's hands were round the filly's neck.

"No, I did not, Anica," he answered.

"Then why does Vlad hold the horse? Let go of Mara, Vlad," she said, trying to pry his arm loose. "And you, Tudor, give him back his gold, or all is broken between us."

"Oh, I see," Vlad remarked. "This is Anica, the innkeeper's daughter, is it not? Where is Radu? Is he not with you? He was so anxious to come to Cerna Voda—because of you. Or is this not Anica, the peasant's daughter?"

"So she is," the peasants echoed.

"Well, well, look how fast she has grown!" Vlad continued in an oily voice. "And Tudor is—bless me, bless me—and I thought she was in love with my son, Radu—— The ways of women, the ways of women!"

"I will have none of your Radu; I will have none of your people—puppets without a will of their own, who forever depend on what Vlad will say or do," Anica shouted at him. "And do please let go of that horse and go God's way. Let go, I say," she screamed, as she tried to lead the horse away. "Let go, let go!"

Vlad looked at her.

"Hold out your hands, Anica," he ordered, and as she obeyed, without thinking, the gypsy chief emptied all the gold in the second pouch into her cupped hands.

"And I shall pay all the wedding expenses besides," he announced, winking to the peasants, "and I will have to buy a beautiful girl for my son, Radu—one more beautiful than you, Anica, if possible."

People looked at one another, not daring to say a word lest the spell be broken. Tudor looked pleadingly at his flushed gypsy girl. So much gold all at once for a horse! It was a fortune. She met his gaze with contempt.

"No, Vlad, that horse is not for sale. As for the wedding expenses, I give thanks to the Lord that I am not an orphan. Take your gold," and before Vlad had time to utter another word, she emptied her hands, made Tudor empty his into the gypsy's coat pocket, and with one jump she was on the horse and up and away from the fair-grounds.

Vlad, pale and shaking as with the ague, looked to the perplexed Tudor, shrugged his shoulders and gave a short laugh. Then he left the crowd to enter his tent. The peasants surrounded the excited boy.

"You'd better get the money, Tudor, and let him have the horse."

"When Vlad wants a horse, he gets it," said the village priest. "We know that, don't we, people?"

"Yes, he has a way with horses. He casts a spell over them and they evaporate from the stable like thin air. You may guard the stable day and night, and the horse disappears. He bewitches them," explained another man.

"He does, he does," many assented.

"Have you not seen how he looked at the little filly? Who knows but what the two spoke together when he had his arm around her? Who knows? Who knows?"

"Nonsense," said young Tudor. "It's my horse and I won't sell it. Have I not as much right to own the horse as a *tzigane?* What?"

"The truth of the matter is," explained Jonica, the oldest inhabitant of Cerna Voda, "that Anica does not want him to sell the horse. You know, Anica, really—because of her mother's blood—— When they love a horse they sacrifice everything, are ready to do anything—trample upon others and even destroy themselves for a horse, for a particular horse."

"Have you not heard?" remarked another man. "She marries Tudor instead of Radu because Tudor owns the horse, and Vlad, Vlad is ready to break his son's heart for the same horse. Ah, these gypsies!"

NOTHING ELSE WAS TALKED about at the inn. All the horse-lore of hundreds of years was reviewed, and it was agreed that the price Vlad had offered was the weight in gold of that little filly. And as the wine mounted to the heads of the peasants, bets were laid as to whether Vlad would get the horse or not. Anica, barefooted, fleet-limbed, dressed only in a long white shirt of linen belted at the waist, served the drinks at the tables.

"No, the horse is not for sale," she said in answer to all inquiries.

"But, girl, you know very well that if Vlad wants the horse nothing will stand in his way. You know that, don't you? And is it fair to Radu to leave him for Tudor because of a horse?" asked old Jonica, the village's story-teller. "And Vlad will get the horse anyhow."

"Nonsense. Tudor will hold watch day and night," the innkeeper's daughter interrupted him, "and he can shoot straight. As to Radu, you don't understand, Tata Jonica, you don't understand. He is only a puppet, not a man. He should have been here four weeks ago. Why did he not come in time?"

"He did not. He did not come, because his father had willed otherwise. He, Radu, has no will of his own. That's it, Tata Jonica."

"Just like her mother, Reposata, may she rest in peace," muttered the old peasant to himself as he watched Anica rush from table to table. "Ah, that gypsy blood, that tempestuous blood!"

"Ah, youth, youth," the older peasants laughed. "Tudor will watch over the horse! As if it mattered. Vlad will call and it will come. He once bewitched a horse, and it came to him when he called—came riding through space on a broomstick."

The village split into two factions. One believed that the gypsy would get the horse, and the other that he would not. They said that Tudor and Anica were a match for any gypsy.

That very evening a dozen youths offered to stand watch at night to relieve Tudor. One climbed on the roof, armed to the teeth; two young boys posted themselves in the stall, and the four sides of the stable were guarded by two men on each side with a sentinel pacing up and down two hundred feet away. For it was known that Vlad's cunning was much above the ordinary. At midnight the guard was changed, and at daylight the whole village was at the *khan* to inquire about the horse. Was Mara still there?

Vlad, too, came in and was followed by his son, Radu. The young gypsy, the image of his father, walked up to Anica, and leaning far over the bar, he spoke to her.

"So that was behind all you said to me yesterday? *Hein,* Anica? So that's what you did, Anica? Because of a horse you threw me over for the mayor's son. What is he more than I am, I ask? Is he stronger than I am? Is he richer? What? As if I could not give you a horse just as beautiful! What?"

"No," answered Anica, "you could not keep a horse if your father ordered it sold, and for so much gold, too. He, he is his own master, not a puppet of his father as you are. You are not even known by your own name. You are known only as 'Vlad's son.' Fancy how they would call me 'Vlad's son's wife.' Phew!" and she spat on the floor and threw back her head as she showed a row of glittering white teeth.

"Vlad is a chief, but he is my father," Radu answered. "I am sure that he would not be against giving you whatever you want, if I asked."

"Not at all," retorted Anica. "Only yesterday he offered to pay the expenses of the wedding between Tudor and myself if I could let him have the horse."

Radu bit his underlip and kept quiet.

"And you are all, all of you, sheep, cowards. Tudor is a man. I never knew it until yesterday. Four handfuls of gold for a horse, and when I said 'No,' he did not have to ask his father. 'No' it was."

"Much of a man, the man who does what a woman wants," sneered the young gypsy.

"But he did not have to ask his father. He did it because I wanted. He did it to please me. To please me," and she beat her heart proudly as she looked defiantly at him.

She served drinks to a few people. When she was free again Radu leaned over the counter and spoke once more. She did not answer. She remembered long walks in the night—kisses, embraces, promises——

He looked into her eyes as he drank the full quart-pitcher of wine in one draft.

"And suppose he would have sold the horse, what then?" he inquired. "Suppose he loses the horse, Anica? Suppose he loses the horse?"

"There is not enough gold in the whole world to buy that horse from Tudor, and he guards it with his life," she replied to the subtle proposition made by the young gypsy. Vlad, who sat all alone at a table, heard the words of the girl and snickered. The gypsy girl looked at him and trembled.

"You had better advise Tudor to take the money," whispered a newly arrived customer in the girl's ear.

"Keep quiet, you drunken weakling," she snapped.

Marin, the innkeeper, came in from the back door. His eyes were still heavy with sleep. He yawned as he took a long drink of prune-juice to put himself in shape for the day's work, and offered the bottle afterward to his customers.

"Good morning, Vlad. Here is his son, too, grown big and strong. Take a sip, take a sip. Here's a man's drink."

Anica looked at Radu, as much as to say:

"Do you hear how they call you?" and the boy bent his head in shame.

WHILE THEY WERE TALKING Tudor came in with his father. The mayor, Miron, shook hands with the gypsy chief; they were old friends—had swapped horses many a time, had drunk from the same glass in token of friendship.

"Glad to see you, Vlad."

"Glad to see you, Miron," Vlad answered, as he made room for the mayor at the table.

"Marin, bring a fresh pitcher and give wine to the men."

Vlad and the mayor drank quietly and spoke about the harvest, the fair, and the prices of wheat and corn. The mayor had an inquisitive mind and wanted to know news and gossip of other places; wanted to know about the Tartar chief who had been killed by one of his women in Cocosh, fifty miles from Cerna, and about the bridge that was thrown over the Danube.

Vlad knew all about everything, because he traveled. Miron read about the happenings in the only newspaper, which came once a week to the village and which he used to explain to the assembled peasants in front of the little church on Sundays after services.

Excepting the priest, he was the only man who could read—with great difficulty, it is true, and half the words used by the writers were a mystery to him, but he could get the drift of what he read and translate it into the flowery language of the Rumanian peasants—the old Latin dialect, ornamented with Greek, Turkish, and Russian.

Radu and Tudor stood leaning against the counter. Both were being served by the inn-keeper's dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter. Each talked to her without looking at the other. Without any exchange of words a drinking-contest was started between the two. Such contests ended only when one of the contestants fell to the floor, dead to the world around him.

"A pitcher of last year's wine," ordered Tudor.

"And of the same for me," ordered Radu, and both young men gulped down the blood-red juice in one draft. It was a contest not only of quantity but one of speed also. The peasants looked on and got ready to take up wagers.

"Another one," demanded Tudor.

"Here, too," motioned Radu.

"Here, Anica," motioned the mayor's son, as he gave the empty pitcher again to the girl.

"Here, too, and bring me a two-quart pitcher this time," the gypsy boy ordered.

Anica hesitated. In a drinking-contest the same measure was served to the contestants. It was an old rule. And Radu was strong. He could drink, she knew that.

"Just bring him a pitcher the same as mine," Tudor spoke excitedly as he straightened up.

"I asked for a double pitcher," insisted Radu, as his fingers coiled around the hilt of his knife, which protruded over the broad red belt. He looked only at the girl, facing her across the counter.

"Give what I ordered."

The mayor and the gypsy chief had watched the contest between their sons from their seats on a bench behind a table on the farther end of the wall. They were watching the contest with extraordinary intensity, which they screened with talk about crops and travel.

But the moment Radu had grasped the hilt of his knife and the peasants had drawn in a circle to make room for the fight, Vlad jumped up and yelled to his son:

"Return to your tent!"

Radu's fingers uncoiled from the knife, his arm dropped limply by his side and he prepared to leave. He looked into the lone eye of his father as he retreated from the counter. He looked again at his father and at the girl, and as the door framed his erect body, he called out:

"Father, you have gone too far."

Then he laughed and stepped out into the road.

"That's what I call a father's rule," spoke an old peasant.

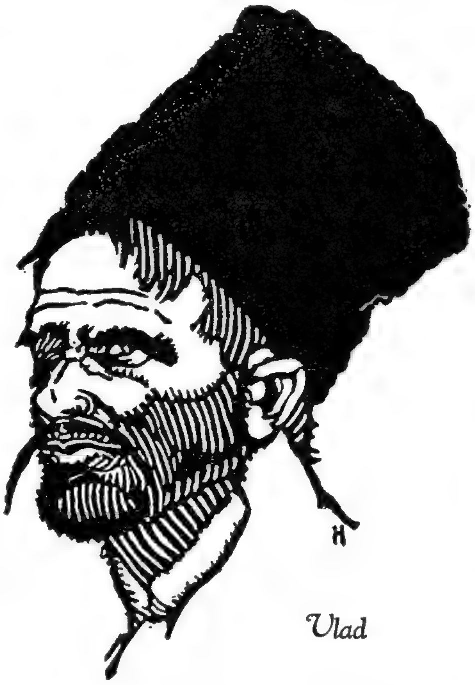
"Radu is just a plain coward," said Anica, as she went on with her work. "No man could order me around that way. And he is a man! Calls himself a man, ha!"

A WEEK PASSED AND THEN ANOTHER WEEK, and the horse was still in Tudor's stable. The youth of the village watched over it day and night. After the second week Vlad could no longer enter the inn without being jeered at. That it should take him so long to make good the silent threat was a sign of decay. He was getting old, too old. Everybody looked at him with contempt. The people who had bet that he would get the horse wondered that he, Vlad, should have lost his cunning, and the young men who watched the horse openly laughed at him.

"Vlad's other eye was the better one," they said to one another, loud enough for the gypsy chief to hear. He had lost his other eye in a fight with a Tartar whom he had killed.

His own people, too, began to lose faith in him, and no longer feared their ruler. Several deals were closed by his son, Radu, without his permission. It was an unprecedented infringement of his law. But his son grew more and more daring.

Vlad had met Radu late at night hovering around the stable where the filly was kept, and although he had ordered him away he had met him there again and again, and had to make believe that he did not see him at all.



Vlad

The gypsies asked one another why they were still staying in Cerna Voda. Through Vlad's miscalculation they had missed the fair, and now they were missing the great fair at Constanza on the Black Sea. All because he had become infatuated with a horse. Of course, they knew what such passion meant. Each one of them had at some time or other been attached to some beautiful animal, and each one's heart had been broken. Some of the horses had died, others became crippled and were shot in mercy, and still others were sold at the orders of Vlad when some big price was offered. For Stica, the stallion he had loved so much, Vlad had given away every pet horse and almost all the gold of the tribe; even to the *salbas*, necklaces, the women had worn.

They could never forget or forgive that. He was a passionate man, Vlad was. His passions were his strength. And he broke every other man's passion for women or horses as soon as it was manifested, lest one of them grow strong with the rising greed and dare oppose his rule when occasion offered.

Only the ruler had a right to strong passions. Such was his dictum. And now a slip of a girl was opposing him! He knew, and his people knew, that Tudor did not count. And if the will of a girl were stronger than his passion, than his cunning, he was no longer fit to rule.

All this was now muttered of and spoken about under their breaths. It was time he was called to account. He was a great chief and all that, but every once in a while all they had saved in years was given away in a day to satisfy one of his whims.

And he broke everyone's heart. Nothing was sacred before the fire of his passion. The gypsies grumbled, but no one dared say a word before the face of the chief.

Vlad grew thinner every day. He had loved women and had grieved when he lost them. He had loved horses and had been ready to pay the price of fools, but never yet had there been a woman or an animal that he could not get when he wanted. There was that Circassian slave-girl he had stolen from the harem of a *pasha*. She was Radu's mother. Much chance the *pasha* had with all his eunuchs once Vlad had set his eye upon the girl! And before that he had stolen the daughter of a *Boyar* and made her his wife.

And from that Russian general in Bessarabia, whose stables were guarded by armed soldiers day and night, he had stolen the best horse. The general called him into his room afterward and gave him hundreds of gold-pieces. Vlad recalled how the officer's hands shook as he begged.

"It was the horse which the Czar has mounted, the horse which the Czar has mounted! I shall have to commit suicide if it is lost."

He had returned the horse, and ever since the general had been his best friend. And now whatever plan he laid was thwarted by Anica, one of his own people on her mother's side.

But never had he loved a horse so much as he loved that little filly, and never before had his reputation or his rule been at stake. It was a fatal day on which he had seen Mara. The whole affair had gone too far. He could never rule his people if he were to give it up. Radu and some others were already defying his authority.

And the peasants made fun of him! On the Sunday after the first snowfall of the year a young peasant came up to him on an old nag and in mock seriousness offered the nag for sale to the gypsy.

"You see, Vlad, I have decided that as a great chief you are entitled to own the best horse in the country."

He had become the joke of the village. Vlad could see that in the eyes of the innkeeper and his daughter. Miron, the mayor, smiled every time he saw him. Only some of the oldest peasants were not convinced of the gypsy's defeat. The priest said it every evening at the inn, as he drank his last glass before retiring.

"Vlad will get the horse. The young pups will soon grow lax. He bides his time. You will see, Vlad will get the horse."

But the young peasants did not intend to grow lax. The old barn was fitted out with tables, benches, barrels, and pitchers, and soon became the meeting-place of the boys and girls of the village. Anica was there every night and her laughter could be heard above the din and noise. Tudor was the host. His little mustache was waxed now every morning until its points were like needles, just to show his pride and insolence. To taunt Vlad he rode his horse up to the gypsy's tent one Sunday.

"How do you like my little filly, Vlad? She is not bad to look at, ha?"

On the fourth Sunday after the fair the priest announced the wedding of Tudor and Anica.

Radu managed to see the girl alone. He begged her to marry him instead. How could she throw him over like that? But Anica sneered:

"Marry you? You! And have your father order you, 'Return to your tent,' when a man insults you! I marry a *man*. A man who is his own master. A man who refuses handfuls of gold for a horse, when I love the horse, and who knows how to guard the horse even against Vlad. That's the *man* I marry. Nobody will ever speak about him as the 'mayor's son.' You could not keep the horse against your father's orders. You could not keep me against his orders. You are afraid of him. You would not dare to do anything without his permission. How can a woman love, marry you? How could she?"

She said this and many other things, even if her heart were not as set as her tongue was cutting.

Radu was handsomer and stronger than Tudor. There were things about him she liked. Her blood echoed to his. But she hated his slavish submission to Vlad. Why did he not act like a man? She had heard of at least one occasion when Vlad took to his tent the bride of another man on the wedding day, just to assert his rule.

The young gypsy cried. He showed her the tree near which he had first kissed her. He reminded her how she had sworn love to him and how she had taken him away from Maria, the blacksmith's daughter. But she would not hear of it. No, she was going to marry a man who was called by his own name and not after his father. A man who could keep a horse she loved, who could refuse handfuls of gold.

"Handfuls of gold, handfuls of gold," she repeated.

A man who dared, who was brave and cunning, would could guard what he had, what she loved.

The conversation between the two had taken place on a Wednesday evening. The wedding between Anica and Tudor was to take place on the following Sunday. The *khangiu*, the innkeeper, engaged the best musicians. It was to be one of the most lavish wedding feasts. From Sunday to Sunday. The whole *khan* was decorated with coloured papers and holly and paper lanterns. In the kitchen a dozen women prepared viands and spicy food for the men.

It was to be such a feast as the village had never seen. No limit to the quantity of wine and brandy. Wedding presents for the couple were piled up against two walls. On one wall, what the women had given—the best of their looms, rolls of homespun linen and coarse silk, *borangick*, that had been bleached for months in the sun. Mats, rugs, embroidered towels, and folds of narrow belts of silk, *betele*, that hold together the two halves of the peasant women's skirts.

And leaning against the other wall, visible to all, were the presents of the men, each piece separate—pistols of all makes, knives with silver and ivory hilts, guns, long Turkish swords, *yataghans*, fur coats, fur hats, boots, pipes, cartridge-belts. Oh, they were not niggardly, the men of Cerna Voda, and God had been good to them that year!

And just after the public exhibit of it all, and as the last few benches were placed, early in the morning on Sunday, Tudor fell headlong at the door of the inn, pale and shaking.

He had just enough strength left to blurt out, "The horse, the horse——"

"The horse what?" yelled Anica, as she shook his limp arm.

"The horse—the horse—" the boy tried to explain.

"Tell me what has happened—is she killed? Did she die? What? Tell me," Anica begged, between sobs of anger. "Tell me, Tudor, tell me, tell me!"

But Tudor was becoming incoherent in his speech. He only repeated: "The horse—the horse."

Leaving Tudor prostrate on the floor, Anica darted away to the stable of the filly. It was empty.

In a few minutes the inn was beleaguered. The priest passed by on his way to church. After he had heard, he went no farther. He knew nobody would come to church. The excitement was too intense. The horse had disappeared from the stable. How? when? No one knew. The young men who had been in charge of the night watch had ridden away to find the horse, vowing they would never return without Mara. When the excitement was at its highest, Vlad came rushing to the inn. The older peasants gave him a rousing welcome. The younger ones looked to him with a mixture of awe and contempt. A supernatural being, Vlad, the great chief. A sorcerer!

"Vlad is *still* Vlad," said the priest. "You thought you knew better, *hein?*"

Jonica slapped the gypsy chief on his broad shoulders.

"Well, well, it was *we* against *them,*" he said, showing the older men on one side and the young men on the other.

"But what does it all mean?" asked Vlad.

"It's about the horse, you know," said Marin, the innkeeper, clinking glasses and laughing his broadest.

"What has happened to the horse?" the gypsy yelled with all the strength of his lungs.

"Come on, come, come, we are good sports," said several peasants, as they dragged the gypsy toward the counter. "The best wine here, Marin."

Vlad tore himself away with one jerk and rushed to the dejected Tudor.

"What's the matter with the horse, you young good-for-nothing?"

"Stolen, stolen, stolen," and he spat in disgust.

The older peasants laughed at the comedy, and the priest forgot all dignity and swung his hat and giggled——

"Look at Vlad; look at him!"

In a moment there was pandemonium in the inn. Anica, on coming back from the stable, threw herself at the chief's feet and begged him to return to her the horse.

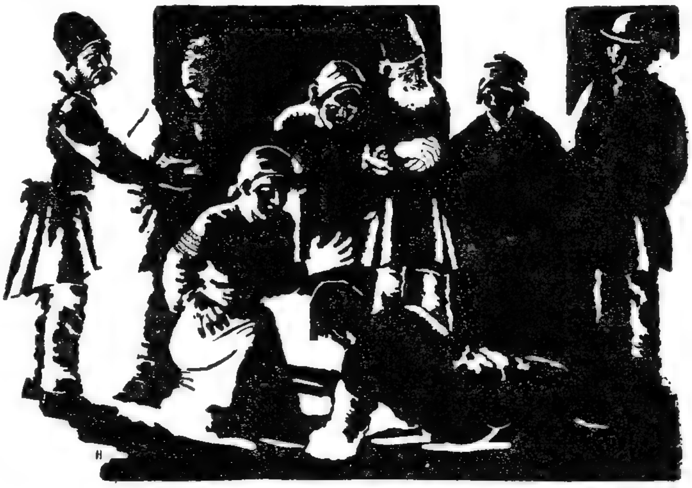
"It is my horse," she cried. He looked hard at her.

She screamed that it was because of Mara that she had agreed to marry Tudor. It was her horse. Her horse. Vlad swore that he knew nothing about it. His face twitched and changed colours until it turned a sickly green, as if it were bruised from the inside. He threw himself on the bench near the crying Tudor and he, too, sobbed.

They did not believe him. Jonica and the priest, his staunchest admirers, least of all. The mayor came in and laughed as he shook the limp hands of the chief.

"Good work! I told you, Tudor, that sooner or later he would get the filly."

"But I did not, Miron. I swear I did not."



They laughed. Ah, Vlad was having some fun!

Soon all the gypsies were in the inn.

They laughed and made much noise.

"Drinks here! Vlad is *still* Vlad."

What did they think of him, *hein?* Watch a horse when he wanted it! There was no better man in the country, in the world. Vlad was sick of denying that he knew anything about the horse. Anica swore that the wedding was called off; that she would never marry a man who could not watch a horse. During one of her passionate outbursts Radu entered the inn. His twinkling eye met the gaze of the innkeeper's daughter and she trembled from head to foot when he left the inn as unobserved as he had entered it. Vlad saw his son leave and prepared to leave also.

"Listen here," said the mayor. "Return the horse. We shall settle that later."

"I know nothing about the horse," answered Vlad, and fell limply on a chair. "I wish to God I did."

All eyes were turned on the two men. The mayor was not fair. One should not speak to Vlad in that way. One could read in their eyes that such was the thought in the heart of the peasants. No. One should not speak that way to Vlad.

"I will put you in chains, Vlad. The joke has gone too far. Show us where you have hidden the horse," and the mayor tried to assert his authority.

"I know nothing about the horse," assured Vlad, and his voice, broken and feeble, trembled.

"It's time for the wedding," broke in the priest in a conciliatory tone, as he placed himself between the two men. "We shall speak about horses later."

Tudor got up from his chair.

"There will be no wedding." Anica stamped her foot and beat the table with her hands. "The man I marry must be a *man.*"

She had hardly finished the last word when Radu, mounted on the stolen filly, rode to the door of the inn.

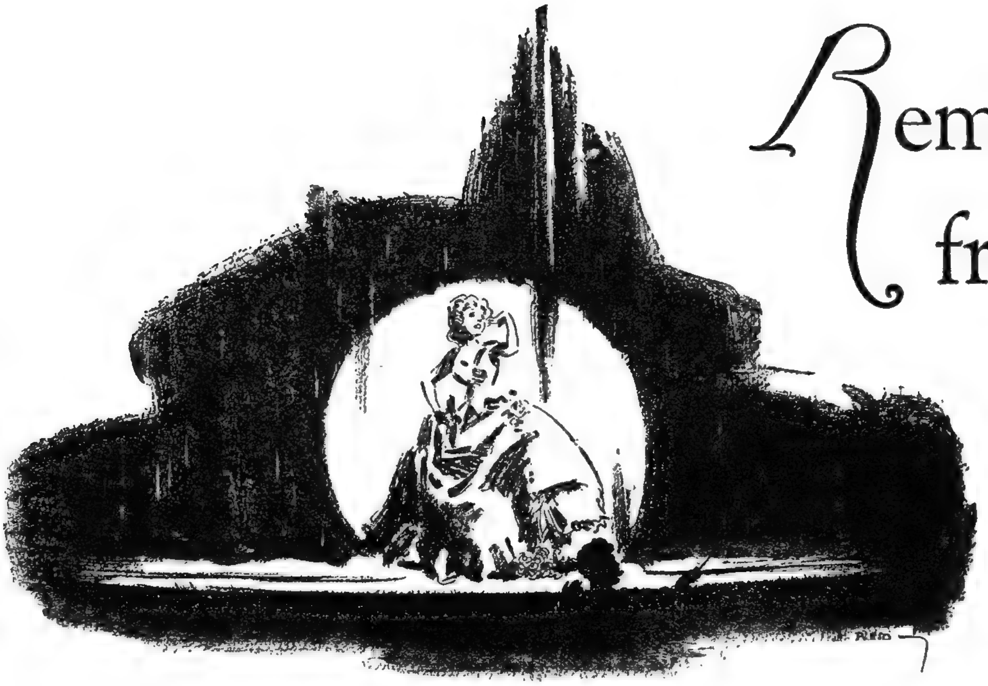
"Mayor," he yelled, "leave the poor old man in peace. It is I who took the horse," and before anyone could say a word Anica had jumped up behind him on the chestnut filly.

"Eat the wedding feast by yourselves. We will get married in the church of the next village."

Vlad left the inn, staggering on his feet like a drunkard. "So he did it! He, he, he!"

Radu now had found strength and cunning in his passion. It was all over, all over!

When Radu returned to Cerna Voda the following day, his father had disappeared. He, Vlad, refused to be known merely as Radu's father. And the people made merry, sang, drank, and danced for seven days and seven nights. Yea, for seven days and seven nights!



Remembered from the Play

"Hedda Gabler"

Tesman—Let me tell you, I've got hold of your new book; but I haven't had a moment to read it yet.

Eilert Lövborg—You may spare yourself the trouble . . . because there's very little in it.

Assessor Brack—But it's been very much praised, I hear.

Lövborg—That was what I wanted; so I put nothing into the book but what everyone would agree with.

Brack—I have always entertained a—a certain respect for the marriage tie—for marriage as an institution, Miss Hedda.

Mrs. Tesman (Hedda Gabler) (*jestingly*)—Oh, I assure you I've never cherished any hopes with respect to *you*.

Brack—All I require is a pleasant and intimate interior, where I can make myself useful in every way, and am free to come and go as—as a trusted friend——

Hedda—Of the master of the house, do you mean?

Brack (*bowing*)—Frankly—of the mistress, first of all; but, of course, of the master too, in the second place. Such a triangular friendship—if I may call it so—is really a great convenience for all parties, let me tell you.

By Henrik Ibsen, Christiania, 1890; London, 1891; revived in New York, 1929.

"Caprice"

Albert Von Echardt—Poetry! It's a children's disease, nothing more. Let him study law first. If he survives that, then he can be a poet.

Albert Von Echardt—Ilsa, why do women always think the worst of each other?

Ilsa Von Ilsen—Because they're women. . . . Because they have a real sense of values.

Albert Von Echardt—When two women don't like each other one can only smile and pray for peace.

Ilsa Von Ilsen—Life is too simple. It's awful—the monotony of it. One must complicate it. You must introduce nuance.

Robert—Why?

Ilsa—Because otherwise life and love and everything would grow stale. . . . Have you ever seen two lovers sitting in the park?

Robert—Well, I've seen people——

Ilsa—They're lovers, Robert, they're lovers. You probably think they're speaking verses, but they're not. He says: "Do you think it's going to rain?" And she says: "I don't think it's going to rain—I've brought my umbrella." Then he says, "Darling," and she says, "Darling." Weak-minded, Robert, it's weak-minded. We have to drop a touch of essence into life. By "we" I mean all the really clever people all over the world, between whom there is a sort of freemasonry which exists without any silly signs or symbols. No matter where we are, we immediately recognize each other.

Robert—How?

Ilsa—By the tips of our noses. By the tips of our toes. But most of all by the tips of our tongues. And we achieve this delightful intimacy—of course, I mean spiritual intimacy—by the right word at the right time in the right place. That's tact, Robert. Tact is to know—how—when.

Ilsa Von Ilsen—I'm going to give you a bit of advice which will last you the rest of your life. Give everybody, especially women, everything, utterly everything—except your confidence.

Ilsa Von Ilsen—Before you talk about love, Amalia, you'd better learn more about men. Men are nothing but selfish pigs. They don't deserve to be considered as anything but biological necessities.

By Sil-Vara (translated by Ruth Langner), Vienna, 1920; New York, 1929.

"GYPSY"

CLEVE CHRISTEN—What's it like to be a musician nowadays?

DAVID HASTINGS—Something like being a bricklayer, I imagine. You spend all your money for a union-card, and then go hungry looking for a job.

CLEVE CHRISTEN—They say one tells the truth to save his own soul—and one may save his own soul—but God, what death and destruction it spreads! So one takes to lying to save other people.

ELLEN HASTINGS—It doesn't save other people much. I never knew a lie to be worth its own agony.

DAVID HASTINGS—They say the truth's more dangerous than firearms, and most people know less about handling it; but for myself, I'd rather be shot than lied to.

ELLEN HASTINGS—There isn't anything to believe in when you don't believe in yourself.

ELLEN HASTINGS—He's a gentleman!

MARILYN RUSSELL—That's enough to put an end to any conversation. They say a gentleman won't tell.

SYLVIA—Won't tell what?

MARILYN—Anything interesting.

By Maxwell Anderson, New York, 1929.

"ON THE HIGH ROAD"

FEDYA—A woman's tongue is a devil's broom—it will sweep the wise and the cunning out of the house.

YEGOR MERIK—The learned gentry have invented machines and medicines of all sorts, and yet no one has been clever enough to find a cure against the female sex. . . . They try to find how to cure every sort of disease, and they never seem to have a notion that more are ruined by womanfolk than by any disease. . . . Sly, money-loving, no mercy and no sense. . . . The old women lead their sons' wives an awful life, the wives think of nothing but how to deceive their husbands. . . . And there's no end to it!

By Anton Chekhov (1884); New York, 1929.

"SERENA BLANDISH, OR, THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING MARRIED"

MARTIN—A lady who stays to tea when she has been asked to luncheon is *never* engaged to be married.

MARTIN—In any emotion it is the intensity that is important—not the worthiness of the object.

SIGMUND TRAUB—There are four things that are ridiculously despised by intellectual snobs—fame, notoriety, position, wealth; yet those are the most we can get out of life.

SERENA BLANDISH—To what fabulous women do men give diamonds?

SIGMUND TRAUB—To those who already have them.

SERENA BLANDISH—Is there nothing in life but success?

COUNTESS FLOR DI FOLIO—Nothing.

SERENA—Pleasure?

COUNTESS—How maintain it?

SERENA—Friendship?

COUNTESS—Try to raise money on it.

SERENA—Love?

COUNTESS—A pastime for the prosperous.

SERENA—Life is so difficult, Martin.

MARTIN—My dear Miss Blandish, it is very nearly impossible.

By S. N. Behrman, based on the novel of the name by "A Lady of Quality," New York, 1929.

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

HORACE PARKER—There's nothing like a good cigar, after all.

AUNT MARTHA PARKER—There's nothing like a good wife.

HORACE—Well, I don't know anything about that.

AUNT—I believe you prefer the cigar.

HORACE—To women? In some respects I think I do. . . . For one thing, a cigar doesn't talk. And when you have finished with one, you can begin another.

By Richard Ganthony, London, 1900; scheduled for revival (with Guy Bates Post), New York, 1929.

"AIRWAYS, INC."

MARTHA TURNER—But they're my brothers, my people, my kind of people. I'm fond of them. They're much more my kind of people than you, Walt.

WALTER GOLDBERG *(an agitator)*—You mean because I'm a Jew?

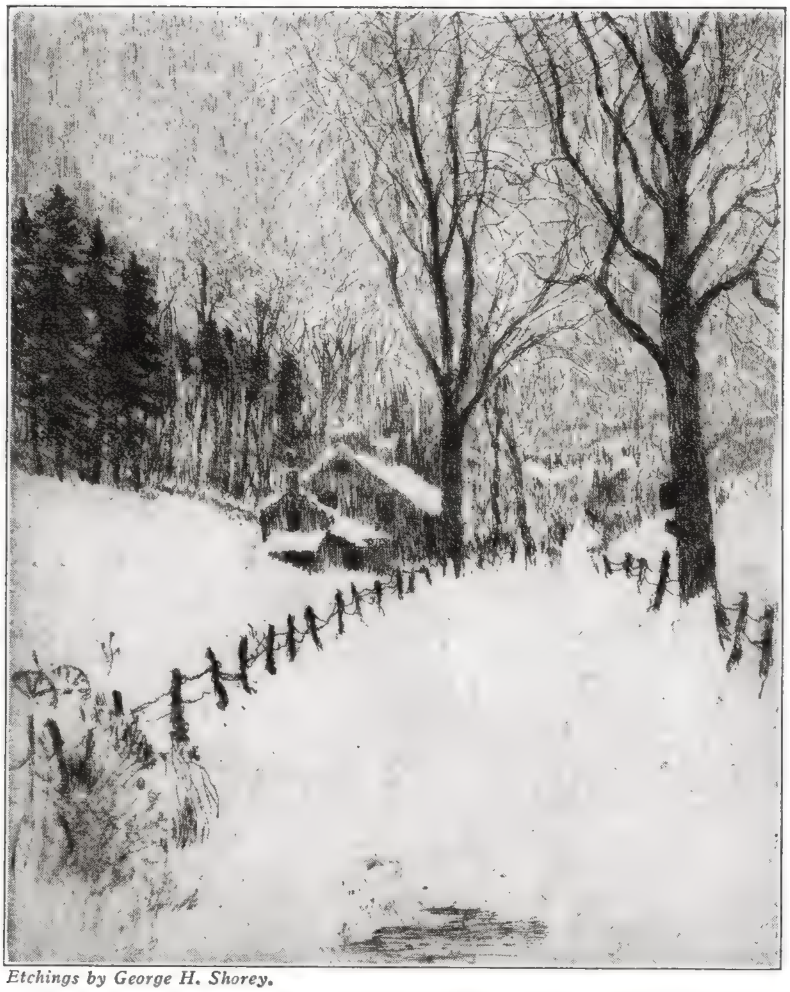
MARTHA—Of course not! I dunno, maybe there is something in it, but I don't think it's that.

WALTER—There's something in it. You'd have to be a Jew like me to understand. You've heard of the Pale. Every one of us has something fenced up way down in us. We've been in prison for two thousand years. I have the mind of a jailbird. That's why prison can't hurt me. That's why we throw ourselves into every movement of freedom. That's why I feel the slavery of the works. I feel it as a worker and I feel it as a Jew. Oh, you can't imagine the overheated stuffiness of life at home on the East Side when I was a kid. We were all jailed in poverty and Judaism, and in old customs and hatreds and worn-out laws.

MARTHA—We're all of us that.

WALTER—You people are free compared to us. You're brutal and stupid and ugly, but you have that wide beach and the ocean beating on it somewhere inside you . . . that thing the workers must have.

By John Dos Passos, New York, 1929.



Etchings by George H. Shorey.

Ethan Frome

I HAD THE STORY, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.

If you know Starkfield, Massachusetts, you know the post-office. If you know the post-office you must have seen Ethan Frome drive up to it, drop the reins on his hollow-backed bay and drag himself across the brick pavement to the white colonnade: and you must have asked who he was.

It was there that, several years ago, I saw him for the first time; and the sight pulled me up sharp. Even then he was the most striking figure in Starkfield, though he was but the ruin of a man. It was not so much his great height that marked him, for the "natives" were easily singled out by their lank longitude from the stockier foreign breed: it was the careless, powerful look he had, in spite of a lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain. There was something bleak and unapproachable in his face, and he was so stiffened and grizzled that I took him for an old man, and was surprised to hear that he was not more than fifty-two. I had this from Harmon Gow, who had driven the stage from Bettsbridge to Starkfield in pre-trolley days and knew the chronicle of all the families on his line.

"He's looked that way ever since he had his smash-up; and that's twenty-four years ago come next February," Harmon threw out between reminiscent pauses.

The "smash-up" it was—I gathered from the same informant—which, besides drawing the red gash across Ethan Frome's forehead, had so shortened and warped his right side that it cost him a visible effort to take the few steps from his buggy to the post-office window. He used to drive in from his farm every day at about noon, and as that was my own hour for fetching my mail I often passed him in the porch, or stood beside him while we waited on the motions of the distributing hand behind the grating. I noticed that, though he came so punctually, he seldom received anything but a copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*, which he put without a glance into his sagging pocket. At intervals, however, the postmaster would hand him an envelope addressed to Mrs. Zenobia—or Mrs. Zeena—Frome, and usually bearing conspicuously in the upper left-hand corner the address of some manufacturer of patent medicine and the name of his specific. These documents my neighbour would also pocket without a glance, as if too much used to them to wonder at their number and variety, and would then turn away with a silent nod to the postmaster.

Everyone in Starkfield knew him and gave him a greeting tempered to his own grave mien; but his taciturnity was respected, and it was only on rare occasions that one of the older men of the place detained him for a word. When this happened he would listen quietly, his blue eyes on the speaker's face, and answer in so low a tone that his words never reached me; then he would climb stiffly into his buggy, gather up the reins in his left hand and drive slowly away in the direction of his farm.

"It was a pretty bad smash-up?" I questioned Harmon, looking after Frome's retreating figure, and thinking how gallantly his lean brown head, with its shock of light hair, must have sat on his strong shoulders before they were bent out of shape.

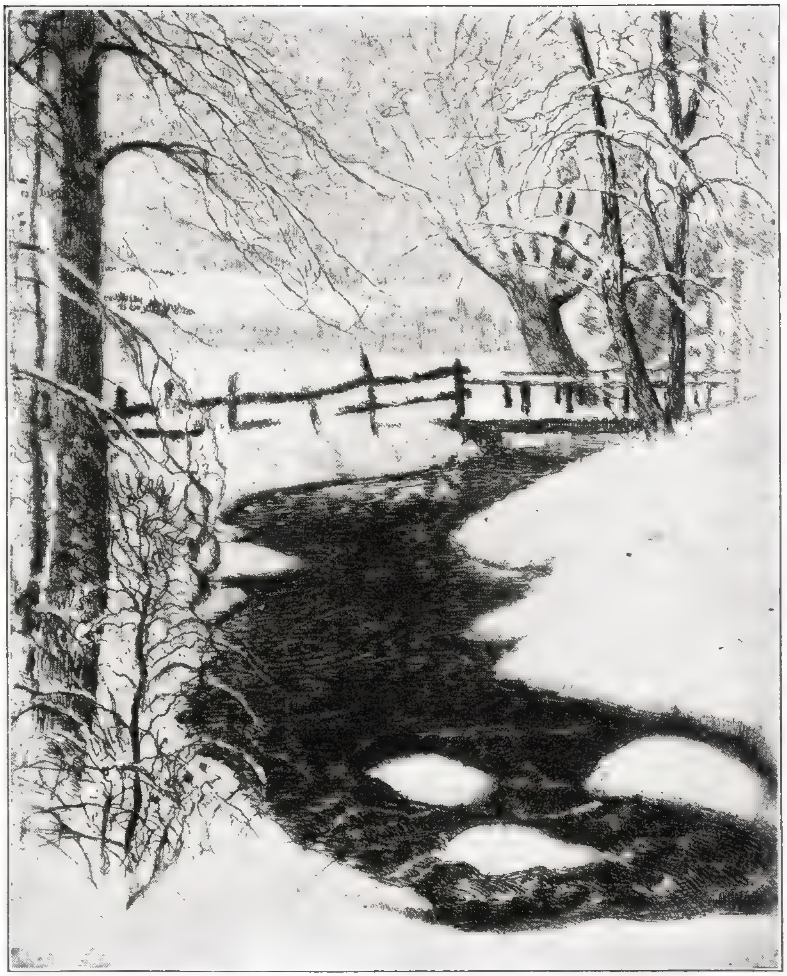
"Wust kind," my informant assented. "More'n enough to kill most men. But the Fromes are tough. Ethan'll likely touch a hundred."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. At the moment Ethan Frome, after climbing to his seat, had leaned over to

By

EDITH WHARTON

Edith Wharton



Courtesy Kleeman-Thorman Galleries.

assure himself of the security of a wooden box—also with a druggist's label on it—which he had placed in the back of the buggy, and I saw his face as it probably looked when he thought himself alone. "*That* man touch a hundred? He looks as if he was dead and in hell now!"

Harmon drew a slab of tobacco from his pocket, cut off a wedge, and pressed it into the leather pouch of his cheek. "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters. Most of the smart ones get away."

"Why didn't *he?*"

"Somebody had to stay and care for the folks. There warn't ever anybody but Ethan. Fust his father—then his mother—then his wife."

"And then the smash-up?"

Harmon chuckled sardonically. "That's so. He *had* to stay then."

"I see. And since then they've had to care for him?"

Harmon thoughtfully passed his tobacco to the other cheek. "Oh, as to that: I guess it's always Ethan done the caring."

Though Harmon Gow developed the tale as far as his mental and moral reach permitted, there were perceptible gaps between his facts, and I had the sense that the deeper meaning of the story was in the gaps. But one phrase stuck in my memory and served as the nucleus about which I grouped my subsequent inferences: "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters."

BEFORE MY OWN TIME there was up I had learned to know what that meant. Yet I had come in the degenerate day of trolley, bicycle and rural delivery, when communication was easy between the scattered mountain villages, and the bigger towns in the valleys, such as Bettsbridge and Shadd's Falls, had libraries, theatres and Y. M. C. A. halls to which the youth of the hills could descend for recreation. But when winter shut down on Starkfield, and the village lay under a sheet of snow perpetually renewed from the pale skies, I began to see what life there—or rather its negation—must have been in Ethan Frome's young manhood.

I had been sent up by my employers on a job connected with the big power-house at Corbury Junction, and a long-drawn carpenters' strike had so delayed the work that I found myself anchored at Starkfield—the nearest habitable spot—for the best part of the winter. I chafed at first, and then, under the hypnotizing effect of routine, gradually began to find a grim satisfaction in the life. During the early part of my stay I had been struck by the contrast between the vitality of the climate and the deadness of the community. Day by day, after the December snows were over, a blazing blue sky poured down torrents of light and air on the white landscape, which gave them back in an intenser glitter. One would have supposed that such an atmosphere must quicken the emotions as well as the blood; but it seemed to produce no change except that of retarding still more the sluggish pulse of Starkfield. When I had been there a little longer, and had seen this phase of crystal clearness followed by long stretches of sunless cold; when the storms of February had pitched their white tents about the devoted village, and the wild cavalry of March winds had charged down to their support; I began to understand why Starkfield emerged from its six-months' siege like a starved garrison capitulating without quarter. Twenty years earlier the means of resistance must have been far fewer, and the enemy in command of almost all the lines of access between the beleaguered villages; and, considering these things, I felt the sinister force of Harmon's phrase: "Most of the smart ones get away." But if that were the case, how could any combination of obstacles have hindered the flight of a man like Ethan Frome?

During my stay at Starkfield I lodged with a middle-aged widow colloquially known as Mrs. Ned Hale. Mrs. Hale's father had been the village lawyer of the previous generation, and "lawyer Varnum's house," where my landlady still lived with her mother, was the most considerable mansion in the village. It stood at one end of the main street, its classic portico and small-paned windows looking down a flagged path between Norway spruces to the slim white steeple of the Congregational church. It was clear that the Varnum fortunes were at the ebb, but the two women did what they could to preserve a decent dignity; and Mrs. Hale, in particular, had a certain wan refinement not out of keeping with her pale old-fashioned house.

In the "best parlour," with its black horse-hair and mahogany weakly illuminated by a gurgling Carcel lamp, I listened every evening to another and more delicately shaded version of the Starkfield chronicle. It was not that Mrs. Ned Hale felt, or affected, any social superiority to the people about her; it was only that the accident of a finer sensibility and a little more education had put just enough distance between herself and her neighbours to enable her to judge them with detachment. She was not unwilling to exercise this faculty, and I had great hopes of getting from her the missing facts of Ethan Frome's story, or rather such a key to his character as should coördinate the facts I knew. Her mind was a storehouse of innocuous anecdote, and any question about her acquaintances brought forth a volume of detail; but on the subject of Ethan Frome I found her unexpectedly reticent. There was no hint of disapproval in her reserve; I merely felt in her an insurmountable reluctance to speak of him or his affairs, a low "Yes, I knew them both . . . it was awful . . ." seeming to be the utmost concession that her distress could make to my curiosity.

So marked was the change in her manner, such depths of sad initiation did it imply, that, with some doubts as to my delicacy, I put the case anew to my village oracle, Harmon Gow; but got for my pains only an uncomprehending grunt.

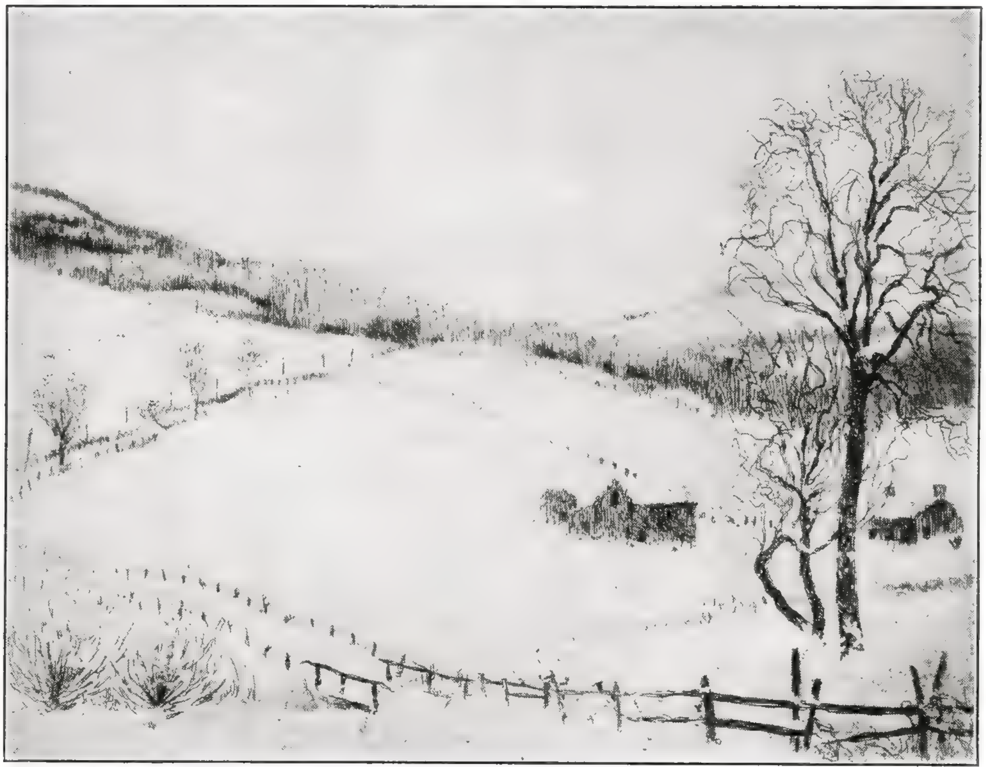
"Ruth Varnum was always as nervous as a rat; and, come to think of it, she was the first one to see 'em after they was picked up. It happened right below lawyer Varnum's, down at the bend of the Corbury road, just around about the time that Ruth got engaged to Ned Hale. The young folks was all friends, and I guess she just can't bear to talk about it. She's had troubles enough of her own."

All the dwellers in Starkfield, as in more notable communities, had had troubles enough of their own to make them comparatively indifferent to those of their neighbours; and though all conceded that Ethan Frome's had been beyond the common measure, no one gave me an explanation of the look in his face which, as I persisted in thinking, neither poverty nor physical suffering could have put there. Nevertheless, I might have contented myself with the story pieced together from these hints had it not been for the provocation of Mrs. Hale's silence, and—a little later—for the accident of personal contact with the man.

On my arrival at Starkfield, Denis Eady, the rich Irish grocer, who was the proprietor of Starkfield's nearest approach to a livery stable, had entered into an agreement to send me over daily to Corbury Flats, where I had to pick up my train for the Junction. But about the middle of the winter Eady's horses fell ill of a local epidemic. The illness spread to the other Starkfield stables, and for a day or two I was put to it to find a means of transport. Then Harmon Gow suggested that Ethan Frome's bay was still on his legs and that his owner might be glad to drive me over.

I stared at the suggestion. "Ethan Frome? But I've never even spoken to him. Why on earth should he put himself out for me?"

Harmon's answer surprised me still more. "I



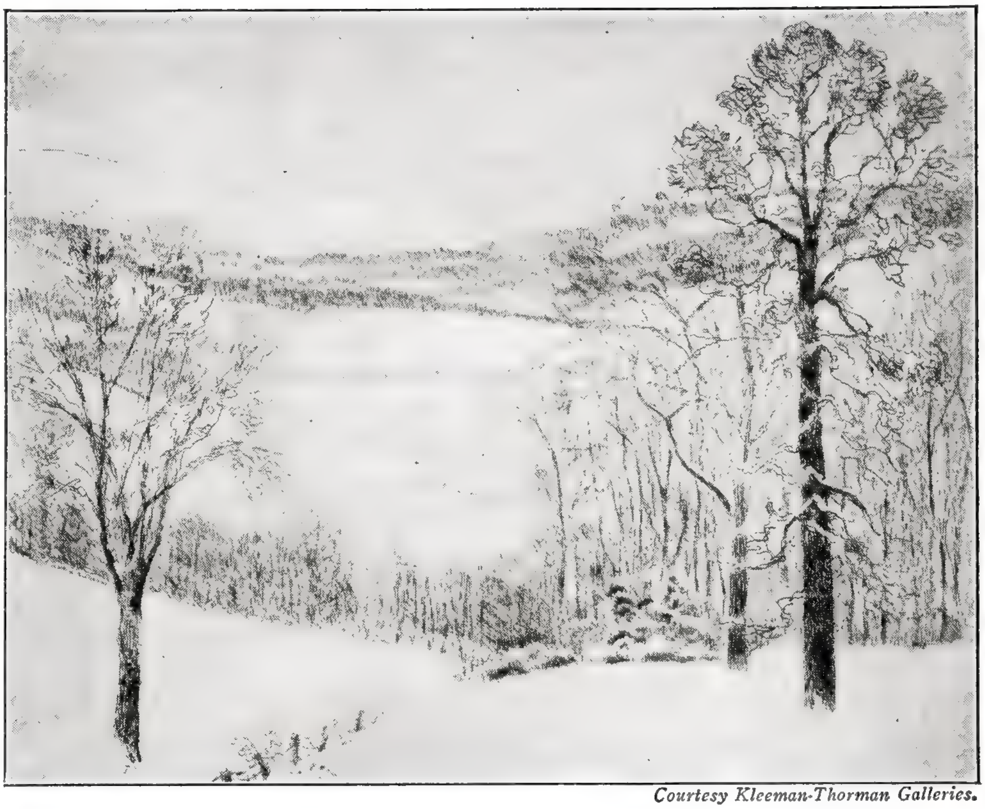
Etchings by George H. Shorey.

don't know as he would; but I know he wouldn't be sorry to earn a dollar."

I had been told that Frome was poor, and that the saw-mill and the arid acres of his farm yielded scarcely enough to keep his household through the winter; but I had not supposed him to be in such want as Harmon's words implied, and I expressed my wonder.

"Well, matters ain't gone any too well with him," Harmon said. "When a man's been setting round like a hulk for twenty years or more, seeing things that want doing, it eats inter him, and he loses his grit. That Frome farm was always 'bout as bare's a milkpan when the cat's been round; and you know what one of them old water-mills is wuth nowadays. When Ethan could sweat over 'em both from sun-up to dark he kinder choked a living out of 'em; but his folks ate up most everything, even then, and I don't see how he makes out now. Fust his father got a kick, out haying, and went soft in the brain, and gave away money like Bible texts afore he died. Then his mother got queer and dragged along for years as weak as a baby; and his wife Zeena, she's always been the greatest hand at doctoring in the county. Sickness and trouble: that's what Ethan's had his plate full up with, ever since the very first helping."

The next morning, when I looked out, I saw the hollow-backed bay between the Varnum spruces, and Ethan Frome, throwing back his worn bear-skin, made room for me in the sleigh at his side. After that, for a week, he drove me over every morning to Corbury Flats, and on my return in the afternoon met me again and carried me back through the icy night to Starkfield. The distance each way was barely three miles, but the old bay's pace was slow, and even with firm snow under the runners we were nearly an hour on the way. Ethan Frome drove in silence, the reins loosely held in his left hand, his brown seamed profile, under the helmet-like peak of the cap, relieved against the banks of snow like the bronze image of a hero. He never turned his face to mine, or answered, except in monosyllables, the questions I put, or such slight pleasantries as I ventured. He seemed a part of the mute melancholy landscape, and incarnation of its frozen woe, with all that was warm and sentient in him fast bound below the surface; but there was nothing unfriendly in his silence. I simply felt that he lived in a depth of moral isolation too remote for casual access, and I had the sense that his loneliness was not merely the result of his personal plight, tragic as I guessed that to be, but had in it, as Harmon Gow had hinted, the profound accumulated cold of many Starkfield winters.



Courtesy Kleeman-Thorman Galleries.

Only once or twice was the distance between us bridged for a moment; and the glimpses thus gained confirmed my desire to know more. Once I happened to speak of an engineering job I had been on the previous year in Florida, and of the contrast between the winter landscape about us and that in which I had found myself the year before; and to my surprise Frome said suddenly: "Yes: I was down there once, and for a good while afterward I could call up the sight of it in winter. But now it's all snowed under."

He said no more, and I had to guess the rest from the inflection of his voice and his sharp relapse into silence.

Another day, on getting into my train at the Flats, I missed a volume of popular science—I think it was on some recent discoveries in bio-chemistry—which I had carried with me to read on the way. I thought no more about it till I got into the sleigh again that evening, and saw the book in Frome's hand.

"I found it after you were gone," he said.

I put the volume into my pocket and we dropped back into our usual silence; but as we began to crawl up the long hill from Corbury Flats to the Starkfield ridge I became aware in the dusk that he had turned his face to mine.

"There are things in that book that I didn't know the first word about," he said.

I wondered less at his words than at the queer note of resentment in his voice. He was evidently surprised and slightly aggrieved at his own ignorance.

"Does that sort of thing interest you?" I asked.

"It used to."

"There are one or two rather new things in the book: there have been some big strides lately in that particular line of research." I waited a moment for an answer that did not come; then I said: "If you'd like to look the book through I'd be glad to leave it with you."

He hesitated, and I had the impression that he felt himself about to yield to a stealing tide of inertia; then, "Thank you—I'll take it," he answered shortly.

I hoped that this incident might set up some more direct communication between us. Frome was so simple and straightforward that I was sure his curiosity about the book was based on a genuine interest in its subject. Such tastes and acquirements in a man of his condition made the contrast more poignant between his outer situation and his inner needs, and I hoped that the chance of giving expression to the latter might at least unseal his lips. But something in his past history, or in his present way of living, had apparently driven him too deeply into himself for any casual impulse to draw him back to his kind. At our next meeting he made no allusion to the book, and our intercourse seemed fated to remain as negative and one-sided as if there had been no break in his reserve.

FROME HAD BEEN DRIVING ME over to the Flats for about a week when one morning I looked out of my window into a thick snow-fall. The height of the white waves massed against the garden-fence and along the wall of the church showed that the storm must have been going on all night, and that the drifts were likely to be heavy in the open. I thought it probable that my train would be delayed; but I had to be at the power-house for an hour or two that afternoon, and I decided, if Frome turned up, to push through to the Flats and wait there till my train came in. I don't know why I put it in the conditional, however, for I never doubted that Frome would appear. He was not the kind of man to be turned from his business by any commotion of the elements; and at the appointed hour his sleigh glided up through the snow like a stage-apparition behind thickening veils of gauze.

I was getting to know him too well to express either wonder or gratitude at his keeping his appointment; but I exclaimed in surprise as I saw him turn his horse in a direction opposite to that of the Corbury road.

"The railroad's blocked by a freight-train that got stuck in a drift below the Flats," he explained, as we jogged off into the stinging whiteness.

"But look here—where are you taking me, then?"

"Straight to the Junction, by the shortest way," he answered, pointing up School House Hill with his whip.

"To the Junction—in this storm? Why, it's a good ten miles!"

"The bay'll do it if you give him time. You said you had some business there this afternoon. I'll see you get there."

He said it so quietly that I could only answer: "You're doing me the biggest kind of a favour."

"That's all right," he rejoined.

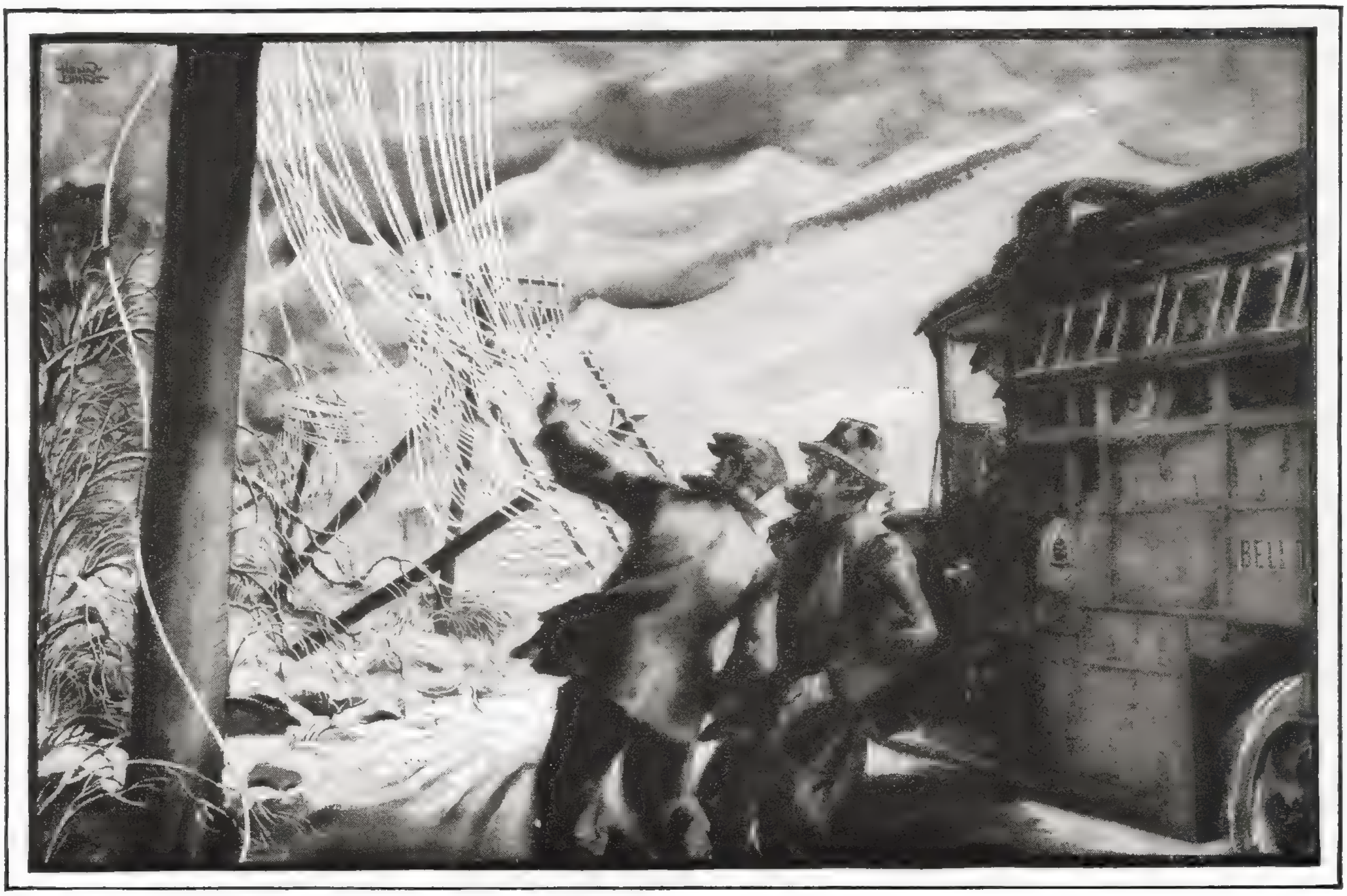
Abreast of the schoolhouse the road forked, and we dipped down a lane to the left, between hemlock boughs bent inward to their trunks by the weight of the snow. I had often walked that way on Sundays, and knew that the solitary roof showing through bare branches near the bottom of the hill was that of Frome's saw-mill. It looked exanimate enough, with its idle wheel looming above the black stream dashed with yellow-white spume, and its cluster of sheds sagging under their white load. Frome did not even turn his head as we drove by, and still in silence we began to mount the next slope. About a mile farther, on a road I had never traveled, we came to an orchard of starved apple-trees writhing over a hillside among outcroppings of slate that nuzzled up through the snow like animals pushing out their noses to breathe. Beyond the orchard lay a field or two, their boundaries lost under drifts; and above the fields, huddled against the white immensities of land and sky, one of those lonely New England farm-houses that make the landscape lonelier.

"That's my place," said Frome, with a sideway jerk of his lame elbow; and in the distress and oppression of the scene I did not know what to answer. The snow had ceased, and a flash of watery sunlight exposed the house on the slope above us in all its plaintive ugliness. The black wraith of a deciduous creeper flapped from the porch, and the thin wooden walls, under their worn coat of paint, seemed to shiver in the wind that had risen with the ceasing of the snow.

"The house was bigger in my father's time: I had to take down the 'L' a while back," Frome continued, checking with a twitch of the left rein the bay's evident intention of turning in through the broken-down gate.

I saw then that the unusually forlorn and stunted look of the house was partly due to the loss of what is known in New England as the "L": that long, deep-roofed adjunct usually built at right angles to the main house, and connecting it, by way of storerooms and tool-house, with the wood-shed and cow-barn. Whether because of its symbolic sense, the image it presents of a life linked with the soil, and enclosing in itself the chief sources of warmth and nourishment, or whether merely because of the consolatory thought that it enables the dwellers in that harsh climate to get to their morning's work without facing the weather, it is certain that the "L" rather than the house itself seems to be the centre, the actual hearthstone, of the New England farm. Perhaps this connection of ideas, which had often occurred to me in my rambles about Starkfield, caused me to hear a wistful note in Frome's words, and to see in the diminished dwelling the image of his own shrunken body.

"We're kinder side-tracked here now," he added, "but there was considerable passing before the railroad was carried through to the Flats." He roused the lagging bay with another twitch; then, as if the mere sight of the house had let me too deeply into his confidence for any farther pretence of reserve, he went on slowly: "I've always set down the worst of mother's trouble to that. When she (*Continued on page* 124)



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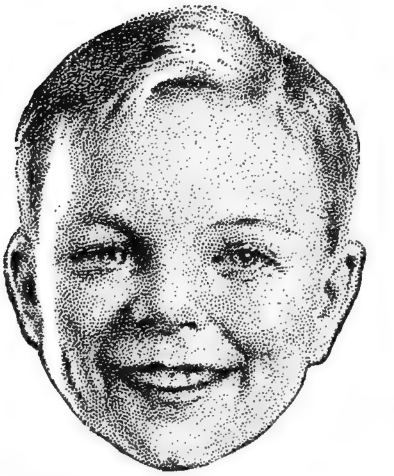

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Ethan Frome

(*Continued from page* 120)

got the rheumatism so bad she couldn't move around she used to sit up there and watch the road by the hour; and one year, when they was six months mending the Bettsbridge pike after the floods, and Harmon Gow had to bring his stage round this way, she picked up so that she used to get down to the gate most days to see him. But after the trains begun running nobody ever come by here to speak of, and mother never could get it through her head what had happened, and it preyed on her right along till she died."

As we turned into the Corbury road the snow began to fall again, cutting off our last glimpse of the house; and Frome's silence fell with it, letting down between us the old veil of reticence. This time the wind did not cease with the return of the snow. Instead, it sprang up to a gale which now and then, from a tattered sky, flung pale sweeps of sunlight over a landscape chaotically tossed. But the bay was as good as Frome's word, and we pushed on to the Junction through the wild white scene.

In the afternoon the storm held off, and the clearness in the west seemed to my inexperienced eye the pledge of a fair evening. I finished my business as quickly as possible, and we set out for Starkfield with a good chance of getting there for supper. But at sunset the clouds gathered again, bringing an earlier night, and the snow began to fall straight and steadily from a sky without wind, in a soft universal diffusion more confusing than the gusts and eddies of the morning. It seemed to be a part of the thickening darkness, to be the winter night itself descending on us layer by layer.

The small ray of Frome's lantern was soon lost in this smothering medium, in which even his sense of direction, and the bay's homing instinct, finally ceased to serve us. Two or three times some ghostly landmark sprang up to warn us that we were astray, and then was sucked back into the mist; and when we finally regained our road the old horse began to show signs of exhaustion. I felt myself to blame for having accepted Frome's offer, and after a short discussion I persuaded him to let me get out of the sleigh and walk along through the snow at the bay's side. In this way we struggled on for another mile or two, and at last reached a point where Frome, peering into what seemed to me formless night, said: "That's my gate down yonder."

The last stretch had been the hardest part of the way. The bitter cold and the heavy going had nearly knocked the wind out of me, and I could feel the horse's side ticking like a clock under my hand.

"Look here, Frome," I began, "there's no earthly use in your going any farther—" but he interrupted me: "Nor you neither. There's been about enough of this for anybody."

I understood that he was offering me a night's shelter at the farm, and without answering I turned into the gate at his side, and followed him to the barn, where I helped him to unharness and bed down the tired horse. When this was done he unhooked the lantern from the sleigh, stepped out again into the night, and called to me over his shoulder: "This way."

Far off above us a square of light trembled through the screen of snow. Staggering along in Frome's wake I floundered toward it, and in the darkness almost fell into one of the deep drifts against the front of the house. Frome scrambled up the slippery steps of the porch, digging a way through the snow with his heavily booted foot. Then he lifted his lantern, found the latch, and led the way into the house. I went after him into a low unlit passage, at the back of which a ladder-like staircase rose into obscurity. On our right a line of light marked the door of the room which had sent its ray across the night; and behind the door I heard a woman's voice droning querulously.

Frome stamped on the worn oil-cloth to shake the snow from his boots, and set down his lantern on a kitchen chair which was the only piece of furniture in the hall. Then he opened the door.

"Come in," he said; and as he spoke the droning voice grew still. . . .

It was that night that I found the clue to Ethan Frome, and began to put together this vision of his story. . . .

I

THE VILLAGE LAY under two feet of snow, with drifts at the windy corners. In a sky of iron the points of the Dipper hung like icicles and Orion flashed his cold fires. The moon had set, but the night was so transparent that the white housefronts between the elms looked gray against the snow, clumps of bushes made black stains on it, and the basement windows of the church sent shafts of yellow light far across the endless undulations.

Young Ethan Frome walked at a quick pace along the deserted street, past the bank and Michael Eady's new brick store and Lawyer Varnum's house with the two black Norway spruces at the gate. Opposite the Varnum gate, where the road fell away toward the Corbury valley, the church reared its slim white steeple and narrow peristyle. As the young man walked toward it the upper windows drew a black arcade along the side wall of the building, but from the lower openings, on the side where the ground sloped steeply down to the Corbury road, the light shot its long bars, illuminating many fresh furrows in the track leading to the basement door, and showing, under an adjoining shed, a line of sleighs with heavily blanketed horses.

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The night was perfectly still, and the air so dry and pure that it gave little sensation of cold. The effect produced on Frome was rather of a complete absence of atmosphere, as though nothing less tenuous than ether intervened between the white earth under his feet and the metallic dome overhead. "It's like being in an exhausted receiver," he thought. Four or five years earlier he had taken a year's course at a technological college at Worcester, and dabbled in the laboratory with a friendly professor of physics; and the images supplied by that experience still cropped up, at unexpected moments, through the totally different associations of thought in which he had since been living. His father's death, and the misfortunes following it, had put a premature end to Ethan's studies; but though they had not gone far enough to be of much practical use they had fed his fancy and made him aware of huge cloudy meanings behind the daily face of things.

As he strode along through the snow the sense of such meanings glowed in his brain and mingled with the bodily flush produced by his sharp tramp. At the end of the village he paused before the darkened front of the church. He stood there a moment, breathing quickly, and looking up and down the street, in which not another figure moved. The pitch of the Corbury road, below lawyer Varnum's spruces, was the favourite coasting-ground of Starkfield, and on clear evenings the church corner rang till late with the shouts of the coasters; but tonight not a sled darkened the whiteness of the long declivity. The hush of midnight lay on the village, and all its waking life was gathered behind the church windows, from which strains of dance-music flowed with the broad bands of yellow light.

The young man, skirting the side of the building, went down the slope toward the basement door. To keep out of range of the revealing rays from within he made a circuit through the untrodden snow and gradually approached the farther angle of the basement wall. Thence, still hugging the shadow, he edged his way cautiously forward to the nearest window, holding back his straight spare body and craning his neck till he got a glimpse of the room.

Seen thus, from the pure and frosty darkness in which he stood, it seemed to be seething in a mist of heat. The metal reflectors of the gas-jets sent crude waves of light against the whitewashed walls, and the iron flanks of the stove at the end of the hall looked as though they were heaving with volcanic fires. The floor was thronged with girls and young men. Down the side wall facing the window stood a row of kitchen chairs from which the older women had just risen. By this time the music had stopped, and the musicians—a fiddler, and the young lady who

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played the harmonium on Sundays—were hastily refreshing themselves at one corner of the supper-table which aligned its devastated pie-dishes and ice-cream saucers on the platform at the end of the hall. The guests were preparing to leave, and the tide had already set toward the passage where coats and wraps were hung, when a young man with a sprightly foot and a shock of black hair shot into the middle of the floor and clapped his hands. The signal took instant effect. The musicians hurried to their instruments, the dancers—some already half-muffled for departure—fell into line down each side of the room, the older spectators slipped back to their chairs, and the lively young man, after diving about here and there in the throng, drew forth a girl who had already wound a cherry-coloured "fascinator" about her head, and, leading her up to the end of the floor, whirled her down its length to the bounding tune of a Virginia reel.

Frome's heart was beating fast. He had been straining for a glimpse of the dark head under the cherry-coloured scarf and it vexed him that another eye should have been quicker than his. The leader of the reel, who looked as if he had Irish blood in his veins, danced well, and his partner caught his fire. As she passed down the line, her light figure swinging from hand to hand in circles of increasing swiftness, the scarf flew off her head and stood out behind her shoulders, and Frome, at each turn, caught sight of her laughing panting lips, the cloud of dark hair about her forehead, and the dark eyes which seemed the only fixed points in a maze of flying lines.

The dancers were going faster and faster, and the musicians, to keep up with them, belaboured their instruments like jockeys lashing their mounts on the home-stretch; yet it seemed to the young man at the window that the reel would never end. Now and then he turned his eyes from the girl's face to that of her partner, which, in the exhilaration of the dance, had taken on a look of almost impudent ownership. Denis Eady was the son of Michael Eady, the ambitious Irish grocer, whose suppleness and effrontery had given Starkfield its first notion of "smart" business methods, and whose new brick store testified to the success of the attempt. His son seemed likely to follow in his steps, and was meanwhile applying the same arts to the conquest of the Starkfield maidenhood. Hitherto Ethan Frome had been content to think him a mean fellow; but now he positively invited a horse-whipping. It was strange that the girl did not seem aware of it: that she could lift her rapt face to her dancer's, and drop her hands into his, without appearing to feel the offence of his look and touch.

Frome was in the habit of walking into Starkfield to fetch home his wife's cousin, Mattie Silver, on the rare evenings when some chance of amusement drew her to the village. It was his wife who had suggested, when the girl came to live with them, that such opportunities should be put in her way. Mattie Silver came from Stamford, and when she entered the Fromes' household to act as her cousin Zeena's aid it was thought best, as she came without pay, not to let her feel too sharp a contrast between the life she had left and the isolation of a Starkfield farm. But for this—as Frome sardonically reflected—it would hardly have occurred to Zeena to take any thought for the girl's amusement.

When his wife first proposed that they should give Mattie an occasional evening out he had inwardly demurred at having to do the extra two miles to the village and back after his hard day on the farm; but not long afterward he had reached the point of wishing that Starkfield might give all its nights to revelry.

Mattie Silver had lived under his roof for a year, and from early morning till they met at supper he had frequent chances of seeing her; but no moments in her company were comparable to those when, her arm in his, and her light step flying to keep time with his long stride, they walked back through the night to the farm. He had taken to the girl from the first day, when he had driven over to the Flats to meet her, and she had smiled and waved to him from the train, crying out "You must be Ethan!" as she jumped down with her bundles, while he reflected, looking over her slight person: "She don't look much on housework, but she ain't a fretter, anyhow." But it was not only that the coming to his house of a bit of hopeful young life was like the lighting of a fire on a cold hearth. The girl was more than the bright serviceable creature he had thought her. She had an eye to see and an ear to hear: he could show her things and tell her things, and taste the bliss of feeling that all he imparted left long reverberations and echoes he could wake at will.

It was during their night walks back to the farm that he felt most intensely the sweetness of this communion. He had always been more sensitive than the people about him to the appeal of natural beauty. His unfinished studies had given form to this sensibility and even in his unhappiest moments field and sky spoke to him with a deep and powerful persuasion. But hitherto the emotion had remained in him as a silent ache, veiling with sadness the beauty that evoked it. He did not even know whether anyone else in the world felt as he did, or whether he was the sole victim of this mournful privilege. Then he learned that one other spirit had trembled with the same touch of wonder: that at his side, living under his roof and eating his bread, was a creature to whom he could say: "That's Orion down yonder; the big fellow to the right is Aldebaran, and the bunch of little ones—like bees swarming—they're the

Pleiades . . ." or whom he could hold entranced before a ledge of granite thrusting up through the fern while he unrolled the huge panorama of the ice age, and the long dim stretches of succeeding time. The fact that admiration for his learning mingled with Mattie's wonder at what he taught was not the least part of his pleasure. And there were other sensations, less definable but more exquisite, which drew them together with a shock of silent joy: the cold red of sunset behind winter hills, the flight of cloud-flocks over slopes of golden stubble, or the intensely blue shadows of hemlocks on sunlit snow. When she said to him once: "It looks just as if it was painted!" it seemed to Ethan that the art of definition could go no farther, and that words had at last been found to utter his secret soul. . . .

As he stood in the darkness outside the church these memories came back with the poignancy of vanished things. Watching Mattie whirl down the floor from hand to hand he wondered how he could ever have thought that his dull talk interested her. To him, who was never gay but in her presence, her gaiety seemed plain proof of indifference. The face she lifted to her dancers was the same which, when she saw him, always looked like a window that has caught the sunset. He even noticed two or three gestures which, in his fatuity, he had thought she kept for him: a way of throwing her head back when she was amused, as if to taste her laugh before she let it out, and a trick of sinking her lids slowly when anything charmed or moved her.

THE SIGHT made him unhappy, and his unhappiness roused his latent fears. His wife had never shown any jealousy of Mattie, but of late she had grumbled increasingly over the housework and found oblique ways of attracting attention to the girl's inefficiency. Zeena had always been what Starkfield called "sickly," and Frome had to admit that, if she were as ailing as she believed, she needed the help of a stronger arm than the one which lay so lightly in his during the night walks to the farm. Mattie had no natural turn for house-keeping, and her training had done nothing to remedy the defect. She was quick to learn, but forgetful and dreamy, and not disposed to take the matter seriously. Ethan had an idea that if she were to marry a man she was fond of the dormant instinct would wake, and her pies and biscuits become the pride of the county; but domesticity in the abstract did not interest her. At first she was so awkward that he could not help laughing at her; but she laughed with him and that made them better friends. He did his best to supplement her unskilled efforts, getting up earlier than usual to light the kitchen fire, carrying in the wood overnight, and neglecting the mill for the farm that he might help her about the house during the day. He even crept down on Saturday nights to scrub the

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kitchen floor after the women had gone to bed; and Zeena, one day, had surprised him at the churn and had turned away silently, with one of her queer looks.

OF LATE there had been other signs of her disfavour, as intangible but more disquieting. On cold winter morning, as he dressed in the dark, his candle flickering in the draught of the ill-fitting window, he had heard her speak from the bed behind him.

"The doctor don't want I should be left without anybody to do for me," she said in her flat whine.

He had supposed her to be asleep, and the sound of her voice had startled him, though she was given to abrupt explosions of speech after long intervals of secretive silence.

He turned and looked at her where she lay indistinctly outlined under the dark calico quilt, her high-boned face taking a grayish tinge from the whiteness of the pillow.

"Nobody to do for you?" he repeated.

"If you say you can't afford a hired girl when Mattie goes."

Frome turned away again, and taking up his razor stooped to catch the reflection of his stretched cheek in the blotched looking-glass above the wash-stand.

"Why on earth should Mattie go?"

"Well, when she gets married, I mean," his wife's drawl came from behind him.

"Oh, she'd never leave us as long as you needed her," he returned, scraping hard at his chin.

"I wouldn't ever have it said that I stood in the way of a poor girl like Mattie marrying a smart fellow like Denis Eady," Zeena answered in a tone of plaintive self-effacement.

Ethan, glaring at his face in the glass, threw his head back to draw the razor from ear to chin. His hand was steady, but the attitude was an excuse for not making an immediate reply.

"And the doctor don't want I should be left without anybody," Zeena continued. "He wanted I should speak to you about a girl he's heard about, that might come——"

Ethan laid down the razor and straightened himself with a laugh.

"Denis Eady! If that's all, I guess there's no such hurry to look round for a girl."

"Well, I'd like to talk to you about it," said Zeena obstinately.

He was getting into his clothes in fumbling haste. "All right. But I haven't got the time now; I'm late as it is," he returned, holding his old silver turnip-watch to the candle.

Zeena, apparently accepting this as final, lay watching him in silence while he pulled his suspenders over his shoulders and jerked his arms into his coat; but as he went toward the door she said, suddenly and incisively: "I guess you're always late, now you shave every morning."

That thrust had frightened him more than any vague insinuations about Denis Eady. It was a fact that since Mattie Silver's coming he had taken to shaving every day; but his wife always seemed to be asleep when he left her side in the winter darkness, and he had stupidly assumed that she would not notice any change in his appearance. Once or twice in the past he had been faintly disquieted by Zenobia's way of letting things happen without seeming to remark them, and then, weeks afterward, in a casual phrase, revealing that she had all along taken her notes and drawn her inferences. Of late, however, there had been no room in his thoughts for such vague apprehensions. Zeena herself, from an oppressive reality, had faded into an insubstantial shade. All his life was lived in the sight and sound of Mattie Silver, and he could no longer conceive of its being otherwise. But now, as he stood outside the church, and saw Mattie spinning down the floor with Denis Eady, a throng of disregarded hints and menaces wove their cloud about his brain. . . .

II

AS THE DANCERS poured out of the hall Frome, drawing back behind the projecting storm-door, watched the segregation of the grotesquely muffled groups, in which a moving lantern ray now and then lit up a face flushed with food and dancing. The villagers, being afoot, were the first to climb the slope to the main street, while the country neighbours packed themselves more slowly into the sleighs under the shed.

"Ain't you riding, Mattie?" a woman's voice called back from the throng about the shed, and Ethan's heart gave a jump. From where he stood he could not see the persons coming out of the hall till they had advanced a few steps beyond the wooden sides of the storm-door; but through its cracks he heard a clear voice answer: "Mercy no! Not on such a night."

She was there, then, close to him, only a thin board between. In another moment she would step forth into the night, and his eyes, accustomed to the obscurity, would discern her as clearly as though she stood in daylight. A wave of shyness pulled him back into the dark angle of the wall, and he stood there in silence instead of making his presence known to her. It had been one of the wonders of their intercourse that from the first, she, the quicker, finer, more expressive, instead of crushing him by the contrast, had given him something of her own ease and freedom; but now he felt as heavy and loutish as in his student days, when he had tried to "jolly" the Worcester girls at a picnic.

He hung back, and she came out alone and paused within a few yards of him. She was almost the last to leave the hall, and she stood looking uncertainly about her as if wondering why he did not show himself. Then a man's figure approached, coming so close to her that under their formless wrappings they seemed merged in one dim outline.

"Gentleman friend gone back on you? Say, Matt, that's tough! No, I wouldn't be mean enough to tell the other girls. I ain't as low-down as that." (How Frome hated his cheap banter!) "But look at here, ain't it lucky I got the old man's cutter down there waiting for us?"

Frome heard the girl's voice, gaily incredulous: "What on earth's your father's cutter doin' down there?"

"Why, waiting for me to take a ride. I got the roan colt too. I kinder knew I'd want to take a ride tonight." Eady, in his triumph, tried to put a sentimental note into his bragging voice.

THE GIRL seemed to waver, and Frome saw her twirl the end of her scarf irresolutely about her fingers. Not for the world would he have made a sign to her, though it seemed to him that his life hung on her next gesture.

"Hold on a minute while I unhitch the colt," Denis called to her, springing toward the shed.

She stood perfectly still, looking after him, in an attitude of tranquil expectancy torturing to the hidden watcher. Frome noticed that she no longer turned her head from side to side, as though peering through the night for another figure. She let Denis Eady lead out the horse, climb into the cutter and fling back the bearskin to make room for her at his side; then, with a swift motion of flight, she turned about and darted up the slope toward the front of the church.

"Good-bye! Hope you'll have a lovely ride!" she called back to him over her shoulder. Denis laughed, and gave the horse a cut that brought him quickly abreast of her retreating figure.

"Come along! Get in quick! It's as slippery as thunder on this turn," he cried, leaning over to reach out a hand to her.

She laughed back at him: "Good-night! I'm not getting in."

By this time they had passed beyond Frome's earshot and he could only follow the shadowy pantomime of their silhouettes as they continued to move along the crest of the slope above him. He saw Eady, after a moment, jump from the cutter and go toward the girl with the reins over one arm. The other he tried to slip through hers; but she eluded him nimbly, and Frome's heart, which had swung out over a black void, trembled back to safety. A moment later he heard the jingle of departing sleigh bells and discerned a figure advancing alone toward the empty expanse of snow before the church.

In the black shade of the Varnum spruces he caught up with her and she turned with a quick "Oh!"

"Think I'd forgotten you, Matt?" he asked with sheepish glee.

She answered seriously: "I thought maybe you couldn't come back for me."

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"Couldn't? What on earth could stop me?"

"I knew Zeena wasn't feeling any too good today."

"Oh, she's in bed long ago." He paused, a question struggling in him. "Then you meant to walk home all alone?"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" she laughed.

They stood together in the gloom of the spruces, an empty world glimmering about them wide and gray under the stars. He brought his question out.

"If you thought I hadn't come, why didn't you ride back with Denis Eady?"

"Why, where *were* you? How did you know? I never saw you!"

Her wonder and his laughter ran together like spring rills in a thaw. Ethan had the sense of having done something arch and ingenious. To prolong the effect he groped for a dazzling phrase, and brought out, in a growl of rapture: "Come along."

He slipped an arm through hers, as Eady had done, and fancied it was faintly pressed against her side; but neither of them moved. It was so dark under the spruces that he could barely see the shape of her head beside his shoulder. He longed to stoop his cheek and rub it against her scarf. He would have liked to stand there with her all night in the blackness. She moved forward a step or two and then paused again above the dip of the Corbury road. Its icy slope, scored by innumerable runners, looked like a mirror scratched by travelers at an inn.

"There was a whole lot of them coasting before the moon set," she said.

"Would you like to come in and coast with them some night?" he asked.

"Oh, *would* you, Ethan? It would be lovely!"

"We'll come tomorrow if there's a moon."

She lingered, pressing closer to his side. "Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum came just as *near* running into the big elm at the bottom. We were all sure they were killed." Her shiver ran down his arm. "Wouldn't it have been too awful? They're so happy!"

"Oh, Ned ain't much at steering. I guess I can take you down all right!" he said disdainfully.

He was aware that he was "talking big," like Denis Eady; but his reaction of joy had unsteadied him, and the inflection with which she had said of the engaged couple "They're so happy!" made the words sound as if she had been thinking of herself and him.

"The elm *is* dangerous, though. It ought to be cut down," she insisted.

"Would you be afraid of it, with me?" he asked.

"I told you I ain't the kind to be afraid," she tossed back, almost indifferently; and suddenly she began to walk on with a rapid step.

These alterations of mood were the despair and joy of Ethan Frome. The motions of her mind were as incalculable as the flit of a bird in the branches. The fact that he had no right to show his feelings, and thus provoke the expression of hers, made him attach a fantastic importance to every change in her look and tone. Now he thought she understood him, and feared; now he was sure she did not, and despaired. Tonight the pressure of accumulated misgivings sent the scale drooping toward despair, and her indifference was the more chilling after the flush of joy into which she had plunged him by dismissing Denis Eady. He mounted School House Hill at her side and walked on in silence till they reached the lane leading to the saw-mill; then the need of some definite assurance grew too strong for him.

"You'd have found me right off if you hadn't gone back to have that last reel with Denis," he brought out awkwardly. He could not pronounce the name without a stiffening of the muscles of his throat.

"Why, Ethan, how could I tell you were there?"

"I suppose what folks say is true," he jerked out at her, instead of answering.

She stopped short, and he felt, in the darkness, that her face was lifted quickly to his. "Why, what do folks say?"

"It's natural enough you should be leaving us," he floundered on, following his thought.

"Is that what they say?" she mocked back at him; then, with a sudden drop of her sweet treble: "You mean that Zeena—ain't suited with me any more?" she faltered.

Their arms had slipped apart and they stood motionless, each seeking to distinguish the other's face.

"I know I ain't anything like as smart as I ought to be," she went on, while he vainly struggled for expression. "There's lots of things a hired girl could do that come awkward to me still—and I haven't got much strength in my arms. But if she'd only tell me, I'd try. You know she hardly ever says anything, and sometimes I can see she ain't suited, and yet I don't know why." She turned on him with a sudden flash of indignation. "You'd ought to tell me, Ethan Frome—you'd ought to! Unless *you* want me to go too——"

Unless he wanted her to go too! The cry was balm to his raw wound. The iron heavens seemed to melt and rain down sweetness. Again he struggled for the all-expressive word, and again, his arm in hers, found only a deep "Come along."

They walked on in silence through the blackness of the hemlock-shaded lane, where Ethan's saw-mill gloomed through the night, and out again into the comparative clearness of the fields. On the farther side of the hemlock belt the open country rolled away before them gray and lonely under the stars. Sometimes their way led them under the shade of an overhanging bank or through the thin obscurity of a clump of leafless trees. Here and there a farmhouse stood far back among the fields, mute and cold as a grave-stone. The night was so still that they heard the frozen snow crackle under their feet. The crash of a loaded branch falling far off in the woods reverberated like a musket-shot, and once a fox barked, and Mattie shrank closer to Ethan, and quickened her steps.

At length they sighted the group of larches at Ethan's gate, and as they drew near it the sense that the walk was over brought back his words.

"Then you don't want to leave us, Matt?"

He had to stoop his head to catch her stifled whisper: "Where'd I go, if I did?"

The answer sent a pang through him but the tone suffused him with joy. He forgot what else he had meant to say, and pressed her against him so closely that he seemed to feel her warmth in his veins.

"You ain't crying, are you, Matt?"

"No, of course I'm not," she quavered.

They turned in at the gate and passed under the shaded knoll where, enclosed in a low fence, the Frome gravestones slanted at crazy angles through the snow. Ethan looked at them curiously. For years that quiet company had mocked his restlessness, his desire for change and freedom. "We never got away—how should you?" seemed to be written on every headstone; and whenever he went in or out of his gate he thought with a shiver: "I shall just go on living here till I join them." But now all desire for change had vanished, and the sight of the little enclosure gave him a warm sense of continuance and stability.

"I guess we'll never let you go, Matt," he whispered, as though even the dead, lovers once, must conspire with him to keep her; and brushing by the graves, he thought: "We'll always go on living here together, and some day she'll lie there beside me."

He let the vision possess him as they climbed the hill to the house. He was never so happy with her as when he abandoned himself to these dreams. Half way up the slope Mattie stumbled against some unseen obstruction and clutched his sleeve to steady herself. The wave of warmth that went through him was like the prolongation of his vision. For the first time he stole his arm about her, and she did not resist. They walked on as if they were floating on a summer stream.

Zeena always went to bed as soon as she had had her supper, and the shutterless windows of the house were dark. A dead cucumber-vine dangled from the porch like the crape streamer tied to the door for a death, and the thought flashed through Ethan's brain: "If it was there for Zeena—" Then he had a distinct sight

(*Continued on page* 135)

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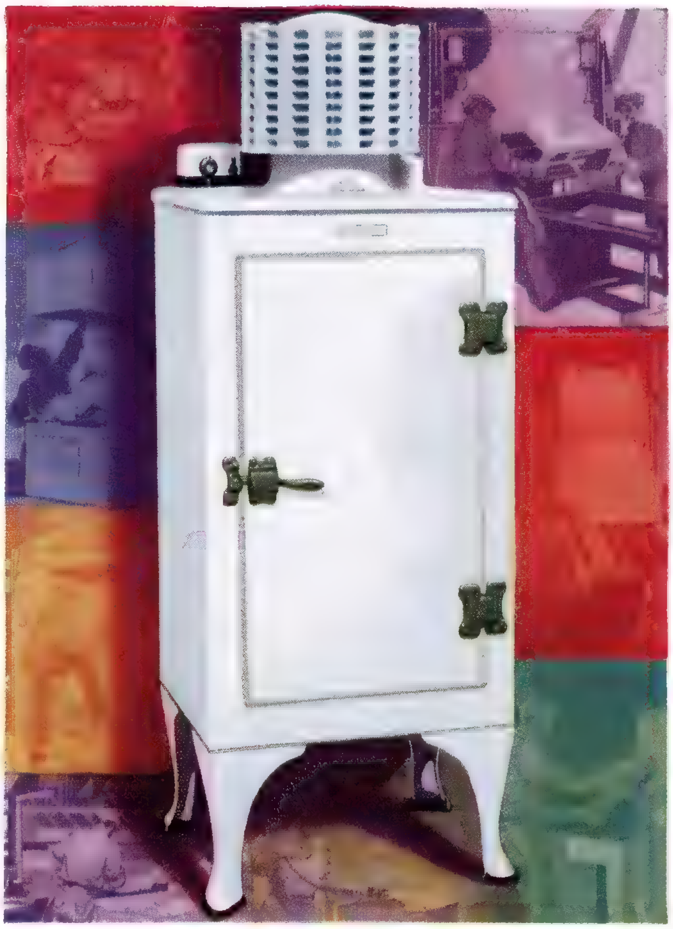

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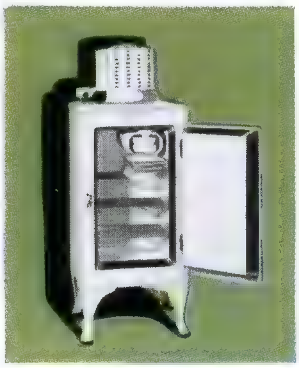

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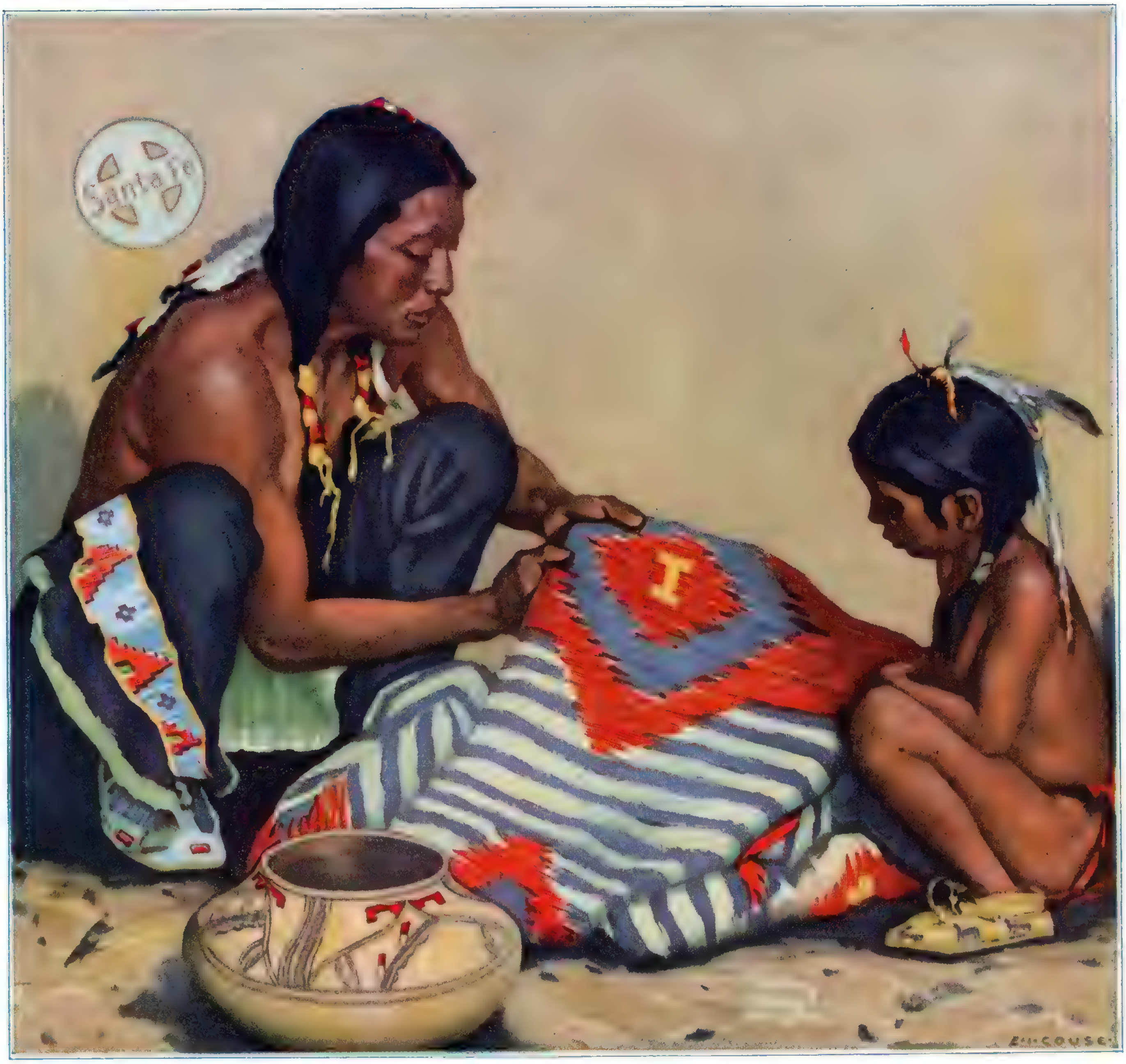

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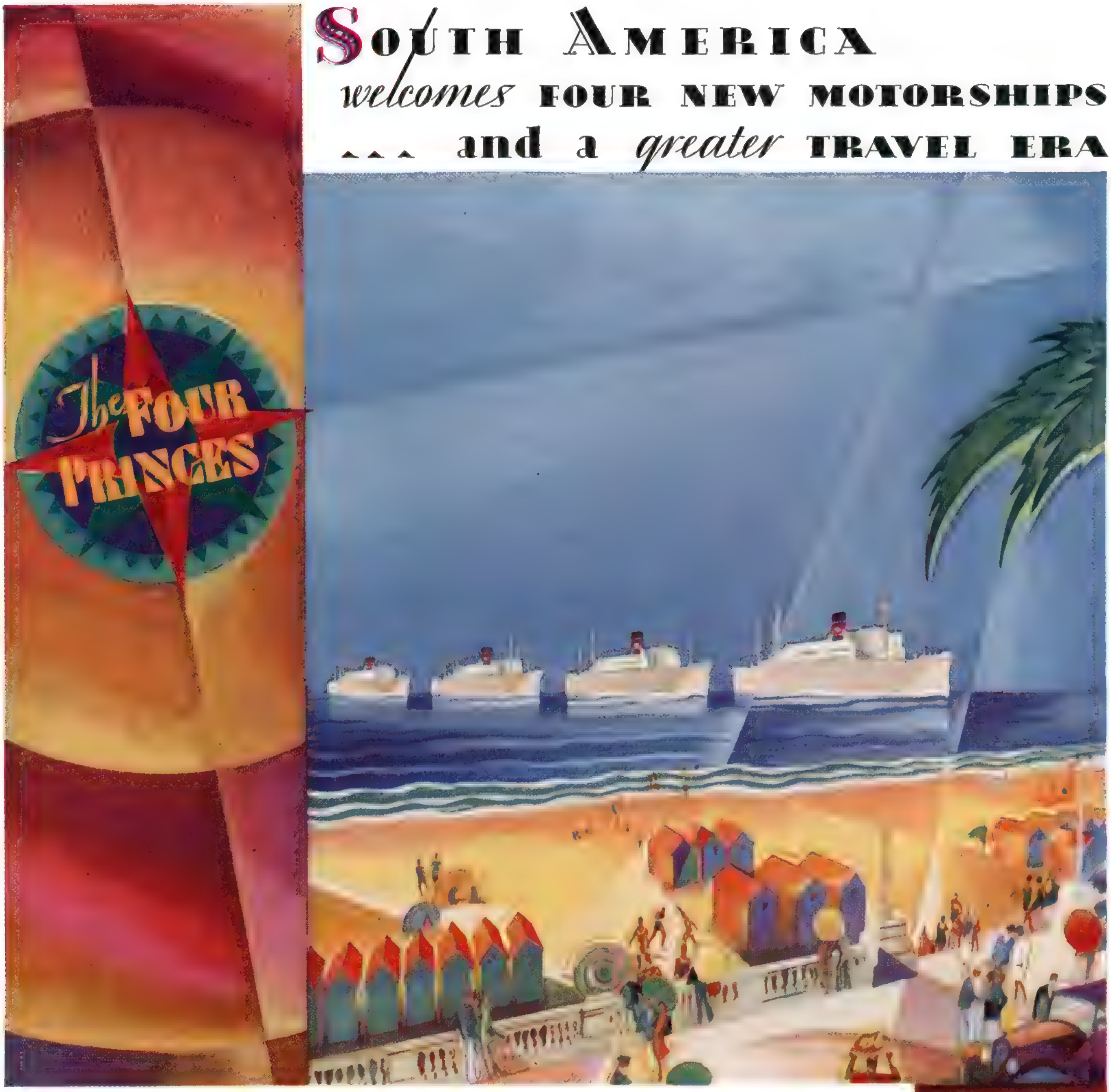

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Ethan Frome

[*Continued from page* 130]

of his wife lying in their bedroom asleep, her mouth slightly open, her false teeth in a tumbler by the bed . . .

They walked around to the back of the house, between the rigid gooseberry bushes. It was Zeena's habit, when they came back late from the village, to leave the key of the kitchen door under the mat. Ethan stood before the door, his head heavy with dreams, his arm still about Mattie. "Matt—" he began, not knowing what he meant to say.

She slipped out of his hold without speaking, and he stooped down and felt for the key.

"It's not there!" he said, straightening himself with a start.

They strained their eyes at each other through the icy darkness. Such a thing had never happened before.

"Maybe she's forgotten it," Mattie said in a tremulous whisper; but both of them knew that it was not like Zeena to forget.

"It might have fallen off into the snow," Mattie continued, after a pause during which they had stood intently listening.

"It must have been pushed off, then," he rejoined in the same tone. Another wild thought tore through him. What if tramps had been there—what if . . .

Again he listened, fancying he heard a distant sound in the house; then he felt in his pocket for a match, and kneeling down, passed its light slowly over the rough edges of snow about the doorstep.

He was still kneeling when his eyes, on a level with the lower panel of the door, caught a faint ray beneath it. Who could be stirring in that silent house? He heard a step on the stairs, and again for an instant the thought of tramps tore through him. Then the door opened and he saw his wife.

Against the dark background of the kitchen she stood up tall and angular, one hand drawing a quilted counterpane to her flat breast, while the other held a lamp. The light, on a level with her chin, drew out of the darkness her puckered throat and the projecting wrist of the hand that clutched the quilt, and deepened fantastically the hollows and prominences of her high-boned face under its ring of crimping-pins. To Ethan, still in the rosy haze of his hour with Mattie, the sight came with the intense precision of the last dream before waking. He felt as if he had never before known what his wife looked like.

She drew aside without speaking, and Mattie and Ethan passed into the kitchen, which had the deadly chill of a vault after the dry cold of the night.

"Guess you forgot about us, Zeena," Ethan joked, stamping the snow from his boots.

"No. I just felt so mean I couldn't sleep."

Mattie came forward, unwinding her wraps, the colour of the cheery scarf in her fresh lips and cheeks. "I'm so sorry, Zeena! Isn't there anything I can do?"

"No; there's nothing." Zeena turned away from her. "You might 'a' shook off that snow outside," she said to her husband.

She walked out of the kitchen ahead of them, and, pausing in the hall, raised the lamp at arm's-length, as if to light them up the stairs.

Ethan paused also, affecting to fumble for the peg on which he hung his coat and cap. The doors of the two bedrooms faced each other across the narrow upper landing, and tonight it was peculiarly repugnant to him that Mattie should see him follow Zeena.

"I guess I won't come up yet awhile," he said, turning as if to go back to the kitchen.

Zeena stopped short and looked at him. "For the land's sake—what you going to do down here?"

"I've got the mill accounts to go over."

She continued to stare at him, the flame of the unshaded lamp bringing out with microscopic cruelty the fretful lines of her face.

"At this time o' night? You'll ketch your death. The fire's out long ago."

Without answering he moved away toward the kitchen. As he did so his glance crossed Mattie's and he fancied that a fugitive warning gleamed through her lashes. The next moment they sank to her flushed cheeks and she began to mount the stairs ahead of Zeena.

"That's so. It *is* powerful cold down here," Ethan assented; and with lowered head he went up in his wife's wake, and followed her across the threshold of their room. (*To be continued*)

Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

[*Continued from page* 101]

Cupid, the Foil

Then we went down to the beach to watch the sunset. . . . The mountains darkened, the sea flushed to ruby fire, glinted with crimson, paled leadenly, and the stars were there. . . . So also were the mosquitoes, trillions of them.

. . . "Where did you put the mosquito nets, Clippings?" I asked of my spouse, who was gallantly supporting me with his own small weary arm.

"You *know* how much I love you, Joany dear, don't you?" asked Clippings tenderly.

I did not at the moment recognize this as a danger, but later I found that there was something eternally evasive about Clippings. If you reproachfully mentioned the emptiness of the wood-box, for instance, he adroitly drew, not a red herring, but love across the trail, and then, of course, it wasn't Clippings that you were quarreling with but Love himself, and if you weren't ashamed of yourself you ought to have been, and Clippings just looked on in pained surprise from the ropes. . . . At that moment, however, I tried not to think of citronella, and smoke-sticks and mosquito nets, but dutifully to fix my mind on the strength of Clipping's devotion. . . .

The Singing Gold.
Dorothy Cottrell.

Life's Dismay

And when the boy was twenty-two the great war had broken out, and so the draft had claimed him together with many others. He had been assigned to the drum corps, which post gave him the nickname that stuck to him ever after. Possibly he had been born with great musical talent; the sense of rhythm was still strong in him, for every once in a while he would strike up a tune and beat time to it. And when he sang he put so much into the singing that people hearing him had to stop and listen. . . .

As Sörine little by little learned to know him better, she could predict when a spell would be coming on; for it always began by his going about humming a certain melody, singular because of the many variations he introduced into it, and because of its plaintive melancholy. In mood it was much like some drear November evening out on a bleak prairie. It really consisted of two melodies—a soldier's song coupled to a Norwegian folk song by some drawn-out *hum-ums*, both in the minor mode. He now hummed this tune so long that all in the house knew it, and others too. Sörine had asked him once what the name of that song was; and then he had made a terrible grimace and said that it was the song of life's dismay.

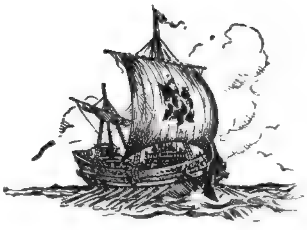
Peder Victorious. O. E. Rolvaag.

Liberty Loan Posters

Then I began to paint those doughboys for the Liberty Loan posters. While I was painting a division commander I would ask him which boy in his command had done the most heroic deed. Each commander assured me that he himself had my four heroes and more besides. So the boys were ordered in to pose for me.

There was York, who fought a lone

[*Continued on page* 143]



Travel News

By Roger Shaw

Once More the Stage Coach

In days gone by the stage coach, clattering cheerfully along Eastern post roads and later over Western prairies, was monarch of the highways. The network of routes traveled by this picturesque vehicle provided indispensable links between great cities or mere frontier stockades. Then came the steam locomotive, and with its advent coaching passed save as the transient sport of millionaires. But of recent years a lineal descendant of the old stage coach has been speeding over the paved highway that replaces the dirt road where once four horses galloped in unison.

This twentieth century stage is the motor bus—fast, smooth-riding, and pleasing to the fastidious voyager. Lacking perhaps the romance of its predecessor, it offers instead a quick efficiency. So pleasant are its journeys through the open country that travelers tend to forsake the railway coach for it; and the railroads, by the same token, tend to adopt the motor bus as their own.

There are about 92,000 buses of various kinds in the United States, of which about half run on regular carrier routes, on definite schedules. The finest of these are driven by up-to-date six- or eight-cylinder gasoline motors of great flexibility and power, and in Philadelphia an oil-burning apparatus is being introduced which may effect a great saving in fuel.

The most spectacular phase of modern bus work is long-distance touring, which now takes place with clock-like regularity between definite points. This service is run on systematic schedules, usually costing the passenger between 2¼ and 2½ cents per mile.

The great vehicles employed seat from twenty-five to twenty-nine passengers, and sometimes even more. There are often toilet facilities aboard these monsters, and serving buffet luncheons is not unusual. Many of these machines are equipped with reclining seats on the Morris chair principle. By May, buses with sleeping accommodations are expected to appear. The buses run steadily day and night on their long runs, drivers alternating every 200 miles, and passengers either sleeping in their reclining seats or stopping off for the night, then catching the next day's bus. Twenty-five miles an hour is the average touring speed, varying, of course, with traffic conditions and local speed ordinances.

Important central hubs for bus travel, whence radiate many routes, include New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and other large cities. From New York there is a regular bus service to Boston, 240 miles; to Cleveland, 600 miles; to Rochester, 375 miles; to Washington, Albany, and Pittsburgh; and to Chicago, via Pittsburgh, 1,500 miles. Most ambitious of all is the line to Los Angeles, with a change at Pittsburgh, by way of Indianapolis, St. Louis, Amarillo, and El Paso, which covers 3,500 miles. Service from New York to Florida is offered during the season. The New York-Los Angeles excursion may be made in one week of steady running, or in ten days of easier locomotion.

Another kind of bus travel is the so-called all-expense tour, for pleasure, differing from long-distance bus work, the main object of which is to reach a destination with a maximum of speed and efficiency. Distances vary greatly with this mode of travel, the all-expense feature referring to a flat sum which the tourist pays for transportation, accommodations, meals, privileges of sightseeing, and so forth. A party often decides on its own destination, route, and the duration of its pleasure tour.

There are short trips about the important cities, as, to Coney Island in New York, or to New Jersey through the new Holland Tunnel beneath the Hudson River. The many National Parks all have their special tours, and railroads sell transcontinental tickets with side trips to be taken in this fashion. But the important distinction between the two types of bus travel is that this latter kind is flexible and often subject to the rider's whim, while long distance travel has all the determined characteristics of a Twentieth Century Limited!

Travel by bus has many pleasing aspects. The passenger may see as much of the country as from a privately owned automobile, without the distractions of driving. The buses pass through the heart of all great cities encountered, so that a good perspective may be obtained of urban as well as of rural life. Nor is reading impossible when under way, despite the popular conception, for the new "parlour cars" and "greyhounds" are easy riding and easy of manipulation to a surprising degree.

Covering perhaps 1,800,000 miles annually over our state highway systems, and handling many million passengers in a year, nearly 17,000 miles of sightseeing bus routes alone were operated during the tourist season of 1928.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is one of our major transportation systems which have recognized the importance of bus transportation. After several years of study it has now announced that a complete coördination of rail and motor passenger service will be inaugurated on its lines. The passengers may ride across country all day by bus, transferring to the railroad's sleeping cars for continued travel by night. Substantial interests in several important bus lines have already been acquired by the railroad. The same principle was adopted last year by a combination of air and rail travel which, it is

A modern stage coach at Puyé Cliff Ruins, New Mexico, operated by The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Rway. Co. over a sightseeing détour

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Yet there is an abundance of things to do—golf, of course, on a dozen verdant courses. Surfboarding and outrigger-canoeing on Waikiki's cool combers; game fishing, bathing at world-famous beaches where smart throngs gather; tennis, lawn-bowls, motoring; shopping tours to quaint Oriental bazaars; inter-island cruises, sightseeing among the volcanic wonderlands of Hawaii U.S. National Park, the canyons and mountain-tops and lovely beaches of Oahu, Kauai, Hawaii and Maui.

Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast, and all-inclusive tours range upward from $300 for three weeks, to $400 and $500, including steamers, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip. De luxe accommodations, also, equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

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expected, will be available to the public sometime this spring. In many ways buses are proving an important adjunct to railway service, and of particular interest to the vacation-minded are the side trips or detours to scenic and historic points by bus which many railways are now offering. Comfortable excursions, with hotel accommodations prearranged at definite charges, make a strong appeal to the average traveler.

Historic Liners

THE TRANSATLANTIC LINER had its origin in the revival of commerce and travel between Europe and America following the War of 1812. The liner in those early days was a new type of vessel, known as the sailing packet. These sailing packets, like the modern liners, were notable for sailing on scheduled dates irrespective of weather conditions.

During this period, continues W. L. Harms in *The Seven Seas*, steam began to come in, rendering the mariner independent of winds. In 1819 the famous *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic largely under steam power, and during the 1830's a number of steamers were constructed and proved successful. The Cunard Company was founded in 1840, with four vessels of about eight and one-half knots' speed, and in 1849 the American Collins Line appeared with a fleet that surpassed even the progressive Cunarders.

The *Adriatic,* 1857, seems to have been the world's largest, fastest, and finest steamship at this time. Her speed was thirteen and one-half knots and her tonnage 3,670—but her owners were forced out of business. Meanwhile clipper sailing ships were developed to compete with the new steamers, and they did a goodly business, with greater speed than the power-driven liners.

"In June, 1853, the *Sovereign of the Seas* scored a triumph over steam, for on a voyage in that month she beat the Cunard steamship *Canada* across the Atlantic, her best day's run being 344 miles, as compared with the steamer's best of 306 miles. In the following year the clipper *James Baines,* a masterpiece of the famous New England ship-builder, Donald McKay, crossed from Boston to Liverpool in twelve days and nine hours." She attained a speed of twenty-one knots, the highest ever reached by a sailing ship.

During the late 1850's there was built in England a ship of enormous size—the *Great Eastern.* She was four times as big as any other vessel—18,915 tons—and made of iron. Fitted with paddle wheels and the new screw propeller, as well as auxiliary sails, her speed was fourteen and one-half knots; but she was too big to be useful, and, after helping to lay the Atlantic cable, was scrapped.

The retirement of the Collins Line made the Cunard once more supreme.

Then came the Inman Line of the late 1860's, and in 1871 the White Star Line entered the field with six steamers of advanced design. There was great rivalry between them, until in 1877 the White Star's *Britannic* lowered the running time between Queenstown and New York to less than seven and a half days —a world's record indeed! The Guion Line bettered this achievement with several ships, notably the *Alaska, Arizona,* and *Oregon.* By 1885 the Cunard had yet again risen to supremacy, running the *Etruria* and *Umbria* between Queenstown and New York in six days, at an average of nineteen and one-half knots.

The French line and the North German Lloyd were also rising to prominence, the latter having entered the field in 1858. The *Aller, Trave,* and *Saale,* of 1886, were notable as being the first express liners fitted with the triple-expansion type of reciprocating engine. By 1890 sails had disappeared from the larger ships, and the twin-screw propeller had come in. Then came two Cunarders of 1893, the *Campania* and *Lucania,* each of twenty-two knots speed. They reduced the Queenstown-New York record to five and one-third days.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was launched in 1897 by the North German Lloyd, the first four-funnel liner. It was the largest ship ever built, save for the ill-fated *Great Eastern.* She ran 583 nautical miles in a single day, besides averaging twenty-three knots on one of her voyages. "Ships of other flags were meanwhile competing sharply with the British," remarks Mr. Harms. Since that time the carrying of passengers has been shared by many seafaring nations.

Sport in Rome

"TO SEE A PACK of foxhounds from old Virginia streaming across the beautiful Roman countryside is a sight strangely stirring to American hearts. The high, clear music of their tongues rings out with the exuberant vitality of the New World, across a landscape that has seen the march of civilization for more than two thousand years."

So writes Lida L. Fleitmann in the January *Sportsman,* telling of the joys of the chase in the neighbourhood of the Eternal City where the baying of Yankee hounds now disturbs the ghosts of the Cæsars.

The countryside, says she, is fenced with sturdy barriers of unsplit chestnut, solid posts being placed at very frequent intervals—extremely difficult for horses to negotiate. There are also high stone walls, some of five feet, broad and built of loose stones which scatter and make for a precarious footing. The land itself consists of rolling downs, moss-covered like old lichen, with deep gullies at intervals. The jumps are frequent and hazardous, but all in all the writer tells of a "horseman's paradise."

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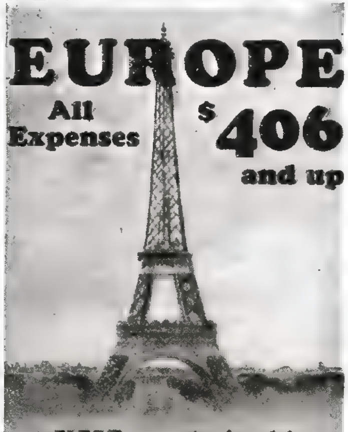

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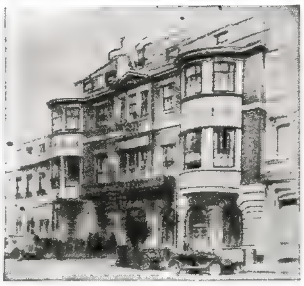

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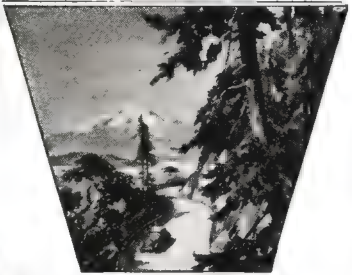

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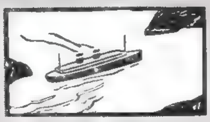

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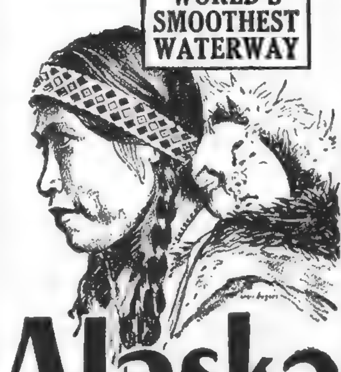

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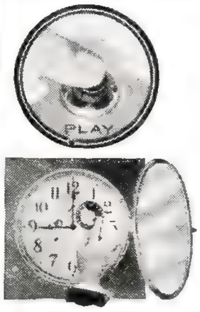

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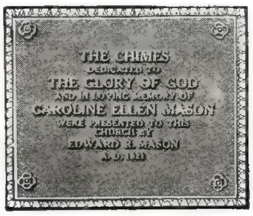

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Hors-d'œuvres

from the Newest Books

(*Continued from page* 135)

battle with thirty-five enemy machine guns and brought in one hundred and thirty-two prisoners after having killed twenty others of the enemy. He used twenty shots in this "battle."

And Sergeant Adams, he of the three hundred and seventy-five prisoners, for whom he insisted upon getting a receipt when he delivered them safely into the hands of a superior officer. Adams had been a filing clerk, and unfailing instinct prompted his demand for a formal document.

And little Charley Cameron, who ran around an enemy trench, facing the fire of his own comrades, and, firing and shouting from that unenviable position, caused the enemy to believe that they were completely surrounded so that they surrendered. His dear old grandma after the war wrote me what a nice boy Charley was.

And one of our American boys born on the Rhine, Herman Korth, a machine gunner, who, when it was impossible for our gunners to locate the German artillery on the other side of a hill, realized that it was supremely important for our men to advance. He ran up the slope of the hill to the very top, within plain view of the enemy fire, and drove stakes for our gunners to get the range. He had but one chance in a million. He took it and won.

And Pearl—what a name for a fighter!—Wines, who was wounded at St. Mihiel. I loved that handsome, slim boy. Five Germans unexpectedly jumped on him out of ambush and shot him and got him in the side with a bayonet. Down went Sergeant Wines, but up again and at the five he went in spite of the bayonet rip. He engaged the entire number. Three of the enemy perished by his bayonet, and the two others he drove in as prisoners while he crawled along on his well side behind them, trying to keep, as his fellows told me, his works from falling out on the ground.

The Romance of an Art Career.
JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE.

MARY ANDERSON CHEWED GUM!

In '77, a youthful actress of stately and classic beauty took New York by storm. It was Mary Anderson. Mr. Whiffen played with her in her production of "Romeo and Juliet." I did not play, as my young son took up all of my time, but I saw her lovely *Juliet,* and later met her. She was young and inexperienced, but showed much talent and promise. Her voice was powerful, and she was better in deep tragic scenes and not as good in her lighter moments, which demanded more technique. One strange thing about her was that she always had bad taste in clothes.

She had one little habit which is not generally known, but which used to amuse her company very much. The beautiful girl used to chew gum up to the time she walked on the stage, to soothe her throat, she said, and often the stately *Juliet* or the glorious *Rosalind* could be seen hastily sticking gum on the side of a tree in Arden or a hall in Verona, before gliding on the boards to amaze her audience with her . . . magnetic voice.

Keeping Off the Shelf.
MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN.

THE CHARM OF FRENCH FEATURES

The French are not a handsome nation. Personal beauty in either sex is rare: there is a want of simplicity, of repose, of dignity, and even of harmonious expression, what they themselves call *finesse,* in their countenances, and yet the liveliness of the eyes and the joyous character of their looks render them agreeable. You are not to understand from this that great personal beauty does not exist in France, however, for there are so many exceptions to the rule, that they have occasionally made me hesitate about believing it a rule at all. The French often possess a feature in great perfection, that is very rare in England, where personal beauty is so common in both sexes. It is in the mouth, and particularly in the smile. Want of *finesse* about the mouth is a general European deficiency (the Italians have more of it than any other people I know), and it is as prevalent an advantage in America. But the races of Saxon root fail in the chin, which wants nobleness and volume. Here, it is quite common to see profiles that would seem in their proper places on a Roman coin.

Gleanings in Europe (France).
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
Edited by ROBERT E. SPILLER, *Ph.D.*

THE BLUNDERING MALE

"It does a woman no good to be too attractive," one of these men, commenting on the situation, remarked to his wife—unguardedly, and as he might have spoken to a brother; and it was things like that, remarks of that sort, which the women of the family, now that Milly had become what the Bible called a hissing and a reproach, found themselves unable to stand. Attractive, attractive; what was attractive? The husband who had used the word—unguardedly, and as he might have spoken to a brother—said he didn't know; nor, he said, now that he came to think of it, did he know why the word had occurred to him. They were busy men, the five who had married Botts, and couldn't be bothered with the discomfort of quarrels at home. At all times they were ready to placate their wives.

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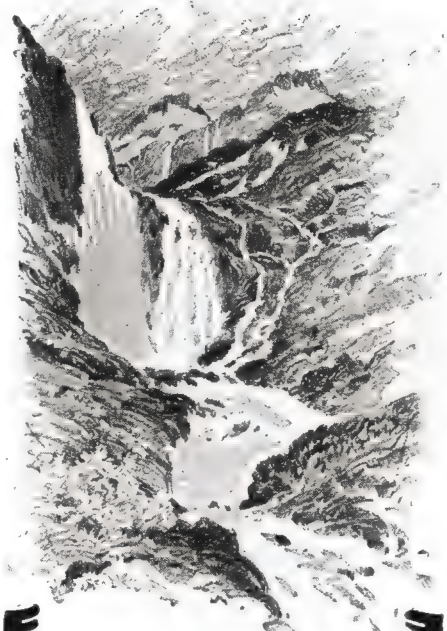

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INVESTMENT TRENDS

Commodity Prices

By KENNETH S. VAN STRUM

NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, many business men believed that they could make larger profits by speculating in a commodity than by manufacturing it. As a result, prices fluctuated widely, and when prices were rising business men paid little attention to cutting the cost of production. They were interested in money-saving devices and methods only when prices fell and heavy losses forced them to economize.

Today, however, when the Federal Reserve policies have stabilized prices, and incidentally have removed the temptation to speculate in commodities to a great extent, business men have had to rely upon other methods to increase their profits. The most obvious way has been to cut production costs. Most industries have done this with fervour and persistently during recent years. Those business men who still were interested in speculation are apparently satisfying their desires in the stock market.

Thus, since the general level of commodity prices has been more stabilized in recent years, attention has been focused largely on the stock market. The bond market has also had a broad rise, but it too has benefited from stable prices, for because of the stable price-level, bond investors have not had to worry about the purchasing power of their fixed incomes. Today, bond prices are on a high plane, and authorities feel that the cost of living will probably either remain steady or decline in the future. In either case, bond investors will be safe from shrinkage in the purchasing power of their income.

With industry and the investment world more closely adjusted to prices stabilized around present levels, it becomes more necessary than ever that sharp price fluctuations be prevented in the future. Professor Irving Fisher, most assiduous campaigner for the cause of stable money, points out that although the Federal Reserve authorities, by judicious handling of our gold resources in recent years, have been the principal force in bringing general price stability, they may not always be so well equipped to accomplish this aim.

Price Stabilization

In recent years they have had plenty of gold at their disposal, enabling them to keep a proper balance between the amount of gold and the demands for credit. Their main problem has been to prevent inflation which could easily have been caused by our large gold stocks. We had been told for years that the abnormally large gold stocks were temporary, and that some day we would have to give some of them back to Europe. Last year some 500 million dollars of gold was returned, but recently a counter movement has set in, causing some of the gold to flow back to this country.

Although Reserve banks have accomplished a great deal toward price stabilization in recent years, their problem is becoming increasingly difficult, because the supply of gold will not increase proportionately to the demands of credit in the future, and because it may not be as easy to hide gold resources from the public eye as it has been in the past. When the Reserve banks tried to conserve credit resources last year, after the loss of a half billion dollars' worth of gold bullion, there were many protests that the credit expansion facilities of the banks were not being used to the limit. There seemed to be all too little recognition of the fact that limits of credit expansion are fixed to take care of extreme emergencies and not with the idea that credit will be issued up to the limit in the normal course of business.

Most economists say that because of current conditions in gold mining, there probably will be insufficient gold produced in the future to meet the normal increase in demand caused by the growth in world trade. Under such circumstances prices would fall. There is always the threat, however, that new sources of gold may be discovered and the supply increased enough to raise the general price-level.

Types of Securities

With greater uncertainty regarding the future trend of commodity prices, it becomes even more important than ever that the investor maintain a proper balance between stocks and bonds. He must have bonds to stabilize the list, stocks to vitalize it; one to take advantage of falling commodity prices, the other to take advantage of rising prices.

In this connection it is interesting to observe that recently there has been a great increase in the number of convertible bond issues. The theory behind these securities is that one can invest in a bond which is more secure and less speculative than the stock. Then, if the company does not prosper unusually well, he will have a prior lien on assets. If the company *does* make large profits, the investor then has a chance to convert his bonds into stock and share in the profits.

Today, when one hears so much about the possibilities of loss of purchasing power if commodity prices decline, this type of bond has become very popular. From the borrower's standpoint this is

Investment Suggestions

Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS, a booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

15. BANKING BY MAIL—a booklet showing how this means can be profitably followed toward a regular program of saving, offered by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, Atlantic and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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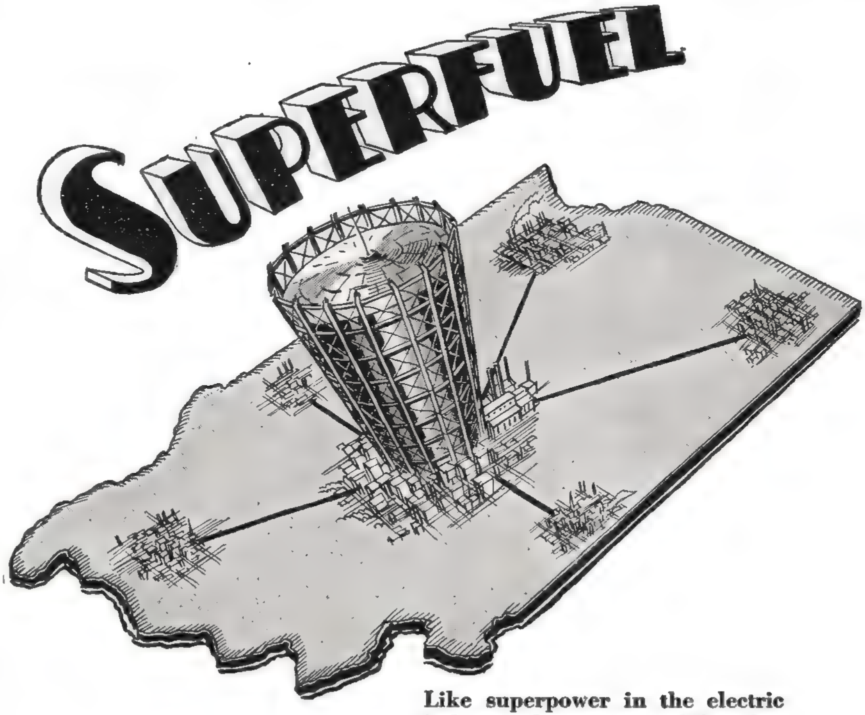

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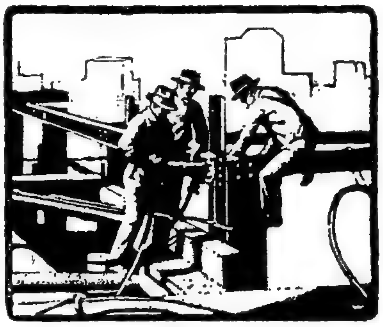
an advantage, because, by combining both safety and the opportunity for speculative profits in a bond, he can sell his bonds at a price which would be impossible without the convertible feature. As has been well pointed out, he is "selling stock for more than it is worth at the time it is sold." Many of the country's leading railroads have issued convertible bonds with great success.

Individual Commodity Prices



The investor's concern over commodity prices, however, does not end with a consideration of general price-levels, because it is entirely possible for the price of one commodity to fluctuate over a very wide range while the general level of prices remains steady. Such a constant shifting of the prices of various commodities in relation to each other has always been going on, but until recently the fluctuation of the general price-level has been so great that these individual variations have been obscured. Now, with our attention withdrawn from major price inflation or deflation, we are quicker to sense a change in the price of a single commodity.

While in recent years most industries have been doing unusually well, we have from many quarters heard objections to the statement that business is good. The textile, sugar or oil industries, for instance, might object to the statement of the copper, chemical or paper manufacturers that business is good. This objection would probably be made not because they are not doing a good volume of business, but because the prices of their commodities are so low that they cannot make a profit. The industries cited are extreme cases of the way in which, even with a stable price-level, some industries can suffer while others prosper, when the prices of their commodities change in relation to those of other commodities. Changes in price of individual commodities are caused by the fact that the capacities of some industries are over-built while others are under-built. But whatever their cause, the price trend of a commodity is of vital concern to the investor who holds securities in that industry, because, other things being equal, high prices mean prosperity, and low prices mean depression to an industry.

Since 1921 this relation of prices to prosperity has had more influence upon the prices of the securities of a particular industry than any other factor. Much has been said about "selective" security markets—the term applied to a market in which securities no longer move as a unit, but where one group is in a prolonged bear trend while another group is in a bull trend. A little investigation will reveal the cause of these disorganized movements in the trend of security prices within each industry.

It is important, therefore, that an investor follow the price trend in the industries in which his money is invested. The situation is complicated, however, by the fact that not all companies in an industry are affected the same by price changes. For instance, sugar producers suffer more by low sugar prices than sugar refiners, who depend for the most part on profits from refining; copper producers depend upon the price of the metal for their principal profit, whereas fabricating companies depend on a manufacturing profit.

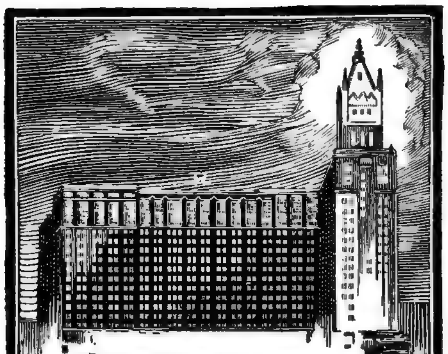
The investor must therefore consider not only the trend of prices, but the extent to which his company is dependent on these prices for profits. He must remember that, as a general rule, companies handling the raw materials are subject to the widest fluctuations, while those companies nearest the consumer are not so dependent upon prices, since retail prices tend to change less rapidly.

Government and Business

By EX-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the contribution which government makes to business. It is notorious that where the government is bad, business is bad. The mere fundamental precepts of the administration of justice, the providing of order and security, are priceless. The prime element in the value of all property is the knowledge that its peaceful enjoyment will be publicly defended. If disorder should break out in your city, if there should be a conviction extending over any length of time that the rights of persons and property could no longer be protected by law, the value of your tall buildings would shrink to about the price of what are now waterfronts of old Carthage. It is really the extension of these fundamental rights that the Government is constantly attempting to apply to modern business. It wants its rightful possessors to rest in security, it wants any wrongs that they may suffer to have a legal remedy, and it is all the time striving . . . to prevent in advance the infliction of injustice.

Foundations of the Republic.



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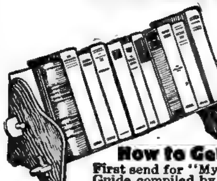

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

Percy Grainger's new Columbia record of the *Études symphoniques* and the G-minor piano sonata of Schumann is justly being stressed by the company issuing the record. It is time Schumann was delivered from the sentimentalists. The choice of Grainger to record the works is assurance that the deliverance has been effected. It is, indeed, more, for this blond Britisher with his orchestras of pianos and marimbas, his folk songs and his enthusiastic championing of the Nordic in art is in many respects a direct temperamental descendant of the great romantic.

We do more lip-service to Schumann than service by way of performance. He is one of the accepted things. The concerto, the fourth symphony, the *Carneval,* the untranslatable *Faschingsschwank aus Wien,* figure on every season's programs. And yet, I believe that of all the accepted masters, Schumann is the least understood and one of the least absorbed and generally lived with. Wagner is the staff of our musical life. Beethoven is our musical godfather. Brahms and Rimsky and Schubert and a heterogeneous group of a hundred others are part of the daily round. Schumann? Well, most of us know *The Two Grenadiers.* Too much repetition of the story of Schumann's courtship and marriage has sicklied the human and acceptable history of a mind that entered into all the streams and currents of its age—and yet avoided its excesses. Schumann struck a balance. Neither romantic excess nor classic reaction swung him too far. Usually it is the small mind that remains poised between extremes in art. Schumann succeeded in being a balanced genius. To round out the paradox, remember that Schumann died insane.

In his study of the romantic school, Daniel Gregory Mason writes of six men, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Berlioz, and Liszt. The names of five of these make us instantly think of a distinct phase of musical art. The sixth has facets of each of the others. Schubert, the simple, copious, glorified sentimentalist—are not his qualities to be found in Schumann? Chopin, the nervous, civilized improviser of musical sonnets and ballades surely gives us no sensation we cannot find in some phase in Schumann. Mendelssohn, the soft classicist, is blood brother to the composer of *Ich Grolle Nicht.* Berlioz, the brilliant critic, the greatest literary mind that ever wrote music, has his German counterpart in the editor of the *New Music Journal.* Liszt, the emperor of virtuosi, exalting his native Hungarian-gypsy music in his magnificently vulgar pianistic fireworks, presents an attitude of the musically creative mind that Schumann can equal.

The man stood at the centre of his age, and all its currents flowed to him. The adventure of the *New Music Journal* showed his sympathetic versatility. Mason asks in astonishment whether we can conceive of Bach sitting down between cantatas to write an appreciation of Handel, or to hail a new genius whose Opus One has just been published. Mason considers this literary activity as a sign that the mentality of the man failed to release into tone all the creative energy it possessed. Perhaps this is true, but the combination of music and literature was a characteristic of the age, and has not yet completely run its course. If the combination of music and literature is a sign of decadence on the musical side, the entire age—and not the man—is to blame.

> There are two kinds of universality which every individual must achieve if he is to be greatly human—the universality of thought, and the universality of emotion. Let us consider the second. When one feels only a *specific* emotion in a *specific* situation one is like the person who can see only particular chairs and tables and lamps and automobiles, and can detect no great law of nature running through them all. Newton detected the law of gravitation, and in so doing raised his power of thought—ours with it—above the mere multitudinousness and opacity of separate things.
>
> The same, in like manner—although this is little understood—may occur in the emotional life. I have my own particular sorrows, loves, delights: and you have yours. But sorrow, gladness, yearning, hope, love, belong to all of us, in all times and places. Music is the only means whereby we feel these emotions in their universality. . . . It is *homeogenic* in effect, it begets its like. The individual, therefore, is pulled out of his locked-up tightness. He is made to dance or sing or weep or sigh *with something else* that dances or sings or weeps or sighs. He is made to join in. Thus the movement induced in him is essentially expansive, sympathetic, outward.—H. A. Overstreet.

Mason writes illuminatingly of the piano works:

"Taken all together, the piano compositions of the decade 1840"—the *Études symphoniques* date from 1834, and the second sonata from 1835—"reveal an extraordinarily mobile and fanciful temperament, working with the greatest freedom and spontaneity, though without the guidance of regular discipline. . . .

"The inexhaustible tunefulness of the early Schumann is little short of marvelous. Few composers have been so prodigal of lovely melodies. They are like the king's daughters in the fairy tales, each more beautiful than the last; and though there is doubtless a family resemblance, each has a distinct physiognomy, a pronounced individuality. They are for the most part, indeed, brief, striking motives rather than deliberately composed tunes, perfect but minute crystals of most various shapes, forming spontaneously in the highly saturated solution of the musical thought. No effort is made to purify, separate, or collect them; what their composer seems chiefly to value is their profusion and luxuriance. To state the same thing in more technical terms, there is next to no thematic development; there is simply the presentation of one charming phrase after another. The result is, of course, a certain fragmentariness and whimsicality; the music impresses us not by its cumulative power, its orderly advance, but by the sheer charm of its primitive elements."

Frederick Niecks, the German professor who lived in Edinburgh and wrote the best of the several Schumann biographies, gives some interesting information concerning the *Études symphoniques:*

"The variations are written on a theme composed by an amateur, Hauptmann von Fricken (the father of Ernestine, and to whom Schumann was once engaged), who sent a composition of his own, a theme with variations for flute, to Wieck and Schumann for criticism. Schumann was attracted to the theme, found in it 'character and feeling,' showed how it could be improved by omitting the introduction, which weakened the impression of the simple, serious theme, . . . and was himself inspired to write variations on it, which became the *Études symphoniques.* 'I may call them pathetic; but I have to show in varied lights whatever there may be of the pathetic in them.' In the last étude, called *Finale,* the theme proper becomes of secondary importance. The rousing opening melody is based on an air used by Marschner in his *Der Templer und die Jüdin,* the romance with the words, 'Who is the highly honoured knight?' an allusion to Richard the Lion Hearted, and 'Rejoice, Proud England'—meant by Schumann as a tribute to Sterndale Bennett, to whom the work is dedicated. . . ."

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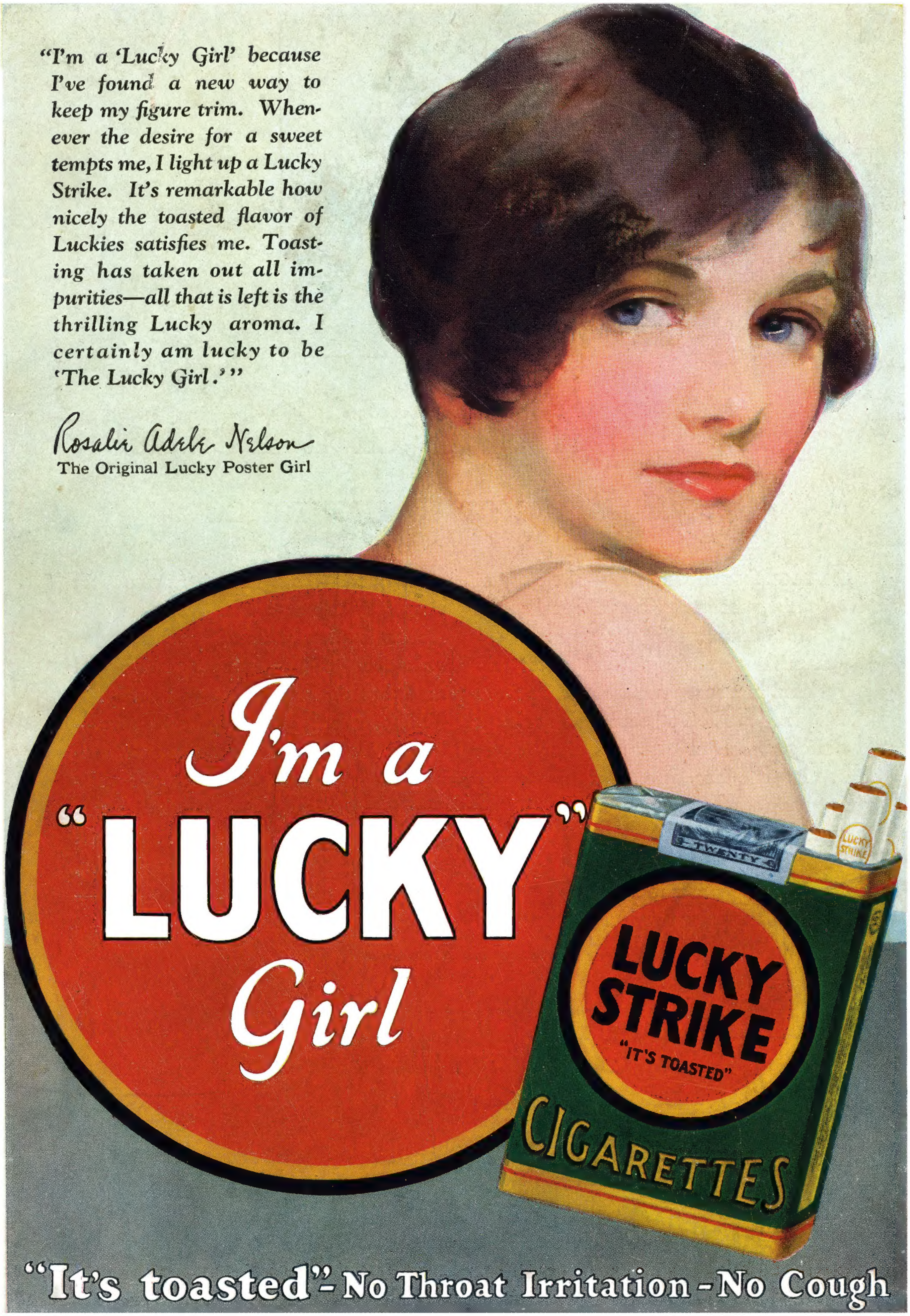

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